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THE · ARABIAN NIGHTS' ENTERTAINMENTS

March 4, 1931

Cornelia Rigby
Highland Falls
New York

The Arabian Nights' Entertainments

Stories from
The Thousand and
One Nights
Told for Young People

By
Martha A. L. Lane

Illustrated by Ruby Winckler

Ginn and Company
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PREFACE

MORE than two hundred years ago a certain Frenchman, Antoine Galland, who had been connected with the French embassy at Constantinople, began to translate into his own language a series of Arabic tales which had come to his knowledge during his stay in the East. At first the stories were supposed to be for children only, but before long all classes of readers were eagerly awaiting the appearance of the next set of tales. Groups of young men would gather at night beneath Galland's window and call to him, "O you who can tell such wonderful stories, give us just one more!"

As soon as the stories were translated into English, inquiries were made as to the originals. It was discovered that while M. Galland had severely abbreviated the Arabic text he had also inserted narratives of the same kind from other sources to fill the gaps in his collection. Critics agree that he had a discriminating judgment as to what would be most entertaining to European readers, and time has justified his inclusion of what are now known as the "interpolated tales," among which are "Prince Zeyn," "Aladdin," "Ali Baba," "The Talking Bird," "Ali Cogia," and "Prince Ahmed" of this collection. In fact, many of us, if asked to name the most famous of the stories, would mention these before others of undoubted authenticity.

No one knows who wrote the Arabian Nights or when the stories were first collected. Probably they are by many authors and were repeated about Bedouin camp fires or told by professional story-tellers in kings' palaces long before they were put into written form. The caliph Haroun al-Raschid, his wife Zobeide, his vizier Jaafar, and his executioner Mesrour are frequently mentioned in the tales, and as Haroun was a contemporary of Charlemagne, we cannot give to these stories an earlier date than the ninth century. At that period, when most of the Western world was still in the darkness of barbarism and ignorance, and when many European kings could neither read nor write, the Arabians possessed both learning and culture. It is probable that most of the stories were written before the fourteenth century, as in the whole collection there are only three references to coffee-drinking, a custom now so general in the East that its omission in the detailed accounts of feasting and merrymaking is noticeable. Coffee-drinking became common in the fourteenth century, and therefore we must conclude that the stories were not of a later origin.

The Thousand and One Nights, as the collection is sometimes called, makes constant reference to the customs and religious beliefs of the followers of Mohammed. A brief explanation of their faith may not be out of place. They believe in one God, to whom they give the name of Allah, and they have taken several articles of their creed from the Jews and the Christians as well as from the Arabians and Persians. From the Persians came the

belief in the existence of genii, or jinn — spirits created of fire, who have strange and magical powers. The Mohammedans are firm believers in the doctrine that all things are planned from the beginning of the world, and that no one can escape the fate that is marked out for him.

The sacred book of the Mohammedans is the Koran, in which they are taught that Allah has revealed himself to various prophets. The Pentateuch, or the first five books of our Bible, the Psalms, and the Gospels are all regarded by them as holy, but Mohammed is considered the latest and most divine of the prophets. His followers believe in prayer, in morality of life, in fasting and giving alms, and in the pilgrimage to their sacred city of Mecca as an act of worship. They are a temperate and cleanly people, the use of wine being strictly forbidden, and frequent ablutions being required as a religious duty. The devout Mussulman is an exemplary and law-abiding person, honest and kind and helpful in his daily living.

It must be understood, however, that these stories are pure narrative and have no moral or religious significance. They are simply stories, and while they throw interesting side lights on the customs of the time, they were never intended to be instructive. They have become so famous that no one could be considered well-read who failed to recognize a reference to Ali Baba, Sindbad's Voyages, Aladdin's Lamp, or the Enchanted Horse, and therefore they must be included in any course of literary study; but the joy of the reading should be sufficient inducement for all story-lovers.

In the East the collection is known as *Alif laila wa-laila*, or "A thousand nights and one night." As the study of the ancient texts progressed, many different copies were found. Some of them had been abridged, and it was hard to find two that were alike. It was evident also that each province had added stories which were popular in that particular region. This fact may account in some measure for the many liberties that have been taken in the English editions. Among the latter the most famous are the translations of Jonathan Scott, Sir Richard Burton, Edward William Lane, and John Payne. Dr. Scott made no attempt to furnish a literal translation or to give an oriental flavor to his style; he did precisely what Galland had done in French — that is, he told the story in his own phraseology. But literary students were not quite satisfied with this, for something of the charm was lost. It was like putting the stories from the Bible or from Homer into our modern speech; the form of the ancient narrative was marred. So when Dr. Lane's scholarly translation was published, it was eagerly welcomed. The Arabic stories are, however, extremely simple in form. They are told as a child tells an experience of his own, with many "ands" and "thens" to connect the different items of the tale. Lane's edition was at the same time too elaborate and too much abridged to be an equivalent, and there were students of Arabic literature who were better satisfied with the full translations.

There is in the detailed versions much which to us seems tiresome and unnecessary. The poetical selections,

especially, have little interest for modern readers, although these impromptu verses were an essential feature of the original tales. An abridged edition being required for school use, it has been my purpose to select the most famous and characteristic of the stories and to give to them something of the original flavor. This was the more practicable because they were first cast in a form natural to oral story-telling. As, however, some of the tales are evidently much later in their origin than those that belong to the original collection, I have given these — notably "Aladdin" and "Ali Baba" — a more modern phrasing.

There are in the different versions many inconsistencies, but these are in the main unimportant. Proper names, especially, are given in various forms; I have endeavored to select the form most common in general literature. It is a small matter also whether we say "Gulnare" or "Jullnar," "Giafar" or "Jaafar," "Moslems" or "Mussulmans," "caliph" or "khalifah"; but it is in the highest degree desirable that we recognize the place held in literature by this "immortal fragment," as Burton calls it. Fortunately when we have once read of Sindbad and Agib and Bedreddin the magic begins to work, and we do not need wise scholars to tell us that here is a wonderful realm of enchantment into which every reader with a spark of imagination in his nature will gladly enter.

M. A. L. L.

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Once on a time
There was a little boy: a master-mage
By virtue of a Book
Of magic — O, so magical it filled
His life with visionary pomps
Processional! . . .
What but that blessèd brief
Of what is gallantest and best
In all the full-shelved Libraries of Romance?
The Book of rocs,
Sandalwood, ivory, turbans, ambergris,
Cream tarts, and lettered apes, and calenders,
And ghouls, and genies — O so huge
They might have overed the tall minster tower
Hands down, as schoolboys take a post!
In truth, the Book of Camaralzaman,
Schemselnihar and Sindbad, Scheherazade
The peerless, Bedreddin, Badroulbadour,
Cairo and Serendib and Candahar, —
The sole, unparalleled Arabian Nights!

WILLIAM ERNEST HENLEY
Arabian Nights' Entertainments

THE ARABIAN NIGHTS' ENTERTAINMENTS

THE ARABIAN NIGHTS' ENTERTAINMENTS

INTRODUCTION

THERE lived in the old days a king who reigned over India and China, and who was lord of armies and guards and servants of all kinds. He had two sons, the elder of whom was called Shahriyar and the younger Shahzeman. On the death of the king, Shahriyar succeeded to his throne, while the younger brother ruled over Samarkand of Tartary.

After many years had gone by the elder king longed to see his brother and directed his vizier to fetch Shahzeman to him for a friendly visit. Orders were given for expensive stuffs and for horses adorned with gold and jewels, which were to be presented to the king of Samarkand. Shahriyar then wrote a letter to his brother, and having given it to the vizier, he commanded that

officer to tuck up his skirts and strain every nerve to make a swift journey. The vizier answered, " I hear and I obey," and set out at once.

When the caravan arrived at the city of Samarkand the vizier was courteously welcomed and entertained with all the ceremony befitting his high rank. In three days preparations were made for the return journey, and Shahzeman with an ample escort and costly presents set forth for his brother's court, where he was received with much rejoicing.

Now it happened that both King Shahzeman and King Shahriyar had been sadly deceived by the women they had married, and no sooner did they talk together in confidence than each discovered the other's sorrow. They became convinced that all women were untrustworthy, and soon after his brother's visit was ended, King Shahriyar devised a plan by which to rid the world of their treachery.

Every day he chose a daughter of one of his nobles to be his bride, and on the following morning gave her over to his vizier to be beheaded. This he continued to do until the people raised an outcry against his cruelty and fled with their daughters from the city. One morning, to

his dismay, the vizier could find no maiden who was ready to become the royal bride.

The vizier himself had two charming daughters, the elder of whom was called Scheherazade and the younger Dinarzade. The former had read many books of history and stories of past times, and when she saw her father sad and downcast she said to him: "Why do I see thee so changed and oppressed with grief? One of our poets has said,

> Tell him who is anxious that this will not last;
> As happiness passes, so passes anxiety."

Then the vizier told her all that had happened, and she said to him: "O my father, give *me* in marriage to the king! If I die, I shall at least save one other woman, and if I live, I shall be the deliverer of all the rest."

In vain did the unhappy vizier protest against his daughter's plan. Finding all his arguments of no avail, he finally betook himself to the king. Meanwhile Scheherazade unfolded her plan to her sister and obtained the promise of her assistance.

When evening came and the king lifted the veil from his wife's face he was rejoiced to find her so beautiful. "But why dost thou weep?" he asked.

She answered: "O king, I have a young sister whom I love and who loves me very dearly. I know that to-morrow I shall be sent forth to die, and before that time comes I long to take leave of her."

"It is well," said the king. "Thy desire shall be granted. Let a messenger be sent to thy sister without delay."

When Dinarzade was admitted to the royal apartments she embraced the lovely bride, and having waited for a proper opportunity said to her, "O my sister, in the little time that remains to us before we are parted forever, tell us, I pray thee, one of thy entertaining stories. Alas! this will be the last night that I shall enjoy such a pleasure."

"Gladly will I do so, my sister," answered Scheherazade, "if the king is kind enough to permit me."

"Tell on," quoth the king, who chanced to be restless, and who was pleased with the prospect of hearing the tale. Accordingly Scheherazade began:

THE MERCHANT AND THE GENIE

IT IS related, O king, that there was a merchant who had great riches. On a certain day he mounted his horse and journeyed to a neighboring country to collect what was due him. The heat was oppressive, and having stopped to rest himself under a tree, he ate a morsel of bread and a date which were among his provisions. When he had eaten the date he threw away the stone. Immediately an enormous genie appeared before him with a sword in his hand, and cried, "Rise, that I may kill thee, as thou hast killed my son!"

"How have I killed thy son?" asked the merchant.

The genie answered, "The stone from the date that thou hast eaten was flung aside by thy careless hand and struck my son so that he died."

The merchant, on hearing these words, exclaimed: "Verily I meant no harm. If I killed him, I did it without knowing it. I trust then that thou wilt pardon me."

"Thou must die," returned the genie, and raised his sword to smite him, but the unhappy merchant cried out, begging for mercy.

"Spare thy words," said the genie, "for thy time is come."

Then said the merchant: "Know, O genie, that I have much property, and children, and a wife, and I have also debts to pay. Let me, therefore, go back to my house and give to every man his due, and then I will return to thee, and thou shalt do as thou wilt. I bind myself by a vow that I will surely return."

Upon this the genie accepted his promise and set him free until the end of the year. The merchant, therefore, returned to his house and put his affairs in order. He paid every one what he owed him and remained with his family until the time came for him to seek the genie. Then, bidding his weeping wife farewell, he set forth to fulfill his promise.

As he sat under the tree waiting for the appearance of the genie, an aged sheik approached,

Otto Winckler

leading a gazelle. The sheik saluted the merchant and said to him: "What is the reason that thou sittest alone in this place? Dost thou not know that it is a resort of the jinn?"

Then the merchant informed him of all that had happened and of the cause of his being there, at which the sheik was astonished beyond measure and said to him: "O my brother, thy story is wonderful. Verily I will not quit this place before I see what the genie will do unto thee."

In a short time a huge cloud of dust and vapor was seen advancing toward them, and from the midst of it stepped forth the genie. A drawn sword was in his hand, and his eyes sent out darts of fire.

"Rise," said he to the merchant, "that I may kill thee as thou hast killed my son!"

Then the sheik came forward and said, "O thou genie and prince of genii, if I relate to thee the story of this gazelle, and if thou shalt find it to be more wonderful than the adventure of the merchant here, wilt thou give up thy claim to his life?"

And the genie answered: "Yes, O sheik. If thou relate to me the story, and I find it to be as thou hast said, I will give up to thee my claim upon his life."

Then said the sheik: "Know, O genie, that I had once a wife and a slave and a beloved son. It happened that I had occasion to journey to a distant city, and during my absence my wife, who had studied enchantment, transformed my slave into a cow and my young son into a calf and gave them both into the care of a herdsman. When I returned after a long time and inquired for my household, my wife said, 'Thy slave is dead, and as for thy son I know not whither he has fled.' Then was my sorrow great, and for the space of a year I mourned for them.

"One day when I had ordered my herdsman to fetch a cow for the sacrifice, he brought me my slave whom my wife had enchanted. And the cow mourned so violently that I would not slay her, but ordered the herdsman to bring me a calf instead, whereupon he led out my son who had been transformed into a calf. I went up to him, knife in hand—"

Here Scheherazade saw that it was dawn and ceased her story. Then said Dinarzade, "How interesting is thy tale, my sister!"

"It is nothing," said Scheherazade, "to the tales I could tell thee were the king willing to listen."

Then said the king to himself, "I will not slay her until the story is ended."

So he went forth to the audience hall and issued his orders and gave judgment even unto the close of the day, and he told the vizier not one word of what had happened. The vizier wondered with exceeding wonder, but when the court broke up the king entered his palace without satisfying his chief officer's curiosity.

Now when it was the second night Dinarzade said, "O my sister, let us hear the ending of thy story."

"Willingly," said Scheherazade, "if the king will grant his permission."

"Tell thy tale," said the king, and she went on:

"As I approached the calf," continued the sheik, "I saw that his eyes were filled with tears, and I said to the herdsman, 'Let this calf remain with the cattle.' My wife, looking on, said, 'Kill the calf, for he is fat,' but I could not do it, so the herdsman took him away. On the following day the man came to me and said, 'O my master, I have something to tell thee that thou wilt be glad to hear, and a reward is due to me for bringing good news.'

"I answered, 'Well,' and he said, 'O my master, I have a daughter who has studied enchantment, and yesterday when she looked at the calf that thou gavest me she said, "O my father, this is no calf, but the son of our master, the merchant."'

"When I heard, O genie, the words of the herdsman, I went forth with him to his house, and the calf came and fawned upon me. And I said to the daughter, 'Is this true that thou hast said concerning the calf?' She answered, 'Yes, O my master, he is thy son.'

"Then said I, 'O maiden, if thou wilt restore him to me, all the cattle that thy father has in his care shall be thine.'

"Upon this she smiled and said, 'O my master, I desire to make but two conditions: one is that thou shalt permit thy son to be my husband, and the second is that I may enchant her who enchanted him, lest she work evil again.'

"On hearing her words, O genie, I gave my consent, and she sprinkled the calf with water from a cup, saying, 'If thou wert created a calf, remain in that form; but if thou be enchanted, return to thy original shape.'

"Then the calf shook himself and became a man, even my son, and I gave him for a husband

to the herdsman's daughter as I had promised; after which she transformed my wicked wife into this gazelle. Happening to pass this way, I saw the merchant sitting here and begged him to tell me what had happened to him. Then I waited to see what would be the end of the affair. This is my story."

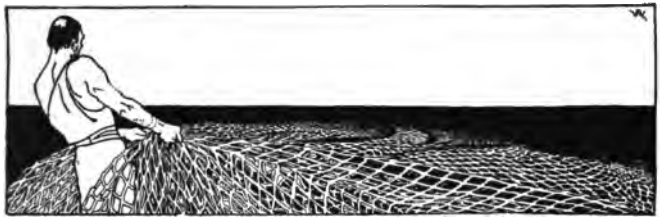
Then the genie said, "This is indeed a strange tale of thine, and I give up to thee my claim upon his life. Go in peace."

When Scheherazade had finished, the king said, "Truly, that was a marvelous tale."

"But not more marvelous than the story of the fisherman," she replied.

"Let us hear that also," said the king.

So on each succeeding night Scheherazade continued to interest her husband by her stories, until many weeks and months had gone by, and she had gained his entire confidence and affection. Greatly did the vizier rejoice that no orders were given to put her to death, and all the people shared in his satisfaction. Among the many stories that Scheherazade told the king in the thousand and one nights that she devoted to his amusement are the following.



THE STORY OF THE FISHERMAN

THERE was once a fisherman, no longer young, who was so poor that he could hardly obtain food for himself, his wife, and his three children. He went out very early in the morning to his work, but he made it his rule never to cast his net more than four times a day.

One morning, having thrown his net three times without the least success, he was very unhappy, but as he drew together the strings for the fourth time, he found that it was too heavy for him to pull up. Then he stripped himself, and diving into the water he dragged at the net until he lifted it to the shore. When he opened it he found in it a brass bottle, closed with a stopper of lead which bore the seal of Solomon.

At the sight the fisherman was rejoiced and said: "This I will sell in the market place, for it must be worth ten pieces of gold. I will open

it to see what is in it, and then I will sell it to the highest bidder."

So he took his knife from his girdle and picked out the stopper. Then he shook the bottle so that he might empty it, but nothing came forth from it except smoke, at which he wondered exceedingly.

After a while the smoke gathered itself together and became a genie, whose head was in the clouds while his feet rested on the ground; his head was like a dome; his hands were like pitchforks, and his legs like masts; his mouth resembled a cavern; his teeth were like great white stones; his nostrils were like trumpets, and his eyes like lamps; and he was stern and dreadful to look upon.

When the fisherman beheld this terrible genie his teeth were locked together with fright, but the genie cried out, "O Solomon, slay me not, for never again will I offend thee in word or deed!"

"O genie," said the fisherman, "Solomon has been dead a thousand and eight hundred years, and we are now in the end of time. What is thy history and what is thy tale, and why didst thou ever enter this bottle?"

Then said the genie: "O fisherman, prepare for death! Choose what kind of death thou wilt die, and in that manner thou shalt be killed."

Ruby Winckler

"What is my offense?" asked the fisherman. "Why wilt thou kill me when I have just brought thee up from the depths of the sea?"

The genie replied: "It is not in my power to treat thee otherwise. Hear my story and thou shalt see."

"Tell it then," said the fisherman, "and be brief in the telling, for my heart hath sunk down to my feet."

"Know then," said the genie, "that I am one of those rebellious spirits that refused to submit to Solomon's rule. Therefore I was chained and brought before him, and he ordered me to be confined in this bottle, which was straightway closed and stamped with his sacred seal. He then gave orders that I should be cast into the sea. There I remained a hundred years, and I said in my heart, 'To the man who sets me free I will give great riches.' But no one came to my help. Then I said, 'To him who sets me free I will open all the secrets of the earth.' But no one came. Four hundred years passed and I said, 'To him who sets me free I will grant every day three wishes.' But still no one came. Then I fell into a rage and I said, 'If a man liberates me now, I will kill him, and I will only permit him to choose in what way

he will die.' And lo! thou hast set me free, and so thou mayst choose the manner of thy death."

But the fisherman cried out, "Spare me and kill me not, for I have set thee free."

"Did I not tell thee," said the genie, "that is the reason why I am about to kill thee?"

"But I did thee a kindness," said the fisherman, "and now wilt thou repay me with evil? Truly the old saying is right, 'We did good unto them and they returned unto us evil; such is the conduct of the wicked.'"

"Make no more words about it," said the genie. "It is written that thou must die."

Then said the fisherman to himself: "This is a genie, and I am a man to whom Allah has given reason. Shall I not use my reason to save my life?" So he said to the genie, "Since thou art determined to kill me, I would ask thee one question. Wilt thou answer it truly?"

"Yes," said the genie; "ask, but be brief."

"Then," said the fisherman, "how is it that thou wast able to enter that bottle? It will not contain thy hand or thy foot; how then could it hold thy whole body?"

"Dost thou not believe that I was in it?" asked the genie.

"I will never believe it," said the fisherman, "unless I see thee enter it."

Upon this the genie arose and became again converted into smoke, which rose to the sky and then gathered itself together, entering the bottle little by little until it was all inside. Instantly the fisherman snatched the leaden stopper and replaced it in the mouth of the bottle, calling out to the genie as he did so, "Choose now in what manner *thou* shalt die!"

The genie tried to escape, but was restrained by the seal of Solomon. Then he said to his captor in a soft and humble voice, "What dost thou intend to do with me, O fisherman?"

"I will throw thee into the sea," answered the fisherman.

"Set me free," said the genie, "and I will reward thee greatly."

"There is no way of escape for thee," said the fisherman. "If thou hadst been willing to spare me, I would spare thee; but thou wouldst have nothing but my death, though I had done thee no evil. And I would have thee know that when thou art thrown back into the sea I shall warn all men against thee, that thou mayst remain there until the end of time."

Then said the genie, "I vow to thee that I will do unto thee no manner of harm, but will enrich thee forever."

Thus it went on between them for a long time. At length, having bound the genie by the most solemn promises, the fisherman opened the bottle. The smoke ascended until it had all come forth and then became condensed as before into the terrible form of the genie. Scarcely was this accomplished when, to the dismay of the fisherman, the genie kicked the bottle into the sea.

"O genie," said the fisherman, "do not forget thy promise not to act treacherously toward me!"

The genie laughed and walked away, saying, "O fisherman, follow me and all shall be well."

The fisherman did so, hardly believing in his escape, and they came to a wide desert tract, in the midst of which was a lake of water. Here the genie stopped and ordered the fisherman to cast his net.

As the fisherman looked into the lake he saw in it fish of various colors, red and white and blue and yellow, at which he was astonished; and he cast his net and drew it in and found in it four fishes, each of a different color. The genie then said to him: "Take these to the sultan and present

them to him. He will give thee what will make thee a rich man. But take not fish from this lake more than once each day. At present I know no other way to reward thee, having been in the sea a thousand and eight hundred years and not having seen the surface of the earth until now." Having said this, he struck the ground with his feet, and it clove asunder and swallowed him.

The fisherman then went back to the city, wondering at all that had befallen him, and carried the fish to the sultan as the genie had commanded him to do. Now the sultan had never seen the like in the whole course of his life, and he was exceedingly astonished.

"Give these fish to the cookmaid," he said, "and let her try her skill." For the maid had been sent to him as a present by the king of the Greeks only three days before.

Then the sultan ordered his vizier to give four hundred pieces of gold to the fisherman, who took the money and set off for home, running and stumbling in his joy, and thinking that he must be dreaming.

In the meantime the cookmaid had cleaned the fish and arranged them in the frying pan. When one side was nicely browned and she had turned

them on the other side, the wall of the kitchen opened, and there came forth a damsel of surpassing beauty carrying in her hand a rod of Indian cane. Dipping one end of the rod in the pan, she said, "O fish, are ye faithful?"

The fish, raising their heads from the pan, replied, "Yes, yes." Then they repeated the following verses:

> "Return and we return; keep faith and so will we;
> But if thou dost forsake, we 'll do the same to thee."

Upon this the damsel overturned the frying pan and departed as she had entered, the wall of the kitchen closing behind her. The terrified cookmaid then examined the fish and beheld them burned to a crisp. As she sat reproaching herself, the vizier came to her saying, "Bring the fish to the sultan at once," and she related to him the whole story.

The vizier was astonished at her words and sent for the fisherman, saying to him, "O fisherman, bring to us four fishes such as thou hast already brought to the sultan."

Accordingly, on the next morning, the fisherman went to the lake and threw in his net. When he had drawn it in he found in it four fishes as

before, and took them to the vizier, who said to the cookmaid, "Fry these in my presence, that I may witness the strange sight."

The maid therefore prepared the fish and placed them in the frying pan. Presently the wall opened, and the damsel appeared, holding the rod. "Fish, O fish," she said, "are ye faithful?" Upon which they raised their heads and answered as before. Then the damsel overturned the pan and disappeared, the wall closing behind her.

The vizier then said, "This cannot be concealed from the sultan." So he went to the sultan and told him of what had happened in his presence, and the sultan said, "I must see that with my own eyes." He sent, therefore, to the fisherman, commanding him to bring four more of the fishes. Again the fisherman went to the lake, drew in his net, and received four hundred pieces of gold for his fish.

Then said the sultan to the vizier, "Cook the fish thyself, before me, that I may see the wonder of which I am told." And the vizier answered, "I hear and I obey." He brought the frying pan, and after he had cleaned the fish, threw them into it. As soon as he had turned them the wall opened, and there came out a huge black slave, bearing in his hand the branch of a green tree.

"O fish, O fish," said the slave, "are ye faithful?" And they raised their heads and answered as before:

> "Return and we return; keep faith and so will we;
> But if thou dost forsake, we 'll do the same to thee."

The slave then overturned the pan, the fish became like charcoal, and the wall closed upon him.

When the slave had disappeared the sultan said: "This is an event about which it is impossible to keep silence. There is a mystery connected with these fish." He then ordered the fisherman to be brought before him and said to him, "Whence come the fish that thou hast brought us?"

The fisherman answered, "From a lake that lies behind the mountain which is outside thy city."

The sultan asked, "How many days' journey is it?"

"O my lord the sultan," answered the fisherman, "it is a journey of but half an hour."

The sultan was astonished and immediately summoned his troops to escort him thither. They went on until they had climbed the mountain and descended again into a wide desert tract, which they had never seen before in all their lives. The sultan and his troops wondered exceedingly at the

lake and at the fish in it, which were of four colors — red and white and blue and yellow.

Then said the sultan, "I will not sit upon my throne, nor will I enter my city, until I know the true story of this lake and of its fish."

He then called for his vizier and said to him: "I have resolved to depart alone this night to seek out the history of this lake and of its fish. Sit therefore at the door of my pavilion and say to all who ask, 'The sultan hath commanded me to let no one come in.'"

The vizier being unable to persuade him to give up his design, the sultan disguised himself, slung on his sword, and departed. He journeyed two nights and a day and at the end of that time he saw in the distance a black object, which as he drew near proved to be a palace built of black marble.

The sultan knocked gently at the door, but there was no response. He knocked a second and a third time, but still no one answered his summons. Then, saying to himself, "It is doubtless empty," he entered from the passage into the midst of a splendid hall. In the center was a fountain with four lions of red gold which poured forth clear streams of cool water from their mouths. Around

this fountain birds were flying, and over the top of the palace was a net which prevented their escape. At the sight of all this the sultan was astonished, and he grieved that no person was there of whom he could ask concerning the lake and the fish and the palace itself. As he reflected thus he came to a curtain hanging before an open door. In the room within sat a handsome youth clad in silk embroidered with gold. The sultan saluted him, and the young man, who continued sitting, gravely returned his salutation saying, "O my lord, excuse my not rising to greet thee."

"O youth," said the sultan, "tell me about this lake and its fish of various colors, and about this palace and why thou art here alone."

The young man made no answer, but the tears were in his eyes, and he sobbed bitterly. Then said the sultan: "Why dost thou weep, O youth? Tell me the cause of thy sorrow."

"How can I refrain from weeping?" said the young man. Then, stretching out his hand, he lifted up the skirt of his robe, and lo! from his waist down to the soles of his feet he was of stone.

"Know, O king," said he, "that my story is extraordinary." And he spoke as follows:

THE KING OF THE BLACK ISLES

"MY FATHER was once king of the city that stood round about this palace. He was lord also of the islands that are now the four hills surrounding the lake. When I came to the throne I married my cousin and for a time lived with her in peace and happiness. One day, however, as I lay upon my bed with my eyes closed, I overheard the conversation of two slave girls who were fanning me.

"'How unhappy our master would be,' said one, 'if he knew where his wife spends her time while he lies sleeping here!'

"'Yes,' said the other, 'but how should he know what she does? Every night she gives him a

sleeping powder in his cup of wine, and he does not wake until she rouses him by burning a certain perfume under his nostrils.'

"At these words I was overcome with grief and astonishment, but I pretended to be still asleep, and presently my wife came in as usual, and we sat down to supper. After the meal was over she brought me, as was her custom, a cup of spiced wine, which I pretended to drink. I then lay down as if overwhelmed with sleep, and as soon as she was satisfied that such was the case, she clad herself in her richest clothes and made her way with all secrecy from the palace.

"I followed her without her knowledge, and when she came to the city gates I could hear her muttering words that I did not understand. Immediately the chains fell, and the gates swung open of their own accord, closing again behind us when we had passed. We then fared forth among the rubbish heaps, and all unconscious of my presence she entered a tumbledown hut, where upon a heap of straw lay a huge and ugly slave. As soon as he saw my wife he greeted her with the greatest rudeness and insolence, reproaching her for her neglect and threatening her with his displeasure. It was clear to me that she was under

Rüby Winchler...

some terrible enchantment which I could neither explain nor hinder.

"When I saw her humbling herself before this creature and meekly enduring his reproaches, I fell into a blind rage and struck at him with my sword. Believing that I had made an end of him, and that I had freed my wife from his dreadful power over her, I now took my way back as I had come, before she had time to see what had happened.

"I woke the next morning with a familiar smell of perfume in the room, and at first I was ready to believe that it had all been an evil dream; but presently I saw that my wife's eyes were red with weeping, and that her face was disfigured with grief. The same day at noon she came to me and said: 'O my lord, I have had sad news. I have heard that my mother is dead and that my father has been killed in battle and that I have lost both my brothers, one by a snake bite and the other by a fall from a precipice. Permit me then to absent myself from the court that I may mourn for them.'

"This I granted her, for I hoped that she would now be restored to reason, and for a whole year I left her undisturbed. At the end of that time she came to me again and begged my leave to build a

tomb, or Temple of Lamentation, where she might spend her days. Willing to humor a distress of which I had been the cause, I said to her, 'Do as seems good to thee,' and waited for her return to a happier state of mind. At length, when two years had passed, I followed her one day to her Temple of Lamentation. Here I discovered that the slave was still alive, though unable to speak, and that he had been carried to this spot, where she visited him daily.

"No sooner did she perceive me than she sprang to her feet, crying out: 'All this is thy doing! For three years he has lain here more dead than alive, and now thou art delivered into my hand. By virtue of my powers of enchantment I bid thee become half stone and half man!' Whereupon I was as thou seest me. Nor was she yet satisfied, for she went forth and changed the whole kingdom over which I ruled, the city becoming a lake, the islands the four hills surrounding it, and the people being transformed into fishes — the Moslems white, the Magians red, the Christians blue, and the Jews yellow. And now, having done all this, she torments me every day by inflicting upon me a hundred lashes with a heavy whip."

When the sultan heard this story he was moved with a desire to punish the cruel woman. "Be of good cheer," he said to the young man, "and endure once more the pain she causes thee, for if it be the will of Allah, I am about to set thee free."

So, on the next day, the sultan hid himself until the wicked queen had entered her husband's pavilion. Then he arose in haste, and going to the tomb found the slave lying upon a couch as the young man had said. With a single sword-stroke the sultan ended that miserable existence, and having flung the body out into the courtyard, he lay down in the slave's place. Soon the enchantress returned, and speaking softly to the supposed sufferer, she said, "Hast thou still no word for thy servant?"

Then the sultan said in a weak voice, "Canst thou expect favor for what I have endured?"

Overjoyed to hear her tyrant speak, but amazed at his words, the enchantress answered, "Alas! how have I caused thee suffering?"

Then said the pretended slave: "Has not the curse thou hast laid upon thy husband fallen also upon me? Go instantly and release him from torment, and when that is done return hither."

In fear and bewilderment the queen sped to the pavilion where she had left her husband, and taking a basin of water, she pronounced over it certain words that caused it to boil as if it had been set on a fire. Then she threw some of the water over him, and at once he stood upon his feet. But the queen said to him, " Go hence quickly, for if thou delay thou shalt surely die."

Thankful at his release, the young king hid himself to await the sultan's return, while the enchantress hastened to the Temple of Lamentation. But her reward was not yet ready for her.

"Thou hast lopped the branch," said the voice from the couch, " but thou hast not yet destroyed the root. Every night I hear the fish jumping in the lake that lies among the four hills, and the sound disturbs my rest. Go and restore all things to their former shape and then come back to me."

Thereupon the queen hastened to the border of the lake, and taking a little of the water in her hand, she sprinkled it this way and that, uttering strange words over it. Immediately where there had been a lake a city appeared, and instead of fishes there were men and women, and in place of the four hills, four islands. The bazaars were filled

with folk who bought and sold, and each citizen was occupied with his own business as before.

Then the wicked sorceress returned to the sultan. "Give me thy hand," she said to him, still thinking him to be the slave, "and I will help thee to rise."

"Thou must come nearer," he answered her, and as she bent over him he drew his sword and with one blow deprived her of life. He then rose quickly and sought the young man, who thanked his deliverer with tears of gratitude.

"Wilt thou return with me to my city," said the sultan, "or wilt thou abide here?"

"O king of the age," said the youth, "dost thou know how far it is to thy city?"

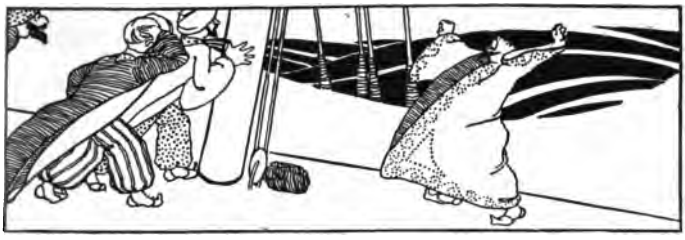
"It is a journey of two days and a half," he answered.

But the other said, "If thou art dreaming, awake! It is a year's march to thy kingdom, and thou camest here in two days and a half because of enchantment. But be it near or far, never again will I leave thee so long as I live."

Then the sultan rejoiced and said, "Thanks be to Allah, who has given me a son!" And they embraced each other with great affection. In ten days preparations were made for the journey, and

the two kings set out with an escort of mamelukes carrying all manner of precious gifts and treasures. Nor did they stay their journeying for a full year, by which time they had approached the sultan's capital. Then he sent on messengers to announce his coming, and the vizier and the whole army came out to meet him in joy and gladness, for they had given up hope of ever seeing their ruler again. His troops kissed the ground before him, and he entered the city and took his seat upon his throne.

After order had been restored, the sultan said to the vizier, "Bring hither the fisherman who gave us the fishes!" So the vizier sent for the man whose gift had brought about such wonderful things, and when he had come into the royal presence the sultan bestowed upon him rich rewards. He became one of the great men of the age, and his daughters were the wives of kings. The vizier was made king of the Black Isles, and the sultan and the young king spent their lives together in joy and delight.



PRINCE AGIB

THE STORY OF THE CALENDER

I AM a king and the son of a king, and my name is Agib. I ruled my kingdom with justice and kindness. My capital city stood on the shore of a wide sea, and not far away were many small islands. Now I loved the sea and had a mind to visit these same islands. I therefore fitted out ten ships with provisions to last two months and set sail. We had sailed twenty days when one night the wind rose and the waves crashed together, but at daybreak the sea became calm and we arrived at an island where we landed and rested for two days. Then we set out again, and twenty more days went by. But now we found ourselves in strange waters, and the captain was bewildered, so we bade the watch look out from the masthead.

"O captain," said he, "I see nothing to right or left except sea and sky, but ahead there is something afar off that is now black, now white."

Then the captain cast his turban on the deck, and cried, "O king, we are all dead men!"

"Tell us, then, what the lookout saw," I commanded him.

"O my lord," he answered, "we have gone astray for twenty days, and there is no wind to bring us back upon our course. To-morrow we shall come to a mountain of black stone called loadstone. As soon as we come within a certain distance all the nails in the ships will fly out and fasten upon the mountain, for Allah has gifted the loadstone with a secret property which attracts all iron toward it. On this mountain is much iron, for many ships have been wrecked there. At the summit is a dome of brass raised on ten columns, and on the top of this is a horse and rider of the same metal. The latter holds in his hand a lance, and on his breast is a leaden tablet covered with names and talismans. It is this horseman that causes the folk to perish, nor will the charm be broken until he fall from his steed."

That night we had no sleep, and in the morning we sighted the Magnetic Mountain, toward which

Ruby Winckler

the currents carried us with irresistible force. When the ships came within a certain distance the nails in them flew toward the loadstone and clung to it, so that by the end of the day we were all struggling in the sea round the mountain. Some of us were saved, but most of the crews were drowned. As for me, I got upon a plank from one of the ships, and the wind driving it ashore, I happened on a pathway leading like a stair to the top of the rock. So I called upon Allah, whose name be exalted, and clinging fast to the steps reached the summit in safety.

There I fell asleep under the dome and heard in a dream a voice saying to me: " O son of Khasib, dig beneath thy feet and thou wilt find a bow of brass and three leaden arrows whereon are engraved talismans. Take the bow and shoot the arrows at the horseman on the top of the dome; so shalt thou relieve mankind from a great infliction. When thou hast shot at him he will fall into the sea, and the horse will drop at thy feet. Bury it in place of the bow, and as soon as thou hast done this the sea will swell and rise until it is level with the top of the mountain, and there will appear upon it a boat containing a man of brass (different from him who fell into the sea) and he

will come to thee with an oar in his hands. Embark with him, but beware of uttering the name of Allah. In ten days he will bring thee to a port of safety, where thou shalt find those who will carry thee to thine own country."

Awaking from my sleep, I started up to do the bidding of the mysterious voice. I shot one of the arrows at the horseman, and he fell into the sea. The horse dropped at my feet, and I buried it in the place where I had found the bow and arrows. Then the sea grew troubled and rose until it reached the top of the mountain; nor had I long to wait before I saw a boat in the midst of the sea. When the boat came up to me I saw in it a man of brass with a tablet of lead upon his breast inscribed with names and talismans, and I embarked without saying a word.

The boatman rowed with me for ten whole days and nights until I caught sight of islands and mountains and signs of safety, whereat I was rejoiced and cried aloud, "There is no god but Allah." Upon this the boat turned over and cast me forth into the sea, then righted and sank beneath the water.

Being able to swim, I swam the whole day till nightfall, when my arms and shoulders were tired and I gave myself up for lost. Presently the sea

rose with the greatness of the wind, and a vast wave threw me upon the land. I clambered up the beach, and after I had wrung out my clothes I spread them upon the ground to dry. In the morning I put on my clothes and began to look about me. Presently I saw a grove of trees, and when I had walked round it found that I was on a little island surrounded on all sides by the sea; upon which I said, "No sooner do I escape from one danger than I fall into a worse." But as I was thus bemoaning myself, I spied a ship afar off, so I climbed up into a tree and hid among the branches. Soon the ship came to anchor, and behold! ten slaves landed, each bearing a spade, and made for the middle of the island, where they dug till they had uncovered and lifted a trapdoor. Then they returned to the ship and brought thence bread and flour and oil and honey and cushions and carpets and all else that was needed to furnish a dwelling, nor did they cease going back and forth until they had removed all that was in the ship.

They then came out of the vessel, laden with clothes of the most beautiful description, and in their midst was a very old man, who led by the hand a young lad of perfect form and charming features. Of him the poet might have said:

Beauty they brought to compare with him,
But Beauty felt shame and fear.
Said they, "Hast thou ever seen his like?"
Said Beauty, "He hath no peer."

They descended underground, where they remained for two hours or more; then the old man and the slaves came up without the youth, replaced the trapdoor, covering it again with earth, and returned to the ship and set sail. As soon as they were out of sight I came down from the tree, and going to the place I had seen them fill up, I cleared away the earth and opened the wooden door, which was of the shape and bigness of a millstone. Beneath it there appeared a winding stair, at the bottom of which I found a fair room wherein was sitting the youth, leaning upon silken cushions, with sweet-scented flowers and fruits before him.

When he saw me he turned pale, but I saluted him, saying: "Calm thyself and fear nothing; no harm shall come to thee. I am a man like thyself and a king's son. Tell me thy history and why thou dwellest underground."

Then he was glad, and his color came back, and he said: "O my brother, my story is a strange one. My father is a jeweler, possessed of great wealth, and having slaves who make trading voyages on

his account to distant countries and lands; and he has dealings with kings. Until my birth he had never been blessed with a child, but one night he dreamed that he should have a son whose life would be short, and he awoke grieving. When I was born he consulted the astrologers, who told him that I should live until I had reached the age of fifteen and that then my life would be in danger. They described the danger as follows: 'In the Sea of Peril stands the Magnetic Mountain, on the summit of which is a horseman of brass. Fifty days after this horseman falls from his horse thy son will die, and he shall be killed by Agib, son of King Khasib.'

"Ten days ago the news came that the horseman had fallen into the sea and that he who overthrew him was Agib, son of Khasib. So my father built me this place under the earth where I might stay in safety until the forty days were past. This is my story."

Then I said to myself, "I must be this King Agib of whom he speaks, but of a surety I will not kill him." And I said to him, "O my lord, if it please Allah, thou shalt be spared pain and death; for I will abide with thee and serve thee and in time I will go with thee to thy home, whence I may journey to my own country."

He rejoiced in my words, and we sat in pleasant talk until nightfall, when I rose and lighted a great wax candle and set on meat and drink and sweetmeats. When he lay down to sleep I covered him up and went to sleep myself. Next morning I woke him gently and brought him water to wash his face and food to refresh himself. Moreover, I made him a checkerboard that he might be amused. Thus I did, until the love of him grew in my heart, and I said to myself, "The astrologers lied; I will never kill him."

Nine and thirty days had passed in this way when he said to me, on the morning of the fortieth: "O my brother, the forty days are over to-day. Heat me some water, I pray thee, that I may wash myself and put on fresh clothing."

"With pleasure," I answered him, and heated water in plenty for his use.

Then said he, "O my brother, cut me a melon and sweeten it well."

So I made haste to bring him a fine melon and said to him, "Hast thou a knife?"

"It is on the high shelf over my head," he answered. But even as I tried to draw the knife from the sheath my foot slipped, and I fell heavily upon the youth, while the knife hastened to fulfill

that which was ordained and entered his heart. When I saw that he was dead I cried out in my sorrow, saying: "Verily my life is full of misfortunes. When this young man's father and his slaves see him lying there dead, they will know it was I who slew him and they will slay me."

Then I rose and ascended the stair to the surface of the earth, replacing the trapdoor and covering it as before. And when I looked out to sea, lo! a ship was drawing near the island, whereat I was afraid and hid myself in the top of a tall tree. The slaves landed with the old man, and when they discovered what had happened they shrieked aloud in their grief. They wrapped the youth in silken robes, and seeing that the father had fainted, they carried them both to the ship and immediately set sail.

I continued to live upon the island for the space of a month, during which time the sea was receding from the western side of it. By the end of the month I was able to make my way through the little water that remained, to the mainland, where I found great heaps of sand in which even a camel would sink up to the knees. Afar off I saw something shining which I took to be a fire, but when I drew nearer I saw that it was a

palace with a gate of brass which gleamed and glistened in the sunshine.

Hardly had I arrived at the palace gate when there came toward me ten young men, richly clad, and all blind of the right eye. With them was an old man, and I marveled much at their appearance. They saluted me and asked me my story, which I related from beginning to end. Then they led me into the palace, where I saw ten couches covered with a blue stuff and a smaller couch in the midst. Each of the young men seated himself on a couch, while the older man took his place in the middle. Then they said to me, " Sit down, O youth, on the ground, and ask no questions as to what we do nor why we are all blind of one eye."

Presently the old man rose and brought us food and drink, and we sat talking of my adventures until the night was far spent. Then the young men said to the elder one, " Bring us what is customary," upon which he rose and brought in upon his head ten covered trays, one after another. He set a tray before each youth, and lighting ten wax candles, set one upon each tray. Having done this, he lifted the covers, and behold, beneath them were ashes and soot! The young men tucked up their sleeves and fell to weeping and lamenting;

and they blackened their faces, exclaiming, "We were seated at our ease, but our impertinent curiosity would not let us rest." Thus they continued to do until morning, when they washed their faces and put on fresh clothes.

When I saw this I was amazed and I could not refrain from asking them the meaning of their strange behavior. "O young man," they answered, "be not curious about what does not concern thee." Then they slept and I slept with them. I remained with them for a month, and my curiosity increased every evening till I could neither eat nor drink. At last I said to them, "O young men, if I may not know the meaning of all this, let me leave you and return to my own people."

"O youth," they answered, "take our advice or thou wilt become one-eyed also." But I still persisted in my demand, and they yielded, at length, saying, "If this evil befall thee, we will never again receive thee into our company."

Then they took the skin of a dead ram and spread it upon the ground, and they gave me a knife, saying to me: "Lie down upon the skin and we will sew thee up in it and leave thee and go away. Presently there will come to thee a bird called the roc, that will seize thee in its claws and

fly with thee to a high mountain. As soon as it alights slit the skin with the knife and come forth, whereupon the bird will take fright and fly away. Then rise and journey for half a day till thou comest to a palace glittering with gold and precious stones. There enter, and thy case will be as ours, for we have all been in that place. Were we to tell thee our stories it would take too much time, for each of us lost his eye by a separate adventure."

Then they sewed me up in the skin and left me on the ground outside the palace, and the roc carried me off to the mountain, even as they had said. I cut open the skin and came out, whereupon the bird flew away and I walked on until I reached the palace. The door stood open, so I entered and found myself in a wide hall around which were forty doors of sandalwood and aloe wood, plated with red gold and furnished with rings of silver. At the upper end of the room I saw forty young damsels, beautiful as so many moons, and they all came up to me, saying: "Welcome, welcome! For a long time we have been expecting thee. From to-day we are thy handmaids, so order whatever thou shalt desire."

Then they brought me food to eat and delicious sherbets to drink and they were all full of

joy at my coming. I forgot my cares, and said: "This is indeed a delightful life. I could stay here forever."

For nearly a year I lived in this manner, but at the end of that time the forty damsels came to me in tears, bidding me farewell and clinging to my robe, whereat I wondered greatly.

"What ails you?" I asked them. "You will break my heart if you go on in this fashion."

Then they answered: "We are the daughters of kings, and we have lived here together for a long time. Once in every year we are absent for forty days; then we return and abide here, eating, drinking, and making merry. We are now about to depart and we weep because we fear that thou wilt disobey us in our absence and we shall never see thee again. If thou wilt do as we bid thee, all will be well. Take these keys. They open these forty doors, behind each of which is sufficient for a day's entertainment. Thirty and nine are for thy pleasure, but beware lest thou open the fortieth door (that which is made of red gold), for if this is opened, thou wilt never see us again."

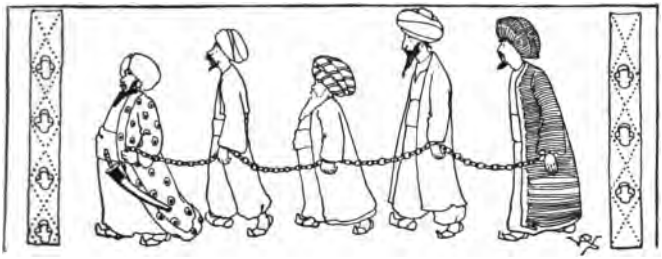
"I will certainly not open the golden door," I said to them, and they bade me farewell and departed, leaving me alone in the palace.

When the evening drew near I opened the first door and found myself in an orchard, filled with blossoming trees and beautiful with birds and flowers. I wandered among the trees, admiring all these things, and when I had looked my fill I went out and locked the door again. The next day I opened the second door and found myself in a great hall lined with cabinets which were full of pearls and rubies and emeralds and all kinds of precious gems, such as the tongue could not describe. I was amazed at the sight and I said to myself, " Now I am king of my time, for all these riches are mine."

So I passed nine and thirty days and I had opened all the doors except that which was made of red gold. But my thoughts were disturbed by curiosity, and though there was only one day more to wait, I could not refrain from taking out the forbidden key and fitting it to the golden door. As I opened it I was overcome by a sweet perfume so that I fell down unconscious, but presently I came to myself and saw a place blazing with lamps and candles that gave out a strong fragrance. In the middle of the place was a horse, black as night, bridled with gold, and standing before two mangers of white crystal, one full of clean sesame and the other of rose water.

Then, tempted by an evil spirit, I mounted him, but he would not stir. I hammered his sides with my heels, but still he did not move, so I struck him with a stick. When he felt the blow he made a sound like the roaring of thunder, and spreading a pair of wings soared with me into the air far beyond the sight of man. After a time he set me down on the terrace of another palace, where he flung me from his back and by a violent blow with his tail struck out my right eye. Then he flew away.

I went into the palace and found myself again among the ten one-eyed youths sitting upon their ten couches with blue covers. When they saw me they cried out, "Depart from us; thou hast no welcome here." And they drove me from them. Then I shaved my beard and eyebrows and became a calender, wandering about the world as you see me now.



THE HUNCHBACK

THERE was, in ancient times, in the city of Balsora, a tailor who was fond of pleasure and merrymaking. He was in the habit of going forth into the city with his wife in order that they might amuse themselves. One day when they were returning home they met a cheerful little humpbacked man, the very sight of whom would make the sorrowful laugh and would drive away care. So they went up to him and invited him to go home with them to supper. He accompanied them to their house, whereupon the tailor went out into the market place and bought fried fish and bread and limes and sweetmeats for their evening meal.

They had sat down to eat and were gayly talking together, when a large, sharp fishbone stuck in the hunchback's throat, and, his hour being come, he died.

"Alas! poor creature," cried the tailor, "how dreadful that he should have met his death at our hands!"

"Why waste time in idle lamentations?" said his wife. "Arise and take him in thine arms and cover his face and go out with him. I will go before thee, and if we meet any one, thou must say: 'This is my son, and he is ill. We are taking him to a doctor.'"

So the tailor took the hunchback in his arms and followed his wife, and all who saw them said, "The child is ill."

Thus they went along inquiring for a doctor until they were directed to the house of a Jewish physician. Here they knocked, and a slave girl came down to ask their business.

"We have a sick child here," said the tailor's wife, "and we wish the doctor to look at him. Give this quarter-dinar to thy master and ask him to come down at once to see our son."

The girl therefore went up, and the tailor's wife said to her husband, "Leave the hunchback here and let us be off!"

So the tailor carried the body to the head of the stairs, and, propping it up against the wall, went softly away with his wife. Meanwhile the

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physician, thinking that he had a rich patient at his door, hurried down to prescribe for him. Hardly had he taken a step when he stumbled in the darkness against the body of the hunchback, and it rolled to the foot of the stairs. So he cried out to the girl to make haste with the light, and when she had brought it he saw at once that the hunchback was dead.

"O Esdras and Moses and Aaron and Joshua!" exclaimed the physician. "I have stumbled over the sick person, and he has fallen downstairs, and now he is dead!"

Then he told his wife what had happened, and she said to him: "Why dost thou waste time? If he be found here when the sun rises, we shall both lose our lives. Let us carry him up to the roof and lower him into the house of our neighbor the Mohammedan, and so we shall be rid of him."

Now the neighbor was the sultan's steward and was in the habit of bringing home great quantities of scraps from the sultan's kitchen; but the cats and the mice as well as the dogs used to devour these dainties, and thus he lost much of what he collected. The physician and his wife carried the hunchback to the roof and,

letting him down through the air shaft into the courtyard of the next house, stood him up against the wall and went away. Hardly had they done so when the steward came home, and seeing a man standing in the courtyard, exclaimed: "Aha! have I caught thee at last? I thought the cats and dogs were robbing me, and all the time it was thou! I will punish thee now with my own hand."

So saying, he took a great cudgel and smote the hunchback until he fell down. Thereupon the steward examined him, and finding him to be dead, he was filled with terror. Carrying the body out into the market place, he set it up in a dark corner against the wall of a shop and hurried away.

Some time before daybreak a merchant who had been out all night, and who had been drinking too much wine, chanced to pass that way. Seeing the watchman approaching, he sought to hide himself in the same dark corner where the steward had left the hunchback. The body tumbled forward upon him, and supposing himself to be the victim of some trick, the merchant clenched his fists and attacked his unknown assailant.

Presently the watchman came up, and finding that a fight seemed to be going on, he cried out, "Come, what is the matter here?"

"This rude fellow tried to snatch off my turban," answered the merchant, and the watchman said, "Get up from him."

So the merchant rose, and the watchman, seeing that the hunchback was dead, exclaimed, "It is a fine thing that a Christian should kill a Mussulman!" And he seized the merchant and carried him to the house of the judge, where they passed the remainder of the night.

As soon as it was fairly day the judge came out, and when he saw the dead hunchback he commanded that the supposed murderer should be hanged at once. So they set up a gallows, and the hangman put a rope about the merchant's neck and was about to hoist him up when behold! the sultan's steward, who was passing by, saw the crowd and cried out to the executioner: "Stop! stop! it was I who killed the hunchback."

"How was that?" asked the judge.

"I came home last night," answered the steward, "and found a man who had come down the air shaft to steal my goods, so I struck him

with a cudgel and he died. Then I carried him into the market place and set him up against the wall. Is it not enough for me to have killed a Mussulman, without having the death of a Christian also on my conscience?"

When the judge heard this he said to the executioner, "Let the merchant go, and hang this man on his own confession."

So the rope was placed around the steward's neck, and they were about to hang him when behold! the physician pushed his way to the gallows and cried out: "Stop! it was I and no one else who killed the hunchback. I was sitting at home last night when a man and a woman knocked at the door and gave my servant a quarter-dinar, saying that they had with them a sick child and bidding her ask me to come down and see him. While she was gone they brought the hunchback into the house and left him at the top of the stairs. When presently I came out in the dark I stumbled over him, and he fell to the foot of the stairs. As soon as I found that he was dead I carried him upstairs and lowered him through the air shaft into the house of this steward, which is next to my own. When he came home he took the figure for a robber and beat the hunchback

until he fell to the ground. Is it not enough that I should have killed one man by accident, without taking the death of another upon my conscience?"

When the judge heard the physician's story he said to the hangman, "Let the steward go and hang this man."

So the hangman took the physician and was putting the rope around his neck when behold! the tailor pressed through the folk and cried out to him: "Hold thy hand! I was the one who killed him, and it fell out thus: I met this hunchback last evening and asked him to eat supper at my house. A piece of fish stuck in his throat and choked him so that he died at once. We lifted him up, my wife and I, and carried him to the house of this physician, where I left him at the top of the stairs. When the physician came out he stumbled over him and thought that he had killed him." Then he said to the Jew, "Is not this the truth?" "It is," said the physician. And the tailor said to the executioner, "Then let the Jew go, and hang me."

So the hangman took the tailor and put the rope about his neck, saying, "I am tired of taking this man and freeing that, and no one hanged after all!"

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Now the hunchback was the favorite jester of the sultan, who could not bear to have him out of his sight. So when the jester did not make his appearance, the sultan asked one of the courtiers about him.

"O my lord," said the man, "the judge found him dead and ordered his murderer to be hanged; but as the hangman was about to obey there came a second and a third and a fourth man, each declaring himself to be the murderer, and telling the judge how the crime was committed."

When the sultan heard this he said to one of his chamberlains, "Go down to the judge and bring me all four of them."

So the chamberlain went down to the place of execution, where he found the hangman on the point of hanging the tailor and cried out to him to stop. Then he gave the sultan's order to the judge, who took the tailor, the physician, the steward, and the merchant and brought them all, together with the dead hunchback, before his master. When he came into the royal presence he kissed the earth and related all that had passed, at which the sultan was moved to mirth and amazement and commanded the story to be

written in letters of gold, saying to the courtiers, "Did any one ever hear a more wonderful story than this of the hunchback?"

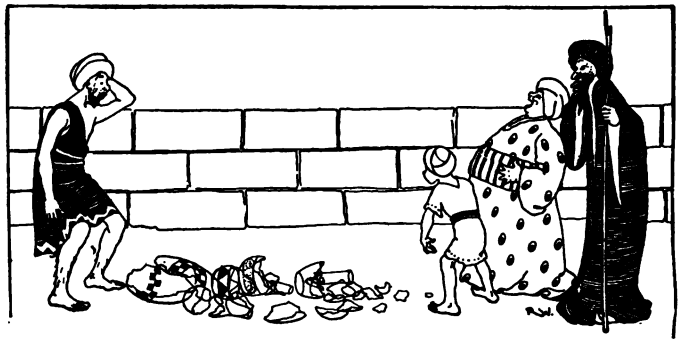
With that the merchant came forward and said, "O king of the age, with thy leave I will tell thee a thing that happened to myself, which is even stranger than the story of the hunchback."

"Let us hear it," said the sultan.

Each of the four prisoners, hoping to save his life by pleasing the sultan, now tells some strange adventure. The first three tales fail to win the royal approval. When it is the tailor's turn the sultan promises to pardon all the culprits if his story is more entertaining than that of the hunchback. The tailor proceeds to relate his experience with an absurdly talkative barber, who, in answer to his customer's impatient protests, replied: "What dost thou want? Here Allah hath given thee a barber who is familiar with astrology, white magic, syntax, grammar, logic, rhetoric, arithmetic, algebra, astronomy, and elocution, besides theology and geometry. Why art thou in such haste to be shaved?"

"When I heard the man's flow of speech," the tailor goes on to the sultan, "I said to him, 'Thou wilt surely be my death this day.' 'O my master,' he answered, 'I am called The Silent One, by reason of my few words and to distinguish me from my six brothers who are forever chattering. And truly I am concerned because thou art in such a hurry.'"

The barber's stories of himself and of each of his six brothers are retold to the sultan by the tailor. The two following are the most famous.



ALNASCHAR

THE STORY OF THE BARBER'S FIFTH BROTHER

MY BROTHER Alnaschar, O Commander of the Faithful, was a poor man who used to beg alms. Our father fell sick and died, leaving to each of us a hundred pieces of silver. My fifth brother was at a loss what to do with his share till he bethought him to buy glass of all sorts and sell it at a profit. So he bought glass with his hundred pieces of silver, put it into a great basket, and sat down upon a bench, leaning his back against a wall.

As he sat waiting for a customer, he fell to musing and said to himself: "Verily my whole fortune now consists of this glass. I will sell it for two hundred pieces of silver, and with that

I will buy other glass which I will sell for four hundred. I will go on buying and selling in this way until I have gained great wealth. Then I will buy all kinds of merchandise and jewels and make great profit upon them. I will buy a house, together with slaves and horses and gilded saddles, and I will eat and drink and listen to music all day long.

"Then," he went on, "I will seek the hand of the vizier's daughter, for I hear that she is of great beauty and surpasses all others in grace. I will give her a thousand pieces of gold for a dowry. If her father consents, it will be well; if not, it will make no difference, as I shall take her by force. Every day I shall ride upon my horse, with slaves behind and before me, while the people call down blessings upon my head. Then I will pay a visit to the vizier, and he will rise and seat me with all respect in his own place. I will order one of my servants to give him the purse containing the dowry and I will add to it another purse that he may know how generous and noble I am and how little is the world in my eyes. And when he addresses me in ten words, I will answer him in two.

"On the night of my wedding I will wear my richest robes, and when my wife is brought before me, I, because of my pride and my disdain, will

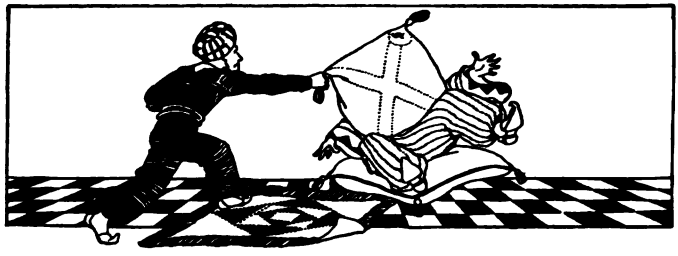
R. by Winchlar

not look at her till her maids shall say: 'O my lord, thy wife stands before thee. Deign then to look upon her.' Upon this I will raise my head and cast only one glance upon her, because of the haughtiness of my mind and the gravity of my understanding. This will I do until the ceremony of displaying her is finished.

"Then her mother will say to me, 'O my lord, look upon thy handmaid and be gracious to her,' and my wife will bring me a cup of wine, but I will leave her standing before me while I recline upon a cushion of cloth of gold. Then she will urge me and put the cup to my lips, but I shall spurn her with my foot, thus —"

So saying, he gave a kick with his foot and knocked over the basket of glass, which fell heavily to the ground, so that all that was in it was broken.

The folk who were going by saw him weeping and tearing his clothes in his despair. Some pitied him; some paid no heed to him. One beautiful lady gave him a purse wherein were five hundred pieces of silver, and for a time he was a contented man. But Allah himself cannot help a fool! In the end thieves fell upon him and beat him, and I, hearing of his distress, have brought him back to the city and have given him a small allowance.



THE BARMECIDE'S FEAST

THE STORY OF THE BARBER'S SIXTH BROTHER

MY BROTHER Shacabac, O Commander of the Faithful, was once a rich man, but he became so poor that he was reduced to beggary. One day he went forth as usual to seek alms, and on his way he beheld a handsome house, with servants standing at the door commanding and forbidding. So he came up to the doorkeepers and begged them to give him something.

"Enter," said one of them to him, "and thou shalt get whatever thou hast need of from our master himself."

Thus encouraged, my brother entered the palace and found himself in a magnificent hall, paved with marble and hung with curtains. At the upper end of a room which opened into this hall sat

an old man with a long white beard. Seeing my brother, the Barmecide rose, greeted him kindly, and asked him what he could do to serve him; to which my brother replied that he was sorely in need of food.

"What!" cried the old man, "art thou actually hungry? Thou shalt eat with me. I will have food brought in at once. Ho, boy! bring us water that we may wash our hands, and order supper immediately."

Shacabac was about to express his gratitude for this friendly reception, when the old man began to rub his hands together as if he were washing them. No boy appeared, nor was there either basin or water, yet my brother felt that he must do as his host did, for the sake of courtesy.

"Come," said the Barmecide, "thou art surely famished." And though nothing had been brought in, he pretended to eat as if food had been set before him.

"Eat, my friend," he went on; "there is no need to feel shame, for I have known what it is to be hungry myself."

So my brother made all the motions of eating and drinking, while his host called for dish after dish which did not appear. "Ho, boy!" he would

cry, "bring us mutton and barley broth, unless my guest prefers some of the goose with the sweet sauce. Come, taste of these chickens stuffed with pistachio nuts. Hast thou ever tasted any like them?"

"Never," protested my brother, who was fainting with hunger. "Never have I eaten anything so delicious," and he pretended to feast heartily on the invisible dainties.

Then the Barmecide named other dishes, and my brother did not fail to praise them warmly, until at length he declared he could eat no more.

"But," cried the Barmecide, "thou hast had no sweets! Try one of these delicious fritters before the sirup runs out of it." And he went on urging upon his guest all manner of fruits and sweetmeats.

At last Shacabac became weary of the jest and said to himself, "I will make him sorry for having fooled me thus." Accordingly, when the boy was ordered to bring in wine my brother said, "O my master, I must drink no wine with thee. Surely it is forbidden."

"Keep me company in a single glass," said the Barmecide, and my brother bowed low as if he would drink to the health of his host. But even as the old man lifted the invisible glass a second

time to his lips my brother struck him such a blow that the room rang with it.

"What does this mean?" cried the Barmecide, trembling with rage.

"O my lord," said my brother, "thou hast given me too much of that rare old wine. See, it has taken away my wits and has made me behave like a madman."

Then the Barmecide laughed very heartily and said: "Long have I made game of men, but thou art the first I have seen who could endure this trick. Now, therefore, I pardon thee for thy rudeness, and thou shalt eat with me in good earnest."

So saying, he clapped his hands, and the servants brought in a delicious supper, including all the eatables that had been mentioned by the Barmecide. My brother continued to make himself so agreeable to his host that he became his close friend and companion, and they lived together for a period of twenty years. At the end of this time the rich man died, and my brother was forced to depart from the city.

When the sultan heard the tailor's story he said, "This is indeed more pleasant and wonderful than the story of the hunchback." Then he bade the

chamberlain go with the tailor to fetch the barber, saying, "Bring him to me that I may hear his talk, and perchance it shall be the means of releasing all of you."

So the chamberlain and the tailor went away and presently returned with the barber. The sultan looked at him, and behold! he was a very old man, more than ninety years of age, vain and silly in his appearance. The sultan laughed at his complacent looks, and said to him, "O silent man, I desire thee to tell me something of thy history."

"King of the age," replied the barber, "why are all these men and this dead hunchback here before thee?"

So the sultan said to one of his courtiers, "Explain the hunchback's case to him, and repeat the stories told by the physician, the steward, the merchant, and the tailor."

When this had been done, the barber exclaimed, "It is indeed a wonder of wonders." Then he said, "Let me look at the body of the hunchback."

They did so, and he laughed until he fell backward. At this the sultan wondered, and said to him, "O silent man, explain thy laughter to us."

"O king of the age," replied the barber, "there is yet life in thy jester."

Then he pulled out a pot of ointment from his girdle and anointed the neck of the hunchback, after which he thrust a pair of tweezers down the little man's throat and drew out the fishbone. Thereupon the hunchback sat up and sneezed, and everybody present exclaimed in amazement.

Then said the sultan, "This is the most wonderful thing that I ever saw, for verily, if it had not been for this barber, the hunchback would never have come to life."

Then the sultan caused the whole story to be recorded and placed in the royal treasury, after which he bestowed splendid presents upon the physician, the merchant, and the steward. He gave the tailor costly gifts and appointed him to be his own tailor, with a suitable salary. As for the barber, he was made the court barber and became one of the sultan's constant companions. And they all lived in the utmost happiness and comfort until they were visited by the destroyer of delights and the separator of companions.

THE THREE APPLES

ONE night the caliph Haroun al-Raschid summoned his vizier Jaafar and said to him: "I desire to go down into the city and ask the common folk about the conduct of my officers of justice. If any are complained of, we will discharge them; those who are praised shall be rewarded."

"I hear and I obey," said Jaafar.

So the caliph went with his vizier and Mesrour, his executioner, into the town and walked about the streets. Coming into a small passageway they saw in the moonlight a tall man who was carrying some nets upon his head. He had on his arm a basket made of palm leaves and in his hand a stick.

"This seems to be a poor man," said the caliph. "Let us speak to him."

So the vizier went up to the man, and said to him, "What is thine occupation?"

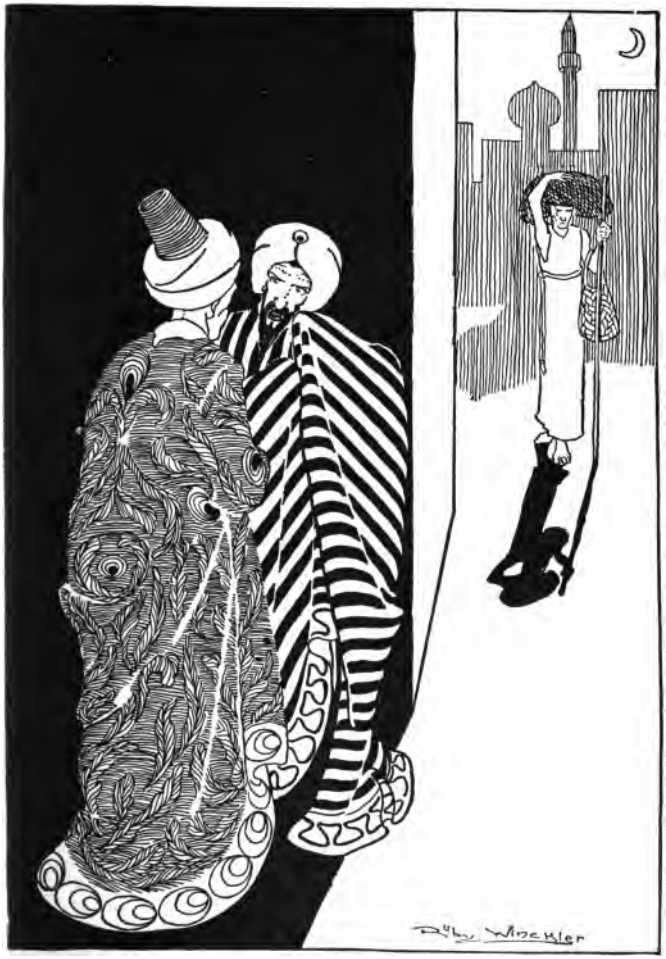
And the man said: "O, my lord, I am a fisherman, but a most unhappy one. I went out at noon, and from that time until now I have not taken a single fish."

"Come back with us," said the caliph, "and cast in thy net once more. We will give thee a hundred pieces of gold for whatever thou shalt catch."

The fisherman rejoiced when he heard this, and went back with them toward the river, saying to himself, "If they give me only a hundredth part of what they promise me, it will still be a great sum."

When they arrived at the river he threw in his net and drew out a chest, very heavy and securely fastened. The caliph immediately gave the fisherman his hundred pieces of gold and sent him away. Mesrour took the chest on his shoulders, and in much impatience to examine it the caliph and his officers returned to the palace. When they opened the box they saw with horror that it contained the body of a young woman.

"Alas!" cried the caliph. "Is this the way my city is guarded? O wretched Jaafar, shall folk be


Ruby Winckler

murdered and cast into the river? If thou dost not discover him who killed her, I will hang thee at the gate of my palace with forty of thy kindred beside thee." And the caliph was filled with exceeding rage.

"O Commander of the Faithful," said Jaafar, "grant me time to make a search."

"I give thee three days," said the caliph. "Look to thy safety!"

The vizier returned to his house, saying: "How shall I, in this great city, find him who murdered the damsel? If I bring in other than the murderer, it will be a sin. Verily I know not what to do."

For three days his search was vain. At the end of that time the caliph bade a crier go through the streets of Bagdad, crying, "Whoever would see the hanging of Jaafar and forty more of the Barmecides, let him come and look!"

Then the gallows was set up, and Jaafar and the others stood near by in readiness for execution; but while the spectators wept, behold, a young man appeared among them and cried: "O my lord, I am the man who killed the woman that was found in the chest. Hang me!"

While he was yet talking, another man made his way through the crowd and cried: "O believe

not the words of this youth! It was I who killed the damsel."

The vizier marveled much at all this and greatly rejoiced at his own deliverance. He ordered the two men to be carried before the caliph, and after kissing the ground between his hands seven times, he said, "O Commander of the Faithful, I bring thee the murderer of the damsel."

"Where is he?" said the caliph. And Jaafar answered: "This young man says, 'I am the murderer,' and this old man says, 'I am the murderer,' and lo! here are both of them standing before thee."

"I am the one who killed her," said the young man. But the old man protested, "I am the one who killed her."

Then said the caliph, "Take both of them out and hang them."

"But," said Jaafar, "one only is the murderer, and it would be a sin to hang the other."

"Listen, O my lord," said the young man. "I am he who killed her and I will tell thee what led me to commit this crime. Know, O Commander of the Faithful, that the woman was my wife and the daughter of this old man, who is my uncle, and we both loved her.

"She fell ill of a grievous sickness, and I called in physicians, but she grew no better. And at last she said, 'There is something I long for.'

"'To hear is to comply,' I said. 'What is thy longing?'

"And she said, 'I wish I had an apple.'

"Then I said, 'Hadst thou a thousand wishes I would try to gratify them.' So I went out into the city and sought for apples, but could find none. If they had cost a gold piece each, I would have bought them could I have found any, but I searched in vain until night. When morning dawned I went out again, for my wife was disappointed, and I was vexed because I could not fetch her that for which she longed.

"At length I went to an old gardener, who said: 'O my son, what thou art seeking is not now to be found. The only apples are in the caliph's garden at Balsora.'

"So I undertook the long journey and traveled fifteen days and nights to bring my wife three apples, for which I paid three dinars. But she took no pleasure in them after all and let them lie by her side, so that my labor counted for naught.

"Her illness lasted ten days longer, after which she began to mend and soon recovered her health.

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So I went back to my shop and sat there buying and selling. And about noon that very day a tall, ugly, black slave passed by my door, holding in his hand one of the three apples.

"'O my good slave,' I said to him, 'tell me where thou didst find an apple at this time of year.'

"He laughed and said: 'It was given to me by a lady. I found her lying ill, and she said, "My foolish husband made a journey to Balsora for these apples and paid three dinars for them." So she gave one to me, and I came away.'

"When I heard these words the world grew black, and I went home in a rage. I looked for the apples, and finding only two, I said, 'O my wife, what has become of the third apple?' And she answered coldly, 'I know not where it is gone.' Then I was convinced that the slave had spoken the truth, and I was so angered that I cut her throat. I put her body into a chest and fastened it close and threw it into the river with my own hands. Therefore, O Commander of the Faithful, make haste to hang me. For when I had thrown the chest into the river and none knew what I had done, I went back and found my eldest son crying. I asked him, 'What makes thee weep, my son?' And he answered, 'O my father, I took one of the

three apples which my mother had, and while I held it in my hand in the street a great, ugly, black slave snatched it from me, saying, "Where did this come from?" And I said, "My father traveled to Balsora, where he bought it and two other apples for my mother, who is ill, and he paid three dinars for them." I asked for the apple a second and a third time, but he kicked and cuffed me and went off with it.'

"When I heard what my son said I wept bitterly, and when my wife's father came in I told him what had happened, and we grieved together."

The caliph marveled at this story and said: "The young man is pardoned. I will hang none but the slave. Bring him before me within three days, O Jaafar, or I will hang thee in his place."

So Jaafar went forth from the palace, saying: "No pitcher comes forth from the well forever unbroken. Alas! my hour is come. It is useless to look for the slave. I will not leave my house again, and may the will of Allah be done!"

On the third day the vizier prepared to present himself to the caliph, and bade his children a last farewell. As he pressed his youngest daughter in his arms he felt something hard and round inside her dress.

"O my little maid," he said to her, "what hast thou in thy dress?"

"O my father," she answered, "it is an apple with the name of the caliph on it. Rahan, our slave, showed it to me four days ago and would not let me have it until I had given him two dinars for it."

Then Jaafar sent for the slave Rahan, and said to him, "Where didst thou get this apple?"

"O my master," said the slave, "I was walking in the city and saw the apple in the hands of a child at play. I snatched it from him, and my little lady bought it of me for two dinars of gold. And that is the whole story."

Now when Jaafar heard this he led the slave into the presence of the caliph. When the story was told, the vizier said, "O Commander of the Faithful, wonder not at this story, for it is not more marvelous than the tale of Noureddin Ali of Cairo and his son Bedreddin Hassan."

"Tell it then," said the caliph. And Jaafar answered, "I will tell it, O my lord, on condition that thou wilt pardon my slave."

"If it be indeed more wonderful than the story of the three apples, I grant thee thy slave's life," said the caliph.

So Jaafar began his story in these words:

NOUREDDIN ALI AND BEDREDDIN HASSAN

PART I

THERE once lived in Cairo a vizier who was a man of great wisdom and who possessed much knowledge of the ways of the world. This minister had two sons, the younger of whom, Noureddin, was so handsome that the fame of his beauty spread through all the country and people traveled to Cairo to obtain a glimpse of him.

Now it happened that when the vizier died the sultan selected the two sons to fill their father's place. They entered together into the office of vizier, each of them serving for a week at a time, and whenever the sultan went forth on a journey he took one of them with him.

One evening as the brothers were talking together, Shemseddin, the elder, said, " O my brother,

if I should ever have a daughter and thou a son, let us give them to each other in marriage."

"Agreed!" said Noureddin. "What dowry shalt thou ask for thy daughter?"

"Three thousand pieces of gold," answered Shemseddin, "and three gardens and three farms besides."

Then said Noureddin: "Are we not brothers and of equal rank? Thy daughter should be a free gift to my son, for thou knowest very well that a man is higher in rank than a woman."

"Thou art wholly wrong," answered Shemseddin, angrily. "Since that is thy feeling, I will not consent to marry my daughter to thy son."

"Nor will I marry my son to thy daughter on any terms," said Noureddin.

In the morning the sultan set out on a journey to the Pyramids, taking with him Shemseddin, while the younger brother, who was still very angry, mounted his best mule and departed from the city in another direction. He was resolved to give up his office and leave the country, and though he knew not where to go, he rode on for several days until he came to the city of Balsora.

Now it happened that the vizier of that city, who was an old man, felt a strong affection for

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the handsome stranger as soon as his eyes fell upon him. "O my son," he said to him, "whence art thou come and for what purpose?"

"My lord," answered Noureddin, "I am come from Cairo, where my father was once vizier, and I have determined that I will not return until I have seen all the cities and countries of the world."

"Follow not the suggestion of that thought," said the vizier, "lest thou come to destruction. Come with me to my house, where thou shalt be treated with honor and kindness. I am an old man and I have no son. Thou shalt be as a son to me, and I will say to my master, the sultan of Balsora, 'This is the son of my brother, who is a vizier in the land of Egypt.'"

Noureddin answered, "I hear and I obey." Then the vizier showed him all honor and treated him as his son and gave him his daughter for a wife. Thus did it happen to Noureddin.

As for his brother, he returned from his journey with the sultan and was greatly troubled to hear of Noureddin's absence. He grieved exceedingly, saying to himself: "I have angered my brother by what I said concerning the marriage of our children. Would that I had not done so! I am indeed lacking in sense and judgment."

Not long after this, Shemseddin married the daughter of a merchant of Cairo and in time gave up all hope of seeing his beloved brother. And it so fell out that a daughter was born to him on the same day that, in Balsora, Noureddin's heart was gladdened by the coming of a son. This boy was as beautiful as the dawn, and on the seventh day after his birth they made a feast such as would be fit for the sons of kings; after which the vizier of Balsora took Noureddin with him and went up to the sultan.

The sultan treated them with kindness, and said to the vizier, "Who is this young man?"

"This is the son of my brother," answered the vizier. "He is young and I am now old; my hearing is dull, and my sight is failing. It is my wish, therefore, that our lord the sultan will make him vizier in my place, seeing that he is the husband of my daughter and a person of knowledge and judgment."

Upon this the sultan looked at the young man and approved of the advice. He ordered that a magnificent dress of honor should be given to the new vizier, and one of the best of the mules upon which he himself was accustomed to ride. And Noureddin kissed the hand of the sultan and went

down with his father-in-law to their home, both in high delight. On the following day he sat in the place of the vizier and examined the cases of the people; and the sultan was surprised at his wise conduct and at his understanding and judgment.

While Noureddin was occupied with the affairs of his new office, the old vizier devoted himself to his grandson, who was named Bedreddin. The child was well taught and grew up to be a youth of surpassing beauty and grace. The sultan himself noticed his vizier's handsome son and demanded that the lad should be brought to the court every day. Noureddin answered, "I hear and I obey," and until the boy was twenty years old he went up daily with his father to the sultan.

Bedreddin had scarcely reached manhood when one day his father fell sick. Calling his son to him, he said: "O my son, hear my words! I have a brother in Cairo, from whom I departed against his will." And his tears flowed as he spoke. He then wrote upon a sheet of paper all that had happened to him, and giving it to his son said to him: "Keep this safe, for it contains an account of thine origin and rank. If any evil befall thee, seek thine uncle in Cairo and inform him that I died in a strange land, greatly desiring to see him."

Then he added: "Be not familiar with any one, use not many words, and beware of drinking wine, for it is the source of every mischief. Hate no man and oppress none." In this manner he continued to advise Bedreddin until his spirit fled. For two months the young man mourned his father, nor would he go up to the sultan in all that time.

Then the sultan was angry and appointed a new vizier and sent him to bring Bedreddin to the court a prisoner. But there was among the troops one of Noureddin's former slaves, and he would not endure to have his master's son so treated. He therefore sought out Bedreddin and begged him to flee for his life. And even as the slave spoke, the young man heard the people of the city mourning that he must die. So when he heard what they were saying, he went away from that place and journeyed until he came to his father's tomb, where, overcome with fatigue, he fell asleep.

Now the burial ground was inhabited during the day by genii, one of whom, coming forth toward nightfall, saw the young man as he lay asleep and was astonished at his beauty. The genie had scarce begun his usual nightly journey when he met a fairy, whom he greeted, saying, "Whence comest thou?"

"From Cairo," she answered.

"Wilt thou go with me," he asked her, "to see a beautiful youth asleep in the burial ground?" And she answered, "Yes."

So they went together to the tomb and looked upon the face of the young man who still lay asleep.

"Tell me," said the genie, "hast thou ever seen, in the course of thy life, a person so beautiful as this?"

"O genie," said the fairy, "I have seen a person who resembles this youth, in the land of Egypt. She is the daughter of the vizier, and the king demanded her in marriage, but her father would marry her only to the son of his brother Noureddin. 'O my lord the sultan,' he said, 'accept my excuse and pity my grief, for thou knowest that my brother departed from us, and we know not where he is. The cause of his going away was his anger with me, and I have given my word not to marry my daughter to any but his son.'

"When the sultan heard this he was very angry, and said: 'When such as I would marry the daughter of such as thou, no idle excuse is to be offered. As I live, I will marry her to the meanest of my grooms in spite of thee.'

"Now the sultan has a worthless groom — misshapen, and ugly to look upon — and he has ordered him to be brought, and this very night he is to marry the vizier's daughter. She sits weeping in the midst of her women, and O genie, she is even more beautiful than this youth of thine."

To this story the genie answered: "Thou art mistaken. None could be more beautiful than he."

Then said the fairy, "O my brother, let us lift him in our arms and carry him to the maiden I spoke of, that we may see which of the two is the more beautiful."

The genie answered: "I hear and I obey. There can be no better way than this; therefore I will carry him."

So he lifted up the young man and soared into the sky, and the fairy flew beside him until he reached the city of Cairo. There he set down the youth upon a bench and roused him from his sleep.

When Bedreddin awoke and found that he was not in the city of Balsora, he would have cried out, but the genie said to him: "Know that I have brought thee to Cairo to do thee a service. Take therefore this candle and go with yonder wedding guests to the bride's house. Whenever the bride's

women come to thee, put thy hand in thy pocket and give them a handful of gold. Fear not that thou wilt find thy pocket empty. Give, therefore, to every one who shall approach thee, and when the bride herself shall come, say to her, 'I am thy husband; it is the order of the sultan.'

On hearing these words Bedreddin said, "What is the meaning of this?" But he went with his candle to join the bridal train, and every time the singing-women stopped for people to give them money he threw handfuls of gold into their tambourines; and all the people were amazed at his beauty and his riches.

When they arrived at the vizier's house the women made way for him, saying, "We will not enter without this youth, for he hath overwhelmed us with his favors." And though the ugly groom was angry, no one paid attention to his words.

At length the daughter of the vizier approached in the midst of her singing-women and her maids, like the moon shining among stars in a clear night. Seeing Bedreddin, she went and stood before him, while the miserable groom was left alone looking like an ape. Raising her face toward heaven, she said, "O Allah, make this youth to be my husband!" And he said, "I am he; it is the

order of the sultan." Then her maids dressed her in different dresses to display her beauty, and finally led her away, followed by the enraptured Bedreddin, while the detested groom was left alone in the outer hall.

Not long after this the genie said to the fairy, "Arise, and let us carry back the youth lest morning overtake us." So they flew away with Bedreddin as he lay sleeping, and laid him down by one of the gates of Damascus, even as destiny had appointed.

When daylight came and the gates were opened for the people to go forth, they beheld a beautiful youth asleep in his night clothes and without his turban. And while they wondered at his presence there, Bedreddin awoke.

"Where am I, good people?" he cried, greatly astonished. "Why do you crowd about me, and what has happened that I am lying here at this gate without my robe and my turban?"

They answered: "We found thee lying here asleep. Where, then, didst thou spend the night?"

"Truly, I lay down to sleep in Cairo," he replied, "but the day before I was in the city of Balsora. Only last night I was married to the most beautiful lady in the world."

"The youth is mad," said the people to one another.

"Come," they said to him, "come to thy senses. Thou hast been dreaming."

Bedreddin shook his head.

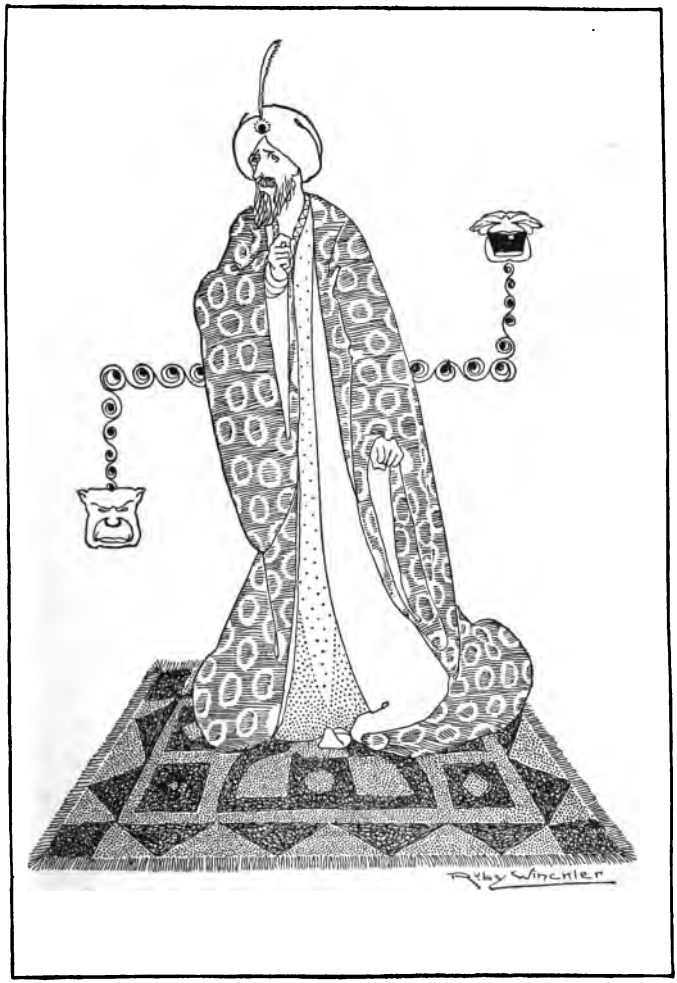
"It was not a dream," he said. "And if so, where are my robe and my turban?"

But the crowd laughed at him and followed at his heels when he went into the city, so that he was grateful for the protection of a friendly pastry cook, who sent away the curious folk and took the young man to his own home.

When Bedreddin had related all that had happened, the cook said: "O my master, this is a strange tale, and few there are who will believe it. Stay then with me for a while. I will adopt thee as my son, for already thou art dear to me, and in time fortune may favor thee."

"Let it be so," said Bedreddin. "I consent."

Then his protector went forth and bought costly robes and made a public statement that he had adopted Bedreddin, so that the young man became known throughout Damascus as the son of the pastry cook. He sat in the shop and received the money, and when the old man died, continued to follow the same trade.


Ruby Winchler

In the meantime Bedreddin's bride, the "Lady of Beauty," was greatly troubled and distressed by the disappearance of her husband. All Cairo was searched to find some trace of him. Shemseddin and his daughter took frequent counsel together as to the means by which Bedreddin might be restored to her. They examined first the turban and the clothes that they found in his bedroom.

"This is such a turban as is worn by viziers," said Shemseddin. "Is it possible that my son-in-law is a vizier?"

Then he opened Bedreddin's purse and found in it the paper which Noureddin had given him, setting forth his birth and rank. As soon as his eyes rested upon it, Shemseddin cried aloud: "O my daughter, this is good news! Thy husband is the son of my brother. Would that I knew how this has come about!" And he trembled with delight.

Shemseddin then betook himself to the sultan, carrying with him the purse, and related the whole story from beginning to end. The sultan was astonished and ordered that the case should be recorded. His wrath against the vizier melted away and he caused a wide search to be made for the missing Bedreddin. His efforts, however, were all in vain. There was no trace of the missing man.

PART II

Now it happened long after this, that Bedreddin the pastry cook was standing at the door of his shop, when he beheld a lad in the company of a huge black slave and followed by a crowd of people who were eager to gaze upon the child's beauty.

For some reason that he could not understand, Bedreddin's heart yearned after the boy. He had just taken a cream tart out of the oven, and now, strewing the top with sugar and pomegranate seeds, he made haste to offer it to the young stranger.

"O my master," he said, "wilt thou come in and eat of my food and do me great honor?"

And the boy, whose name was Agib, stopped and said to the slave, "Truly, let us go in."

But the slave said, "O my master, it is not fitting that we who are of the family of the vizier should eat in the shop of this cook."

Then Bedreddin spoke flattering words to the slave till his heart was touched, and he took the hand of Agib and entered the cook's shop.

The gratified Bedreddin set forth a saucer of pomegranate seeds prepared with almonds and sugar, saying, "Eat, and may it do you good."

But the little Agib said graciously, "Sit down and eat with us; and perhaps Allah will help us in our search."

Then Bedreddin said, "O my son, thou hast been parted from one thou lovest!"

"Thou speakest the truth," said Agib. "My mother and my mother's father and I seek one whom we fondly desire to find." And the lad wept until Bedreddin, thinking of his own loneliness, wept with him.

After they had eaten their fill, the lad and the slave arose and quitted the shop, but the pastry cook, feeling as if his heart had gone with them, followed them at a distance. The slave was alarmed and said to his master: "That was an unlucky whim of thine. Look! the man is following us and may do us some harm."

Agib looked back and saw Bedreddin behind them. "Let him walk in the public road," he said with some anger, "but if he turns toward the tents of our encampment, we shall know that he is following us, and I will drive him back."

When, therefore, they had left the public road and Bedreddin still followed them toward the open space where the tents were standing, Agib took up a stone and cast it at him so that it cut his

face. Then Bedreddin was grieved, but he blamed himself, saying: "I was wrong to follow the lad in that way. No wonder he thought that I meant to do him harm."

Meanwhile Agib and his grandfather, who was none other than Shemseddin, vizier of Cairo, departed on their journey in search of the husband of the Lady of Beauty. And in time they arrived at the city of Balsora.

Here Shemseddin took up his abode and presented himself before the sultan, who, having received him with honor, asked for the reason of his coming. The vizier accordingly told him his story and begged for news of his brother Noureddin.

"O sahib," said the sultan, "Noureddin was my vizier, and I loved him much. He died twelve years ago and left a son, but we have lost him and know not where he is to be found. The lad's mother is with us, however, for she is the daughter of my old vizier."

So Shemseddin begged permission to visit her and was ushered into the presence of his brother's widow, to whom he made himself known.

He told her that her son, Bedreddin, was the husband of his daughter, the Lady of Beauty, and that they had a son, named Agib, whom he had

brought with him. The vizier then sent for Agib, whom his grandmother received with rejoicing and yet with tears; but Shemseddin said to her: "This is not a time for weeping. Return with us to the land of Egypt and perhaps God will unite us with thy son." She replied, "I hear and I obey," and having collected all her goods and slaves, she departed with her brother-in-law for Cairo.

On the way thither the vizier encamped again at the city of Damascus, saying, "We will stop here to buy presents for the sultan." Agib then said to his slave: "Let us go again to the market place and see what hath happened to the cook whose confection we ate. I acted ill toward him." And the slave replied, "I hear and I obey."

As they drew near the shop they beheld the cook standing at the door, and again it happened that he had just prepared a cream tart strewn with pomegranate seeds.

"Peace be on thee!" said Agib, courteously.

Bedreddin's heart was strongly moved within him, though he knew not that the lad was his own son.

"Enter, O my master," he said. "Refresh my heart and eat of my food. I had not followed thee before, save that I loved thee beyond all reason."

"Thou must not follow and disgrace us," said Agib, "for we are staying in this city but a few days in order that my grandfather may buy gifts for the sultan."

"I bind myself," said Bedreddin, "to do nothing against thy wishes."

So Agib entered the shop with his slave, and Bedreddin placed before him the confection, whereupon Agib said, "Eat with us, and may Allah lighten our affliction." And Bedreddin was glad, and he ate with them; but he could not keep his eyes from the boy's face. Then he sprinkled his guests with rose water from a bottle that was in his shop and gave them to drink two cups of sherbet, after which they departed and hastened back to the tents.

Now it happened that on their return Agib went into his grandmother's tent, and she said to him, "Where hast thou been?" And he answered, "In the city." Then she arose and brought him a cream tart that she had just made, but Agib, having eaten so lately, could do no more than taste of the dainty.

"O my child," said his grandmother, "dost thou despise my cookery? I prepared it for thee with my own hands, and no one in the world

except thy father, Bedreddin Hassan, can make so good a one."

"Thy pardon, madam!" said Agib. "I have just now eaten in the city a cream tart such as one might dream of; compared with it, thine is good for nothing."

Upon hearing this the old woman blamed the slave exceedingly, saying, "Hast thou taken this child into a cook's shop?" And when he would have denied it, she set before him the cream tart, saying, "Eat then of this dainty, that thine innocence may be established!" But he, having already eaten his fill, was unable to swallow a morsel of it. At length he said, "Know, then, that we did enter the cook's shop and did eat some of his tarts, and never in my life did I taste anything so delicious, nor anything more detestable than this which is before me."

The mother of Bedreddin was angry at the slave's rudeness and said to him, "Go then, and fetch us some of this precious dainty, that we may see which of the two is better."

"I hear and I obey," said the slave.

Accordingly she gave him half a piece of gold and a saucer, and he went to the shop and said to the cook: "At the tent of my master we have laid

a wager concerning thy cream tarts. Prepare one, therefore, with thy best skill and strew it with pomegranate seeds, that we may compare it with those cooked by us."

Bedreddin laughed at these words, saying, "None can excel me in the preparation of this dainty except my mother, and she is in a far distant country." So he strewed a tart with pomegranate seeds, and the slave hastened back to the tent.

As soon as the mother of Bedreddin had tasted the tart she cried aloud, saying: "It is my son who cooked this tart. None but he could have prepared it in this fashion."

When the vizier heard these words he rejoiced exceedingly, but he would not reveal himself to Bedreddin until he had put his hopes to the proof. Calling his servants, he said, "Let twenty of you go to the cook's shop and bind his hands behind him with his turban and bring him hither, but do him no bodily harm." And his servants did as he commanded them.

Meanwhile Shemseddin rode to the palace, and showing to the ruler of Damascus letters from the sultan of Cairo, asked for permission to carry Bedreddin to that city. This having been granted, the vizier hastened back to his tent.

He found there the captive Bedreddin, who was saying to himself, "What can they have found in the confection that they treat me in this manner?"

Said the vizier to him, "Art thou he who sold my slave the cream tart?"

"Yes," said the young man, "and I have yet to learn my fault in the matter."

"It shall soon be told to thee," said the vizier.

Then he ordered his slaves to put fetters on the feet of Bedreddin, and they carried him a prisoner to Cairo.

"Now," said the vizier to him, "I have given orders to bind thee to a cross of wood and show thee as my prisoner to the people of the city."

"And why wilt thou use me thus?" asked the indignant Bedreddin.

"Because thy tart lacked pepper," answered the vizier.

"Because my cream tart lacked pepper," exclaimed Bedreddin, "wilt thou do all this to me?"

"Assuredly," said the vizier. "The crime deserves death."

At this Bedreddin was amazed and silent, until at last the vizier said, "Of what art thou thinking?"

"I was thinking of feeble-minded folk like thyself," said Bedreddin. "If thou hadst any sense at

all, thou surely wouldst not behave to me in this manner."

"I must punish thee," said Shemseddin, "so that thou mayst not do the like again."

Then the vizier left the young man and went to his own house, and when he had arrived there he said to his servants, "Arise, and furnish the house as it was on the occasion of my daughter's wedding." So they arose and lighted the candles, and the Lady of Beauty put on her bridal array. Bedreddin's turban and clothing were placed where he had left them, and having thus arranged everything, the vizier gave further orders to his slaves and withdrew.

When Bedreddin had fallen asleep, the fetters were taken off his feet and he was carried into the same room of the palace where he had slept many years before. Presently he awoke and beheld his turban and clothing and the familiar aspect of the place.

"Am I awake, or am I asleep?" he cried out in bewilderment. "This is my bride's dwelling, and yet I was just now a prisoner."

As he thus marveled to himself the curtains of an inner room parted, and the Lady of Beauty appeared.

"O my lord," she said, "why dost thou talk to thyself and wipe thy forehead in such amazement?"

Then he looked at her face and laughed and said: "Truly I am bewildered by a dream. How many years have I been absent from thee?"

And she said: "What art thou thinking of? Is not that thy turban that thou didst place there only last evening?"

"True," he said, "it is mine. But I dreamed that I was for twelve years a cook in Damascus. Surely I was asleep, and in my sleep must have seen all those things."

"What things hast thou seen?" asked the Lady of Beauty; and he told her the whole story, adding, "If I had not waked, they would have bound me to a wooden cross and shown me to the people of the city." But he was still perplexed, sometimes saying, "I saw it in my sleep," and again, "This happened when I was awake."

Then the vizier came to him and saluted him, but Bedreddin, as soon as he saw him, cried out, "Thou art he who gave orders to bind my hands behind me and to take me from my shop because I made a cream tart that was lacking in pepper."

"True," said the vizier, "but I did this in order to discover if thou wert my daughter's husband.

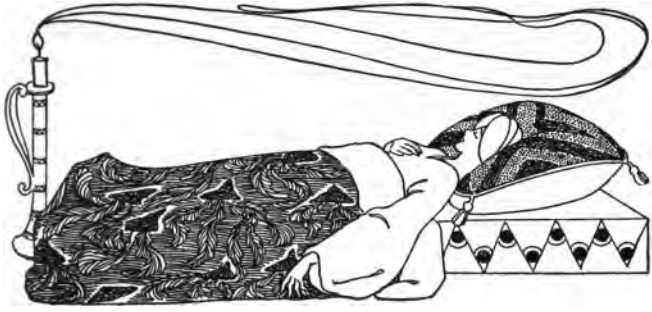
When I saw that thou knewest the house and thy turban and thy purse, then was I convinced that thou art indeed the son of my brother. The boy to whom thou gavest the cream tart is thy son, and thy wife is my daughter."

Bedreddin was full of astonishment and joy at his uncle's words.

"O my son," said the vizier, "the cause of all this was the idle talk that passed between me and thy father." And he related to him the whole story, after which he sent for Agib and for Bedreddin's mother, and they all rejoiced together.

The vizier then went up to the sultan and informed him of these occurrences, and the king was astonished and ordered that a record should be made of them. And Shemseddin and Bedreddin with their families lived in the utmost enjoyment and happiness until they were visited by the destroyer of delights and the separator of companions.

When the caliph heard the tale he marveled and said, "This should be written in letters of liquid gold." Then he set the slave at liberty, and the young man who had told the story became one of his courtiers.



PRINCE CAMARALZAMAN

PART I

ABOUT twenty days' sail from the coast of Persia there lived a king who had an only son, Prince Camaralzaman. He was brought up with great care and was taught all that kings should know. When he came to a proper age his father said to him, "My son, it is my wish, before I die, to see thee happily married."

"O my father," answered the young man, "I have no inclination to marry. I beg thy forgiveness, but I cannot gratify thy desire."

The king was exceedingly disappointed, but because he loved his son he felt no anger and showed him only kindness and patience. At the

end of a year, however, he called the prince to him again and made the same demand.

Then Camaralzaman said: "O my father, urge me not in this matter. I have read books both of old and of modern times, and I am convinced that disaster goes hand in hand with women."

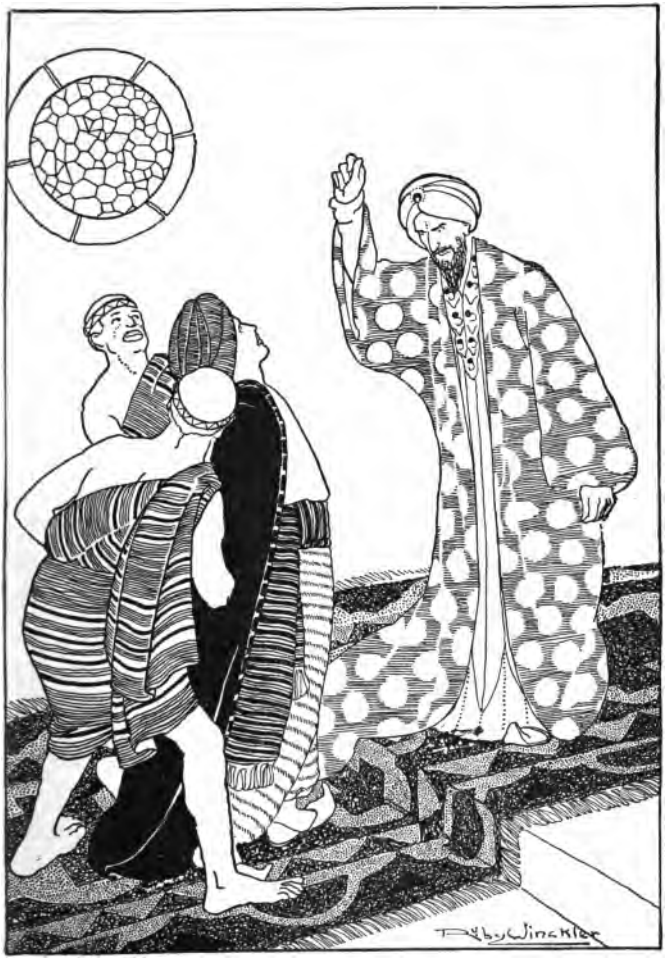
When the king heard these words he was cast down, and said to his vizier, "Tell me what I shall do."

"O king," answered the vizier, "wait till another year and then bring the matter before him on a day of state. He will hardly refuse before a public assembly."

The king, therefore, had patience for another year, while Camaralzaman increased in grace and beauty. When the day of state came, a great council was held, and before all the officers of the kingdom the anxious father said: "My son, I have a command to lay upon thee, and I must insist upon thy obedience. I am determined to see thee married to a king's daughter before I die."

The prince, who was standing in the posture of submission, unclasped his hands from behind his back and rolled up his sleeves in his rage.

"Never will I consent!" he cried; "not even if my refusal leads thee to put me to death."


T. Y. by Winckler

The king was astonished and ashamed. He called upon his guards to bind his son and carry him away to an old tower, where he was to be imprisoned. When he found himself alone Camaralzaman threw himself upon a couch, repenting of his unseemly behavior and saying: "Would that I had obeyed my father's demand! Even marriage might be better than this gloomy place."

At length he fell asleep, with a candle burning at his head and a lantern at his feet, for the room was dark even by day, and he did not wake till the middle of the night.

Now as fate would have it, there was in the tower an old well, inhabited by a fairy named Maimoune. In the night, as was her custom, she came up out of the well to wander about the world. She was amazed to see a light in the tower, and entered, without hesitation, over the slave who lay at the door.

Prince Camaralzaman had but partly covered his face with the bedclothes, and Maimoune said to herself, "Surely I will save him from all harm, for so fair a youth deserves a fair fortune."

Spreading her wings she flew up into the air, where presently she met a genie called Dahnash, who was seized with fear when he recognized her,

for he was one of the rebellious genii, and she was the daughter of the king of the jinn.

"Tell me, wandering spirit, whence thou comest at this hour and what thou hast seen," she said to him.

"O princess," he answered, "I am come from the land of Cathay, and I will tell thee of a wonderful thing that I have seen to-night."

"What is this wonder?" said Maimoune. "But take care that thou tellest me only the truth, or I will clip thy wings and treat thee as thou deservest."

"The king of China," said the genie, "has a daughter who is the loveliest maiden the world has ever known. All the neighboring kings have sent ambassadors to ask her hand in marriage, but so far she has refused to marry any of her suitors. The king has received them courteously, but he will not force his daughter to marry against her will, and the ambassadors have been obliged to return whence they came.

"'Sir,' the princess says to her father, 'I am content as I am. I am a princess ruling over men, and I have not the least desire that a man shall rule over me.'

"Now, however, the king is beginning to be impatient with his daughter, and he has locked

her into her apartments with ten old women to wait upon her. He has sent word to the kings who sought her hand that she is plainly mad, and he has caused it to be made known in every court that if any physician can cure her, he shall have her for a wife. I beg thee, O Maimoune, to come with me and look upon her, for verily so fair a creature is not to be found elsewhere on this earth."

Maimoune laughed at his words. "O foolish one," she said, "I could show thee a young man this night, the sight of whom would drive thee dumb with admiration."

"And where is this youth?" asked the genie.

"Know, O genie," answered Maimoune, "that he is imprisoned in a tower, because, like thy princess, he refuses to marry."

"Show him to me," said the genie, "so that I may see if he is indeed as fair as the Princess Badoura."

"Come then with me," said the fairy, "and afterwards we will look upon thy wonderful princess."

"I hear and obey," said the genie; and they descended to the tower where Camaralzaman still lay asleep.

Dahnash looked at the prince steadfastly for a while and then said to the fairy: "Thou art excusable, after all. They are equal in beauty. It is as if they were cast in the same mold."

At these words the angry Maimoune dealt him so fierce a blow with her wing that she well-nigh made an end of him.

"I conjure thee," she said, "to go and fetch thy princess in all haste that we may lay them side by side and compare them. If thou dost not obey me, I will tear thee in little pieces and cast thee into the desert."

"O my lady," answered the terrified genie, "I will do thy bidding." He flew toward China with incredible speed and soon returned, bearing the princess asleep in his arms. He carried her into the tower and laid her beside Camaralzaman, and lo! they might have been brother and sister, so like were they in feature.

There now arose a great dispute between the genie and the fairy as to which of the two sleepers was the more beautiful. At last Maimoune cried, "We will refer the matter to a third judge, who shall decide between us."

"I agree to that," said Dahnash; whereupon the fairy smote the earth with her foot, and there

appeared a hideous genie with seven horns on his head and sharp claws on his feet. When he saw Maimoune he kissed the earth before her and asked what was her will.

"O Caschcasch," she answered, "we brought thee hither to judge which is the handsomer of these two that lie asleep."

The genie looked long and earnestly at the prince and princess, marveling at them. Then he said: "If you will have the truth, one is as beautiful as the other. But let us wake them in turn and see whose conduct is the more to be admired."

This advice pleased both the genie and the fairy. Maimoune accordingly changed herself into a gnat and stung Camaralzaman on the neck, so that he woke. Beside him he saw a lady of exquisite beauty, lying fast asleep. Amazed and bewildered, he was about to waken her when he thought: "This must be she whom my father wishes me to marry. He was wrong not to let me see her before, for I should never have opposed his will had I known how lovely she would be. Perhaps he is even now hidden behind the curtains to watch my surprise. I am loath to waken her, but surely I may take this token from her finger until we meet again."

So saying, he gently lifted her hand and removed a ring, putting one of his own in its place. Then he went to sleep, being under the enchantment of the fairy.

As soon as Camaralzaman was asleep, Dahnash transformed himself and bit the princess so sharply that she started up and opened her eyes. When she saw the youth beside her, she cried out: "Alas! this is he whom my father would have me marry. Why was I kept in ignorance and thus led into displeasing a loving parent? Wake, then, O wake!"

So saying, she took the prince by the arm and shook him so violently that he would certainly have been roused had not the fairy deepened his slumber. In the midst of these vain efforts the princess suddenly perceived that he had exchanged rings with her, but while she was trying to solve the mystery, she too fell under enchantment, and her eyes closed in sleep.

When Maimoune saw that she could speak without fear of waking the princess, she said to Dahnash, "Art thou convinced? Did not my prince show the greater courtesy?" Then, turning to Caschcasch, she went on, "Help Dahnash to carry his princess to her own place, for the night is nearly gone." The two genii did as they were

commanded, and Maimoune returned to her well. At break of day Camaralzaman awoke and looked to see if the lady were still there. Then he called to the slave and said to him, "Who carried away the young lady while I slept?"

"O my lord," said the astonished slave, "no young lady has been here. How could she have come in when the door was locked and I asleep before it?"

"Thou art a rascal," said the prince, "and art trying to deceive me." So saying, he tied him to the well rope and lowered him two or three times into the well. The well was deep, and the water was cold.

"Now," said he to the trembling slave, "tell me the truth."

"My lord," said the slave, "let me put on dry clothes, and I will tell thee all."

"Go then," said his master, "but return speedily and make up thy mind to conceal nothing."

The slave ran out, and having locked the door upon the prince, went to the palace and sought the king.

"O my lord," he cried, "the prince has lost his wits. He has nearly made an end of me, as thou mayst see. He says that a young lady was in the

tower last night. But I have seen neither girl nor boy, and the door was locked all night, for I slept before it with the key under my head."

When the king heard this he was enraged against the vizier for lack of another to blame, and said: "O miserable vizier, thou art the cause of all this that has come to pass. Go and bring me news of my son."

So the vizier rose and hastened with the slave to the tower, tumbling over his skirts in his fear of the king's anger. Camaralzaman was sitting on the couch, reading the Koran. The vizier saluted him and, sitting beside him, said, "O my lord, this wretched slave has brought us news that alarms us greatly."

"What did he say?" asked the young man.

"He told us," said the vizier, "that thy wits had fled, for thou wouldst have it that a young woman was here last night."

At this Camaralzaman was angry and said: "It is plain that the slave was instructed to deceive me. Tell me, O vizier, where is that damsel?"

The vizier wondered at his words and said: "Surely, my lord, it was only a dream. Didst thou in truth see this young woman with thine eyes?"

"O deceitful old man," cried the prince, "didst thou suppose I saw her with my ears?" So saying, he sprang up and laid hold of the vizier's long beard, and dragged him off the couch.

Then said the vizier to himself, "I must save myself from this madman by telling a lie; otherwise he will kill me."

So he said, "O my lord, be not angry with me, for indeed I was charged to conceal thy father's plans from thee."

Then said Camaralzaman, "Go now to him and tell him that I consent to marry this maiden, and bring me his answer without delay."

"It is well," said the vizier. And hardly believing in his escape, he set off running and came to the king.

"O king," said he, "his wits are gone." Then he related all that had passed.

When the king heard this he went to the tower with the vizier, and Camaralzaman came to them at once, standing with his eyes cast down and his hands clasped behind his back. Presently he lifted his head and repeated the following verses:

"If I have failed to show respect, which is thy due,
I now regret my fault and for thy pardon sue."

Then the king embraced his son and kissed him between the eyes, saying to him, "What is all this concerning the damsel in the tower?"

Camaralzaman laughed at his father's words and said: "O my father, let us have no more jesting. I agree to marry the lady whom I saw last night."

"O my son," answered the king, "may Allah preserve thee! That was only a dream."

Then the prince said: "I will prove to thee that it was no dream. See, here is her ring, which I took from her finger. Look at it, O king, and mark its value."

"Verily," said the father, "some strange secret hangs about this affair. No one is to blame except my miserable vizier! And I am convinced that only Allah can solve so deep a mystery."

"O my father," cried the young man, "deal kindly with me and seek out this damsel, or I shall die of grief."

And he sighed and groaned, while the king took him by the hand and led him to the palace. Here the distracted father sat by his son's bed night and day, weeping and mourning with him, until at last the vizier said: "O king of the age, how long wilt thou absent thyself from affairs of state? It is my counsel to carry the prince to the pavilion

overlooking the sea and there stay with him five days in every week. On Monday and Thursday thou canst hold state receptions and attend to public business. On these days thou wilt command and forbid, according to thy custom, but the rest of the week thou wilt comfort thy son until Allah sends thee relief."

The king saw that the vizier's counsel was wise, so he rose at once and ordered his son to be carried to the pavilion overlooking the sea. It was furnished with rugs and carpets and hung with silken curtains spangled with jewels. Here they stayed for many days and nights, according to the vizier's plan.

PART II

When the two genii had carried the princess back to China and had laid her on her own bed, she slept until daybreak. Then she woke and looked about her for the handsome youth upon whom her last waking glance had fallen. Seeing no sign of him she gave a great cry, and all her serving women came running to her, asking what her trouble might be.

"Where is that young man whom I saw last night?" she demanded of them.

"Alas!" cried the chief of the serving women, "what is the meaning of all this? I have seen no man, old or young, and I beg thee to cease this unseemly jesting. If it should come to thy father's ears, what could save us from his wrath?"

"I tell thee I am not jesting," said Badoura.

"May Allah preserve thy wits!" cried the old woman. "No man could enter here without our knowing it. Thou art talking nonsense."

These words angered the princess, and she was so unkind to her waiting-woman that the king was immediately informed of all that had happened. He visited his daughter without delay, and when she greeted him with the same question he was convinced that her reason had indeed fled. He bade her women lay hands upon her and bind her and make her fast to the window with a chain of iron. He then summoned the doctors and astrologers and magicians and said to them: "My daughter has lost her reason. Whoever can cure her shall have her for his wife and shall have half of my kingdom besides, but whoever attempts it and fails to cure her shall lose his head."

Accordingly those who made the attempt without success were promptly beheaded by order of

the king, until there were forty heads displayed upon the palace wall, and all the folk held aloof from the princess in fear.

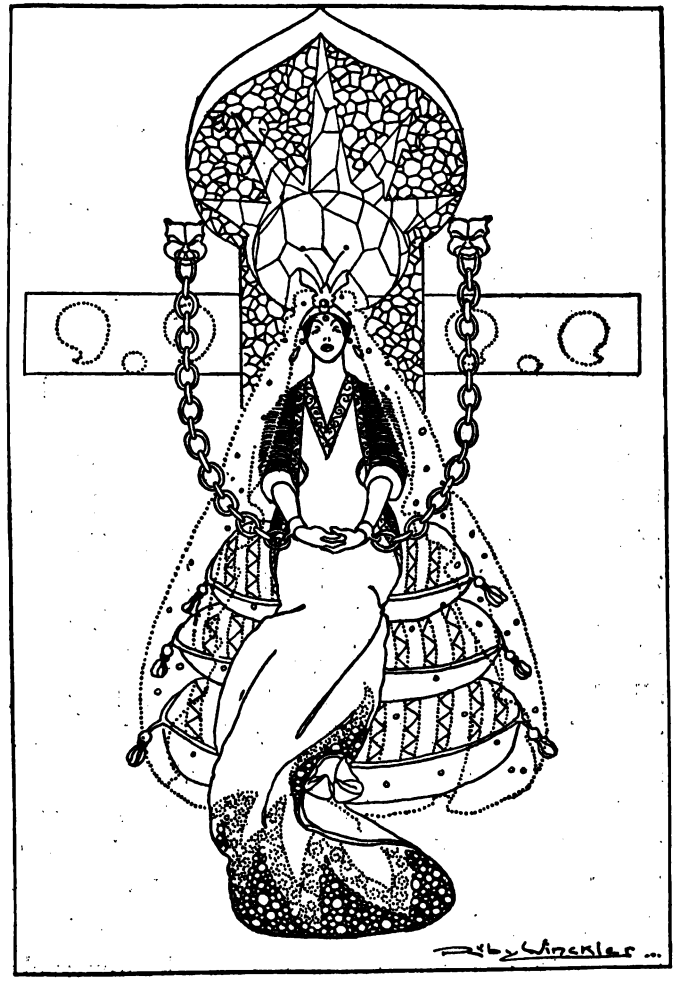
Now Badoura had a foster brother whose name was Marzavan, and he had been traveling for many years in far countries. It came to pass that he returned at this time and went to his mother to inquire for the princess.

"Alas!" said his mother, "thy sister has been smitten with madness and her reason has fled. For three years she has worn an iron chain around her neck, and all the magicians and physicians have not been able to cure her."

When Marzavan heard this he said: "It may be that I can help her. I have studied astrology and necromancy, and there is no person of note in these sciences whom I have not sought out in order to add to my wisdom. Let me see her, if possible, without the king's knowledge."

"So be it," said his mother; and she immediately set about arrangements for her son's admission to the palace. As soon as it was dark she dressed him in woman's clothing and took him with her on her usual visit to the princess.

"Madam," said the old woman, "this is not a woman whom I have brought to thee, but thy



foster brother Marzavan, who has a great desire to see thee."

The princess welcomed the young man with joy, and Marzavan, after saluting her with all respect, pulled out the books he had brought with him, and lighting a candle began to recite certain conjurations.

"O my brother," said Badoura, "thou hast been long away."

"True," he answered her, "but now I am here to cure thee of this illness."

Then she said to him, "I am not ill nor have I lost my wits"; and she poured forth to him the whole story, showing him the ring that Camaralzaman had placed upon her finger.

Marzavan pondered awhile, scarce knowing what to think, but at length he said: "I believe all these things, although to others they may seem impossible. To-morrow I will begin my search for a cure for thy sorrow."

So saying, he took leave of his foster sister and traveled from city to city and from island to island. Everywhere he heard of the Princess Badoura's madness, until after a long while he reached a city where the folk no longer spoke of the princess of China but of a youth named

Camaralzaman, the son of the king of the Khalidan Islands, who was suffering from a strange delusion that had unsettled his mind.

As soon as Marzavan had heard the story he knew that his efforts were to be rewarded. Immediately he took passage in a ship, but he sailed for a whole month before he came in sight of the islands over which King Shahriman ruled. And now there came up a terrible storm, which caused the ship to sink and the passengers to be flung into the sea.

As fate would have it, the vizier was standing at a window of the pavilion where Camaralzaman was lodged, and as he looked forth over the sea he saw a man struggling with the waves. Moved with pity, he said to the king, "O my lord, I crave permission to go down to the shore and rescue a man who is drowning."

"O vizier," answered the king, "has not enough evil befallen already, without going forth to seek it? If this man comes hither and exults over our misfortunes, I will surely strike off thy head before his. I have spoken; do as thou wilt."

So the vizier descended to the sea, where he found Marzavan nigh unto death. Catching him by the hair of his head, the vizier drew the drowning

man ashore and waited until he came to himself, when he gave him dry clothes and said to him: "I have saved thy life; do not now repay me by causing my death. I am about to bring thee into the presence of officers and viziers, all silent and sorrowful because of Camaralzaman, the king's son. See that thou too art silent."

Marzavan was now certain that he had come to the end of his search, but he merely said, "Who is Camaralzaman?"

Then the vizier told him the story and added, "When thou shalt enter the pavilion look not upon the prince, for the king fears that thou art here to exult over his misfortunes."

So the two went up from the shore together, and now Marzavan must needs go close to the prince, who was lying upon a couch, and gaze upon his face. The vizier was ready to die of fright, but Marzavan pretended not to see his frantic signals, and cried out, "Praises be to Allah for making two such marvels of beauty as he and she!"

At these words Camaralzaman opened his eyes and looked at the stranger. "O my father," he said, "ask our guest to come and sit by my side."

The king was so amazed to hear his son speak in this wise that he rose and urged Marzavan to sit down, and asked him whence he came.

"From the kingdom of China," said Marzavan.

Then said the king, "Mayhap thy coming will help my son and heal him of his illness."

"If Allah wills," answered Marzavan. Then he said softly to Camaralzaman, "Be of good cheer, my lord; the lady is now even as thou art, but the cure of you both is in my hands."

At this Camaralzaman begged his father to help him sit up, whereupon the king was wild with joy. He embraced his son and called for food, which the two young men shared with him. News was sent about the city of the prince's recovery, and it was a day of high festival.

When at last the prince and the stranger were left alone together, they told each other all that had happened, and Marzavan said: "O my lord, my purpose in coming here was to help the princess Badoura. It only remains for us to plan how speedily we may return to her. To-morrow ask the king's leave to go hunting, and as soon as we reach the open country we will make our escape."

So Camaralzaman asked his father, and the king consented to their going. He made ready

four horses, and a camel to carry the food and water necessary for the trip. Then he embraced his son, saying, "Be not absent from me long, for I can as yet hardly believe that thou art restored to me."

Camaralzaman agreed to return speedily, and with his guest rode out into the open country. For many days and nights they went on until at length they came to the end of their journey and entered the Chinese city. Marzavan had clothed the prince in the garments of a merchant and had given him a set of astrological instruments.

"Go, my lord," he said to him, "and stand before the king's palace and cry out: 'I am the skilled physician. I am the famous astrologer. I am he that can reveal the Sought and the Seeker!' When the king hears this he will send for thee and will offer to let thee see his daughter. Thou must say to him, 'Give me three days to cure her; if she is not then recovered, my life is in thy hands.'

"As soon as thou art alone with the princess reveal thyself to her, and her madness will cease. Then urge her to eat and drink, and her father in his joy will consent to all thou shalt ask."

Accordingly Camaralzaman took up his instruments and stood before the king's palace, crying:

"I am the skilled physician. I am the famous astrologer. I am he who knows the Sought and the Seeker."

Then the people of the city flocked to him and stood around him in admiration. Presently one of them said to him: "Do but look at yonder heads on the palace wall! They are all those of men who have lost their lives in this same adventure. Have pity on thine own youth and good looks!" But he continued to cry aloud, "I am the skilled physician," and the folk were wroth with him.

He went on thus until the king was disturbed by the clamor and said, "Go and fetch me that astrologer."

So the vizier went down and led Camaralzaman to the king, who said to him, "O my son, if thou art not in truth an astrologer, do not risk thy life, for I am bound by my word to strike off thy head shouldst thou attempt to cure my daughter and fail."

"I know of the condition," said Camaralzaman, "and willingly accept it."

Then the king bade a slave go with the young man to the princess, but Camaralzaman pushed on so fast that the slave was left behind. "Why such haste?" he cried, as he ran after the supposed

astrologer. "Never yet have I seen one who was so eager for destruction!"

By this time they had come to the curtain which hung before the door of the princess's apartments, and Camaralzaman said, "Shall I cure the lady from here, or shall I go into her room?" And the slave said, "It would be more glory to cure her from here."

So Camaralzaman sat down and wrote a letter to the princess, and at the end he added these verses:

I send thee back the ring I took one night from thee;
So send me that forthwith which thou didst take from me.

And when he had finished he folded Badoura's ring inside the letter and gave it to the slave.

Now when the princess read the letter she was filled with joy and cried out to the slave, "Go and tell the king that I am cured."

These tidings were immediately carried to the king of China. "Sir," added the slave, "all the astrologers and doctors who have attempted to cure the princess were as fools compared to this young man. He made use of neither instruments nor conjurations, but cured her without even seeing her!"

The king marveled at this news, and going at once to his daughter's apartment, he embraced her and placed her hand in Camaralzaman's, saying, " Whoever thou art, I will keep my word."

Then Camaralzaman revealed his name and rank and told the whole story from beginning to end, whereat the king wondered exceedingly. The two lovers were married at once, and the city was decorated for seven days. Huge tables were spread with all manner of dainties, and the guests ceased not from rejoicing for a month.

Now when this time had passed, Camaralzaman remembered his promise to his father and begged the princess to return with him for a year in his own country. This she consented to do, and the king furnished them with horses and dromedaries and a litter for his daughter, besides mules and camels and all kinds of traveling gear. Moreover he gave them slaves to serve them, and a thousand purses of gold.

The prince and princess went on for a whole month, at the end of which time they found themselves in the midst of a beautiful plain where they pitched their tents. Here they ate and drank and rested, and overcome by weariness the princess lay down to sleep.

After a while Camaralzaman went into the tent and noticed that on his wife's girdle, which she had taken off, there glittered a jewel as red as fire. Two lines of writing were engraved upon it.

"How does it happen," he said to himself, "that never before have I seen this? It must be some secret charm by which she sets great store."

So saying, he unfastened the jewel and carried it to the light in order to read what was written upon it. Before he could do so, however, a bird swooped down upon it and flew away with it. Fearing to lose the talisman, he ran after the bird, but it flew on before him, keeping just out of his reach, until the night came on, when it perched on a high tree. Camaralzaman would have turned back, but he had no idea in which direction the encampment was. So he lay down under the tree and slept till morning, when, just as he woke, he saw the bird fly away. He arose and walked after it, nor could he help smiling when he saw how slow was the bird's flight.

"This is a strange thing," he said to himself. "Yesterday the bird flew as fast as I could run. To-day, as if it knew that I am tired, it flies at my own pace. I must follow it, for how else can I hope to come to a land where people live?"

So he went on and on. At night the bird perched on a tree, and by day it led him according to his strength. At the end of ten days' traveling he came in sight of a city, whereupon he sat down by a stream and washed his face and hands and rested awhile. Then he arose and entered the city gate, not knowing whither he should go. He crossed the city from end to end, but saw no one. Finally, he came out at the sea gate and found himself among gardens and orchards, where presently he was met by a gardener, who said to him: "Praises be to Allah that thou hast escaped with thy life! Quick, enter at this door before thou art seen by any of the Magians who inhabit this city."

Accordingly Camaralzaman entered the man's garden and told him the whole adventure of the talisman.

"Know, O my son," said the gardener, "that the cities of Islam are far from here, and between them and this place is a journey of twelve months by land and a voyage of four months by sea. Once a year we send a ship thither with merchandise, and thence to the dominions of King Shahriman."

Thereupon Camaralzaman considered awhile and concluded that he could do no better than to stay with the gardener until it was time for the

ship to sail. So he said, "Wilt thou take me into thy service until I can return to my own country?"

"To hear is to agree," said the gardener, and forthwith clothed him in a short blue gown that came to his knees, and taught him how to hoe up the weeds and to water the plants and trees.

PART III

Now when the Princess Badoura awoke she sought for her husband in vain. Presently she noticed her girdle and saw that her precious talisman was gone.

"Alas!" she said to herself, "what am I to do? If I go out and tell my slaves that my husband is not here, they will refuse to obey me and we shall all be lost. I must pretend that I am he until he returns."

So she arose and put on her husband's riding boots and some of his clothing and a turban like his. Then, placing one of her slave girls in her own royal litter, she called to the pages to bring her Camaralzaman's steed and to make ready for the march. So they bound on the burdens and set forth, never doubting that it was their master who rode at the head of the troop.

Days and nights they journeyed until they came in sight of a city overlooking the sea, and here they pitched their tents. When the princess asked the name of the town, she was told: "It is the City of Ebony. Its king is Armanus, and he has a daughter called Hayat al-Nufus."

The next day came a messenger from Armanus to learn what prince had encamped outside the capital, and the man carried back the answer that it was a king's son who was bound for the Khalidan Islands. Thereupon came King Armanus himself to greet the visitors and to urge them to become his guests. Badoura and her suite accordingly entered the city and abode there for the space of three days.

At the end of that time the king said to the supposed prince: "O my son, I am an old man, and my only child is a daughter who is like thee in beauty and grace. If my land please thee and thou art content to abide here, I will marry thee to her and thou shalt be king and rule over my people."

Then the Princess Badoura said to herself, "What shall I do? If I refuse, he may send his soldiers after me to slay me. I must consent, and trust to the kindness of this unknown princess to forgive my deceit."

So she raised her head and said, "I hear and I obey." Whereupon the king rejoiced, and a great festival was proclaimed throughout the city and the Ebony Islands. All the chamberlains and viziers assembled and did homage to the new sultan, never doubting that they paid respect to a young man. Preparations were made for the royal marriage, and in a few days Hayat al-Nufus was wedded with much ceremony to Badoura. When the two young women were alone together Badoura began to weep, and continued to sigh and lament until the pride of the other was hurt, and she said: "O my lord, art thou not ashamed to weep at such a time as this? It is because I am sorry for thee that I refrain from telling my father of thy unhappiness, for if he knew of it, he would be angry with thee and perhaps cause thy death."

Then said Badoura, "I beseech thee to keep my secret," and told her the whole story from beginning to end. Whereupon the other was moved with pity and said, "Be not afraid, O my sister, for I will not betray thee." Then they kissed each other and slept until the muezzin called to morning prayer. And the next day great marriage feasts were held, and all the people rejoiced.

Meanwhile Camaralzaman lived a quiet life with the gardener, until one day as he was walking about the garden his foot slipped and he fell against the root of a tree. As he rose he saw two birds quarreling above his head, and presently one of them smote the other so that it fell to the ground. And as it lay there, behold, two other birds swooped down upon it and drooped their wings over it and seemed to mourn. Camaralzaman saw them dig a grave for the dead bird and bury it; after which they flew away, returning with the slayer, whom they killed. All this Camaralzaman watched with wonder, and as he looked he saw something gleam beside the dead bird. Whereupon he drew near and saw that it was the talisman which had led him astray so many months before.

"Praises be to Allah!" he cried, "for this is surely a sign that I shall find my beloved." Then he examined the jewel and pressed it to his eyes and bound it safely upon his arm. After this he took his hoe and returned to his work.

Now the next day as he was digging in the garden he discovered a trapdoor under a carob tree, and when he had lifted the door he saw a winding staircase which led to a very ancient

cavern. Here he found many brass jars filled with gleaming red gold, whereupon he said, "Verily sorrow has departed and comfort has come!". And he went back to his digging until the close of the day.

At night the gardener came to him and said: "Rejoice, O my son, at the good tidings of a speedy return to thy native land. The merchants are ready and in three days' time will set sail for the City of Ebony, which is the first of the cities of Islam. Thence thou must travel by land a six months' march before thou wilt come to the Islands of Khalidan, the dominion of King Shahriman."

At this Camaralzaman was glad and said, "I also have good news for thee," and showed him the gold which was in the twenty jars.

Then said the gardener, "O my son, this is Heaven's gift to thee, for though I have lived here many years, yet never did I dream of such riches."

"Nay," said Camaralzaman, "this must be shared between us."

"Then," said the gardener, "fill some jars with the olives that grow in the garden, for they are not found except in our land, and the merchants

carry them to all countries. Lay thy half of the gold in the jars and strew it over with olives. Cover them, and when thou shalt set sail for thine own country, take them with thee in the ship."

So Camaralzaman arose and took fifty leather bottles and did as the gardener had said, and at the bottom of one of the bottles he laid Badoura's talisman.

Now it happened that the next day the gardener fell sick, and on the third day his sickness increased until his life was despaired of. Meanwhile, behold, the master of the ship came seeking Camaralzaman and saying, "Where is the young man who desires to go with us to the Ebony Islands?"

"I am he," said Camaralzaman, "and here are my goods to be taken on the ship." And he pointed out the bottles of olives that stood ready. So the crew carried away the olives, saying, "Make haste, for the wind is fair."

Then Camaralzaman returned to the gardener to say farewell and found that the old man was dying. "Verily," said the youth, "I will not leave him to die alone. I will stay with him until his spirit has departed." Having done so, he made all haste for the ship, but he found that she had

already set sail and was fast disappearing from sight. So he went back heavy-hearted and sick with grief.

As time went on, however, he took up his work in the garden, and one day he went to the cave and brought up the rest of the gold, for the gardener had given him all the goods of which he was possessed. This he stored in jars as before, but when he asked about the ship, he was told that she sailed but once a year. Such was his unhappy case.

As for the ship, she sailed on until she reached the City of Ebony and came to anchor there. Now it chanced that Badoura was sitting at her window looking out upon the sea. At the sight of the vessel her heart leaped, and riding down to the shore, she demanded of the captain what cargo he had brought.

"O king," said he to her, "I have in my ship metals and rich cloths and rugs and perfumes and olives such as are rare in this country."

Then she said to him, "How many olives hast thou?"

And he answered, "Fifty bottles are filled with them, and as the owner is not with us, the king is free to help himself."

"Bring them ashore," said she; and when she had tasted them she said, "I will take the fifty jars and pay thee what they are worth."

"O my lord," said the master of the ship, "the owner is a poor man, and in this country the olives are worth a thousand dirhams."

"I will pay that sum for them," said Badoura, and ordered the sailors to carry the bottles to the palace.

When it was time for the evening meal she called for a bottle and opened it, there being no one in the room but herself and Hayat al-Nufus. A dish was placed before them, and Badoura emptied the bottle into it; whereupon there fell out a heap of red gold. So she sent in haste for the other bottles, and lo! there were few olives but much of the precious metal. Moreover, among the coins she spied the talisman which her mother had given to her to protect her from harm. When she saw this she cried out with joy and showed it to Hayat al-Nufus, saying: "This is a good omen. I shall soon see my beloved husband."

The next day, as soon as it was light, Badoura sent for the master of the ship and said to him, "Where is the owner of the olives that I bought?" And he said, "O king of the age, we left him in

the land of the Magians, where he is employed as a gardener."

"Bring him hither," she commanded, "or evil shall befall you and your ship."

Then she said to the merchants, "I have a claim upon the owner of these olives and unless you bring him to me, none of your goods shall be sold."

So the merchants went to the captain and promised to pay him if he would go a second time, saying, "Deliver us from this tyrant of a king!" Accordingly the ship set sail again and returned to the island of the Magians.

Now it happened that when the ship came to anchor Camaralzaman was in his garden, unable to sleep because of grief at what had befallen him. And as he bewailed his lot the captain knocked at the gate. The young man opened to him and was immediately seized by the crew, who carried him to the ship. For many days they sailed, and during all this time Camaralzaman was at a loss to discover why he was thus dealt with. When he questioned the sailors they answered, "Thou hast offended the lord of the Ebony Islands and hast stolen his money, and that is why we have had to come back for thee, miserable creature that thou art!"

"How can that be," asked Camaralzaman, "when I never saw the man or his islands, nor do I even know in what part of the ocean they lie?"

At length they came to the Ebony Islands, and the prince was carried into the presence of the king, whom he failed to recognize as his wife. Seeing this, Badoura schooled her heart to patience and gave him no hint as to why she had sent for him. She bestowed upon him slaves and mamelukes and camels and mules. Moreover, she gave to him large sums of money and advanced him from office to office until he was lord high treasurer and had in his care all the riches of the state. Camaralzaman could not understand the king's favor, but he devoted himself to the service of the people until he was greatly trusted and beloved.

One day the supposed king sent for her lord high treasurer and begged to know the reason for the sadness and gravity of his face and manner.

"O king," he answered her, "thou hast overwhelmed me with thy bounty, and I would not seem ungrateful, but there is no happiness for me until I have found my wife. It will fill the measure of thy kindness to me if thou wilt take back all that thou hast been pleased to bestow

upon me, and permit me to go my way." And he told her of the lost talisman.

When Badoura saw that his love for her was still strong and true, she knew that the time had come for her to reveal herself to him. She showed him the talisman, and they told each other all that had happened from beginning to end. The next day they sent for King Armanus, who was greatly astonished at the story and bade them have it recorded in letters of gold.

Then said the old man to Camaralzaman, "O king's son, wilt thou consent to become my son-in-law by taking Hayat al-Nufus also for thy wife? Thou shalt rule over my people even as Badoura has done."

"I must consult Queen Badoura," he answered, "for I owe her more than I can ever repay."

So he told her what King Armanus had said, and she consented, saying, "It is well. Marry her also, and I will be her loving sister-wife, since I am in her debt for much kindness and understanding."

King Armanus heard this with much satisfaction and went forth to relate the whole story to his people. Everybody rejoiced when Camaralzaman became king. Alms were distributed among the poor, and all the prisoners were set free.

Many years passed in peace and happiness, for all former sorrows were forgotten. One day, however, it chanced that King Camaralzaman was traveling with a portion of his army, when behold! he came upon two other hosts which seemed to inclose the whole land like a wall. These armies were led by King Shahriman and the king of China, who in their grief had spent their time in far countries vainly searching for their children.

When Camaralzaman heard that his father was so near he cried out with a loud cry and ran to meet him, embracing the old man with tears of joy. They all remained for a full month's time in the City of Ebony, after which Camaralzaman, with the consent of King Armanus, made his young son king in his place and returned with King Shahriman to the Khalidan Islands. The capital was decorated in their honor, and Camaralzaman took up the government of the kingdom. Nor did he cease to occupy his father's throne, ruling with judgment and wisdom, until they were parted by the destroyer of delights and the separator of companions. And Allah knoweth all things!

THE ENCHANTED HORSE

THERE was in ancient times, in the country of the Persians, a mighty king who had one son and three beautiful daughters. It was the custom in that country to observe every year two festivals — that of the New Year and that of the autumnal equinox. At these times the king would open his palaces, reward the worthy, pardon the offenders, and receive the congratulations of his people.

On a certain day during one of these festivals three sages appeared before him: one had a peacock of gold, the second a trumpet of brass, and the third a horse made of ebony and ivory.

The king said to the sages, "What are these things, and what is their use?"

The owner of the peacock said, "Whenever an hour of the night or the day passes, this bird will flap its wings and utter a cry."

The owner of the trumpet said, "If my trumpet is placed at the gate of the city, it will act as defender of it, for when an enemy attempts to enter, it will send forth a warning sound."

The owner of the horse said, "O my lord, the use of this horse is that if any man mount it, it will carry him wherever he desires to go."

Upon this the king said, "I will make trial of all these things."

Then he made trial of the peacock and found that it was as its owner had said. And he made trial of the trumpet and found it as its owner had said. He then said to these two sages, "Ask of me what favor you will." And they replied, "Give each of us one of thy daughters in marriage." Whereupon the king gave them two of his daughters.

Then the third sage came forward and said, "O king, bestow upon me a like favor."

"When I shall have made trial of the horse," said the king.

Upon this the king's son came forward and said, "O my father, let me mount the horse and

make trial of it, lest we disgrace our house by permitting my only remaining sister to marry a mere juggler." And the king said, "Try it, my son, as thou desirest."

The king's son accordingly mounted the horse and urged it forward, but it would not move.

"O sage," said he, "what is this? Does this seem to thee a rapid pace?"

"Turn the peg," said the owner of the horse, pointing out a wooden pin which was on its neck. And when the prince had turned it, the horse moved and rose with him toward the sky.

Then was the king's son greatly alarmed and bitterly did he repent his desire to make trial of the horse. He examined the steed carefully to find, if possible, another peg which might control its rapid flight, but none was to be seen. At last he discovered two screws, one upon each shoulder of the horse. When he turned one of these he shot upward with increasing swiftness so that he could scarcely keep his seat. Instantly he grasped the other screw and found, to his delight, that as he turned it his upward flight was stopped and he began to descend. He ceased not to descend for a whole day, for in his ascent the earth had become distant from him. And as he descended he

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found that he could guide his horse whithersoever he desired.

Now as he came nearer the earth he discovered countries and cities which he had never before seen, and among them was a beautiful city in the midst of a green valley.

"Here will I spend the night," said the prince, "and in the morning I will return to my father and tell him of my strange adventure."

Accordingly he began to search for a safe shelter and soon saw in the center of the city a palace rising high into the air and guarded by strong walls.

"This place is attractive," said he to himself, and dismounted upon the palace roof. Here he waited until he was sure that the inmates were asleep, and then, being both hungry and thirsty, he went down a flight of steps into the building to look for something to eat.

After roaming about in the dark for a long time he found himself in a dimly lighted room, where some slave girls were sleeping. Beyond, on a couch, lay a beautiful princess, who started up in terror at his approach. She was, however, soon soothed by his courtesy and kindness.

"Perhaps," said she to him, "thou art he who demanded me yesterday in marriage of my father,

and who was rejected because he was disagreeable in appearance. Surely my father is mistaken, for thou art none other than a handsome person."

But the slave girls said: "This is not the man, O our mistress. Verily this youth is of high rank, and the other was not fit to be his servant."

At this moment came the king, who had been aroused by a frightened slave, and who rushed upon the young man as if he would kill him.

"How is it," he cried out in anger, "that thou art come into my palace without permission? Have I not refused all who would take my daughter from me in marriage, and shall I suffer thee to escape with her by stealth?"

But the prince said: "Verily I wonder at thee. Dost thou ask for thy daughter a husband of nobler birth than I am? Hast thou seen any one whom thou canst truly say is a better man?"

"No, young man," answered the king, craftily; "but I would have thee ask me for the princess publicly."

"Thou hast said well," said the prince; "but when thy servants and thy slaves and thy soldiers are assembled and when they fall upon me and kill me, thou wilt be disgraced in the eyes of all honest men. If, however, thou wilt permit me to

meet them in fair combat, the result will save thine honor, for should I overcome and subdue them all, then am I proved to be such a man as the king would choose for a son-in-law."

The king was astonished beyond measure at the young man's speech and said to him, "The number of my horsemen is forty thousand, besides the slaves belonging to me and their followers, who are equal in number."

"When the day dawns," said the prince, "send them forth to meet me and say to them, 'This person has asked for the hand of my daughter in marriage on condition that he overcomes and subdues you all and that you cannot prevail against him.'"

"So be it," said the king.

He then called his vizier and commanded him to collect all the troops and to mount them upon their horses. Then said the young man: "O king, thou dost not treat me fairly. How shall I go forth on foot to overcome thy people who are mounted on horses? Send me, then, the horse on which I came."

"Where is thy horse?" the king asked him.

"It is on the roof of thy palace," answered the prince.

"Nay, how can that be?" cried the king. But he sent one of his chief officers, saying, "Bring down what thou shalt find upon the roof of the palace."

So the officer went up to the roof and found there the horse made of ebony and ivory. And when the other officers saw it they laughed and said, "The young man is a madman." But they lifted the horse and carried it down the stairs and placed it before the king. And the people gazed at it and were amazed at its beauty and the richness of its bridle and saddle.

Then said the young man, "O king, I am going to mount my horse and charge upon thine army."

"Do as thou wilt," said the king, "and pity them not, for they will not pity thee."

So the prince seated himself firmly upon his horse and turned the peg. As the king saw the young man ascend into the sky he cried out to his troops, "Take him before he escapes!" But the vizier said: "O king, can we catch the flying bird? This is a great enchanter. Rejoice, therefore, that thou hast escaped from his hand."

Then the king returned to his daughter and told her what had happened, and she mourned greatly for the young man, saying, "I will not eat or drink till he is brought back to me." Such was her case.

The prince, meantime, was pursuing his journey and came before long within sight of his native city. Turning the other peg, he swiftly descended and found himself in his own home. Great was the rejoicing at his return, but after a little time the young man was overcome with longing to see again his beloved princess, so, mounting the enchanted horse, he flew back to her father's palace.

There he went about searching for her from room to room until at last he found her ill in bed in a remote part of the palace, surrounded by her slaves and nurses. And she said to him, "How couldst thou leave me?"

"O princess," said he, "wilt thou listen to my words and comply with my wishes?"

And she said, "I will not oppose thee in anything."

"Then," said he, "come with me to my country and my kingdom."

"I obey most willingly," she answered him.

Having taken her by the hand, he led her up to the roof of the palace and mounted his horse; then, placing her behind him, he turned the peg and soared with her into the sky, while, below, her father and mother cried out to her to return.

"Fairest lady," said the king's son, tenderly, "dost thou wish me to restore thee to thy father and mother?"

"O my master," she answered, "I am content to go with thee."

Then the king's son rejoiced exceedingly, and the horse began to move with great swiftness, and they ceased not to journey until they arrived at their destination. This was a garden near the royal palace, and here the maiden was left while the prince went to prepare for her reception.

Now it happened that while the princess and the enchanted horse were waiting in the garden, the Persian sage drew near to collect some useful herbs. When he saw the horse his heart was filled with triumph, and he approached the lady boldly.

"Who art thou?" she said to him, "and what art thou doing here?"

"O princess," he answered, "I am the messenger of the prince. He is coming to thee shortly with his father, and he desires thee to wait for him in another part of the garden."

So the damsel arose and went with him, and he placed her upon the horse and turned the peg and ascended with her until the city was out of sight.

"O woe to thee!" cried the damsel. "Thou hast disobeyed thy master."

"He is not my master," said the sage, "and thou hast fallen into the snare which I set for thee. I have sighed constantly for this horse, for it is of my making. Now I have obtained possession of it and of thee, and I will torture the young man's heart as he has tortured mine. But be not afraid; I shall be more useful to thee than he can be."

When the damsel heard these words she cried aloud in her distress, but no one could hear her outcry, for the magic horse was rapidly leaving the earth behind.

After a time the sage guided the horse downward again, and they alighted in a green meadow near a city of the Greeks. Now it happened that the king of the city had gone forth to hunt and saw the sage standing in the meadow with the horse and the damsel by his side. And when the king beheld his disagreeable face and her exceeding beauty, he said to the lady, "What relation is this person to thee?"

"O king," she answered, "I know him not. He has taken me away by force and craftiness."

When the king heard these words he commanded his men to lay hands upon the sage and

cast him into prison, and so they did with him. Meanwhile the king took the damsel and the horse to his palace, though no one knew that it was an enchanted horse or understood the secret of its motion.

As for the prince, when he had collected a suitable escort he rode back to the garden for his beloved princess, but he found her not nor could he find any trace of his horse. Then he sought the keepers of the garden, saying, "Have you seen any one enter the garden?" And they answered, "No one except the Persian sage, who entered to collect useful herbs." Then he knew that the sage had taken the damsel.

The prince was now in a sad state of anxiety and distress. From town to town and from city to city he journeyed, seeking some word of his enchanted horse and of his beloved lady. And it chanced one evening, at an inn, that he overheard some merchants talking of a beautiful damsel and a strange horse that had been found near a certain city. Then the prince approached the merchants courteously and begged them to tell him the name of the city and of its king, and when he had learned the names he went forth again on his journey.

After a while the prince arrived at the city, where he learned of the beautiful damsel and of the curious ebony horse and of the ugly sage. "But the woman has lost her reason," he was told, "and though the king desires to marry her, he must first find a physician who will cure her. If the sage were as great as he pretends to be, he might find a remedy for her illness, but so far no one has been able to help her."

These words suggested to the prince a plan by which he might gain his heart's desire. Having disguised himself, he asked to be admitted to the king's presence and said to him: "I am a physician of the country of Persia, and I cure the sick, and folk whose minds are distracted. For this purpose I travel from city to city, seeking to add to my knowledge and to heal those who ask my aid."

Then the king rejoiced exceedingly. "O wise physician," he exclaimed eagerly, "thou art come at a time when we need thee." He went on to tell the prince the whole story of his finding the damsel and of her madness and of the sage whom he had cast into prison.

"And what, O king," asked the prince, "hast thou done with the horse? It is my opinion that

I should first see that, for I may find in it something that may help me to cure the lady."

Thereupon the king led him to the room where the horse had been placed, and the prince satisfied himself that it was in good condition.

"Now," said he, "lead me to the lady, that I may drive away her madness and restore her to herself."

The prince found her wringing her hands and tearing her garments into tatters, but he saw at once that her behavior was only a pretense. He began to address her courteously and gently, until he could make known to her who he was. When she knew him she uttered a cry and fell at his feet, and as he raised her he whispered: "Be patient and calm, for we must be careful if we would escape from this place. When the king comes to inquire for thee, speak to him with pleasant words and show no fear of him; then all will be well."

"I hear and I obey," said the lady, and straightway he left her to tell the king the news of her recovery.

"O king," said he, "I have, by good fortune, discovered what is the matter with the lady and have cured her for thee. If thou wilt treat her kindly and promise her whatever she asks of thee, all will go well."

At this the king was filled with joy and ordered the slave women to go to her and prepare her for his visit. So they went in and she met them with pleasant words, even as she did the king when she received him.

Then the prince said: "The recovery of the lady is not yet complete. She must go forth to the place where she was found, under the guard of all thy soldiers, and the ebony horse must be taken there also, so that I may wholly free her from her enchantment."

Accordingly the king and all his soldiers went forth with the damsel and the ebony horse to the meadow, and the prince said to the king: "With thy permission I will burn perfumes and mount the ebony horse, taking the damsel behind me. Then it will sway to and fro and go forward until it comes to rest. After this the genie who now torments her will be driven away forever."

"Do as thou wilt," said the king.

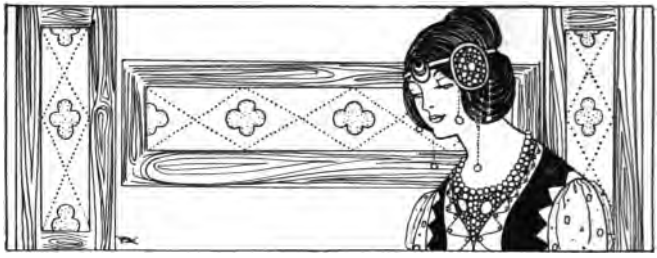
So the prince burned great quantities of perfume and seated himself and the damsel upon the ebony horse, and as the smoke rose he turned the peg and the horse ascended into the air. When the smoke cleared away they were at a great height above the meadow, and the king with all

his soldiers waited half a day for their return. Finding that there was no hope of this, the king took his troops and went back to the city.

He then sent for the Persian sage and said to him: "O thou traitor, why didst thou hide from me the secret of the ebony horse? For now one craftier than thou has carried it off, together with the damsel, and we shall never see any of them again." Whereupon he shut himself up in his palace, and many days went by before he was comforted.

In the meantime the prince hastened to his father's kingdom in joy and triumph. And when he arrived there great feasts were made in honor of his return, and the people ceased not to rejoice for the space of a whole month.

But the king, his father, broke the ebony horse and destroyed its power. Messengers were sent to the damsel's father, telling him of her safety and happiness, and every year presents were exchanged and letters were written by the joyful prince and the parents of his lovely wife. Thus they remained, until visited by the dread separator of loving companions, the angel of death.



GULNARE OF THE SEA

THERE was, in olden times, in the land of the Persians, a king named Shahzeman. His palace was a place of great splendor, and he had slaves and jewels beyond number, yet he was lonely and unhappy because he had neither son nor daughter of his own.

Now one day one of his mamelukes came to him and said, "O my lord, at the door is a merchant with a slave girl, and she is more beautiful than the moon." And the king replied, "Bring them to me."

The merchant and the girl therefore came to him, and when the merchant uncovered her face the whole place was lighted up with her beauty, and the king was amazed at her loveliness. He said to the merchant, "O sheik, for how much is she to be sold?"

And the merchant answered, "She has cost me three thousand pieces of gold, and she is a present from me to thee."

Upon this the king thanked him and gave him a robe of honor and ten thousand pieces of gold. Then he gave orders that the damsel should be treated with all respect and honor. And her maidens led her into a chamber which had windows overlooking the sea, and the king commanded his chamberlains to close the doors upon her after taking to her all that she needed.

The king then went in to visit the damsel, but she sat by the window and took no notice of him. So the king said, "It is plain that she has lived with people who have not taught her good manners." But the sweetness and beauty of her face were so great that he could not be angry with her. He gave orders to bring the choicest food, but though she rose and sat at table with him, she would not speak a single word. The king talked gently to her, asking her name, but she made him no answer.

For many days this went on, and still she did not speak. Because of her gentle ways and her tender face the king loved her greatly and took her for his wife. He said to her one day: "O my

love, I have now been patient with thee for a whole year. I beg that thou wilt speak, if only one word; or if thou art dumb, tell me by a sign, that I may give up hope of hearing thy voice. If thou lovest me, make me some reply."

Then to his exceeding joy the damsel raised her head and smiled at him so that the room seemed lighted up. And she said to him, "O great king, thou hast indeed been patient with me and thou mayst look for a fitting reward."

And when the king heard what she said his face shone and he went forth in a state of happiness. He ordered the vizier to give out to the poor and needy a hundred thousand pieces of gold as a thank offering. And after that the king went back to the damsel and sat with her and begged her to tell him the cause of her long silence.

The damsel answered, "O king of the age, I was a poor, broken-hearted stranger."

"Thou art no longer poor," said the king, "for all my kingdoms and my possessions are thine, and I am only thy mameluke."

Again the damsel smiled at him and went on: "My name is Gulnare of the Sea. My father was one of the kings of the sea and he died, and left

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his kingdom to his children. But I quarreled with my brother and said that I would rather trust myself with the men of the land. Then I came forth from the sea and sat upon the shore in the moonlight, and there came by a man, who took me and sold me to the merchant who gave me to thee.

"He was a good and honorable man, kind and benevolent. But had not thy heart loved me truly, I should have cast myself into the sea from this window and returned to my people. I was ashamed at first to go to them, lest they should not believe me when I told them that a king had made me his wife in preference to all others. This is my story, and may peace be upon thee!"

When the king heard her words he thanked her and kissed her between the eyes. "But thy people," he said to her, "how is it that they can live in the sea?"

She answered: "We walk in the sea as men walk upon the land, and we see the sun and the moon and the stars as you do. There are many peoples and various creatures in the sea; indeed, all that is on the land compared with what is in the sea is a very small matter." And the king wondered at her words.

Then the queen called for a pan of fire and threw into it a bit of wood while she spake certain words that no one could understand. "O my lord," she said to the king, "conceal thyself now in a closet, for I am about to show thee my brother and my mother and my cousins." So the king concealed himself in a closet and watched to see what she would do.

She proceeded to burn perfume and to repeat words of magic until the sea foamed and there came forth from it a young man of handsome countenance, followed by a gray-haired woman and five young girls. They walked upon the surface of the water and at length drew near the window where Gulnare was waiting to greet them. On seeing her they flew into the room and embraced her with every sign of affection and delight, while they questioned her as to all that had happened to her.

So she told them her story. And when she had finished, her brother said: "Praise be to Allah, who has brought us together again! Come now, O my sister, and return with us to thine own country."

When the king heard the words of the brother he was filled with fear lest his wife should leave him. But Gulnare said: "O my brother, the king

is a great king, a man of honor and wisdom and generosity. He has treated me with all kindness from the day I came to him until now, and I am content and happy. Besides, if I were to go with you, he would die, so great is his affection for me."

Then her mother said, "O Gulnare, thou knowest that we love thee, but if thou art happy here, it is not our wish to take thee away." And Gulnare answered, "I am wholly happy and content." On hearing the queen speak thus the king thanked her in his heart, for he knew that she loved him as he loved her and that she wished to remain with him.

Then Gulnare gave orders to her women to bring choice food of all kinds for her guests, and she and her family sat down to eat together. But presently they said to her, "O Gulnare, the king is a stranger to us, and we have entered his house without his permission, and we have eaten his food, but we have not yet seen him." And they all stopped eating and were angry with her, and fire began to come from their mouths in a terrible manner.

The king was alarmed for his wife's safety, but she soothed her guests and promised them that they should see her husband at once. So she led

him forth from the closet, and they hastened to rise and salute him in the most polite manner. The king urged them to remain, but after a visit of thirty days, during which they were treated with all honor and courtesy, they returned to their own home.

Before long the happiness of the king and queen was greatly increased by the birth of a beautiful boy. For seven days the whole city rejoiced, and on the seventh day there came again to the palace the mother and brother and cousins of Gulnare. The king met them, saying, "I said that I would not name my son until you should come, and that he should be named according to your wishes."

And they named him Beder, which means "the full moon." Then they presented the boy to his uncle Saleh, who walked about the palace to the right and to the left with the child in his arms. Suddenly Saleh leaped from the window and disappeared in the sea. The king was in despair, but Gulnare, seeing him in this state, went to him and said: "O king of the age, fear not for thy son. I love him even more than thou lovest him, but I know that presently he will be safe with us again if it be the will cf Allah, whose name be exalted."

In a short time, as she had said, the sea foamed and the young man flew into the room with the little one in his arms. "O king," he said, "perhaps thou hadst fear in thy heart for thy son. There was no danger, or I should not have taken him from thee. We have applied to his eyes a lotion that we know of and repeated over him the names which are engraved upon the seal of Solomon, for when a child is born among us we do to him as I have told thee. Now you need never fear drowning for him, for even as you walk upon the land he shall be able to walk upon the sea."

Then he took from his pocket a case of jewels and gems, which were more brilliant than the sun and the moon. And he said, "O king, these are a present from me to thee, and every few days will I bring thee one like unto it, for these jewels are more plentiful with us than are the sands of the shore."

When the king looked at the hundreds of shining gems he was bewildered, and said, "One such jewel is worth my kingdom!" Then he thanked Saleh of the Sea and said, "I am abashed at this magnificent present, which the people of the earth could never equal."

Then said Saleh of the Sea: "O king of the age, we desire that we may have thy permission to depart, for we wish to see again our family and our homes. To quit thee is not pleasant to our hearts, but how else can we act when we were reared to live in the sea?"

So the king rose to his feet and bade farewell to the young man and to his mother and cousins, and they flew toward the sea and disappeared.

Beder increased daily in strength and wisdom. He learned writing and reading and history and grammar and archery, and he also learned horsemanship and all that the sons of kings should know. And when in time the golden crown was placed upon his head, he seated himself upon the throne of his kingdom and judged between the strong and the weak, the rich and the poor. He heard all who had anything to say to him, and he never refused to see that justice was done. The people loved him exceedingly, and he ceased not to live in this manner until he was visited by the destroyer of delights and the separator of companions.

PRINCE AHMED AND THE FAIRY PERIBANOU

THERE was once a sultan of India named Mirza, who had three excellent sons and a beautiful niece. The eldest prince was named Houssain, the second Ali, and the youngest Ahmed. The princess was called Nouronnihar, or "light of day." In goodness, beauty, wit, and wisdom she was the most famous of all the maidens of her time. The sultan had made up his mind to give her in marriage to some neighboring king, but when she arrived at a suitable age each of her cousins was in love with her. This caused Mirza much distress, for they could not all marry the princess, and he could not endure to see any of them disappointed and unhappy. At length he called the three princes to him, and said: "O my sons, I have thought of a plan by which your brotherly love for one another will not be

destroyed, and one of you shall win the princess for his bride. Go you forth and travel to distant countries for a year, each by himself, and bring back to me the most wonderful thing to be found in your wanderings. He who shall find the rarest curiosity shall be the husband of Nouronnihar."

The three princes consented to this proposal, for each was certain that he should win the princess. So the sultan gave to each a large sum of money and bade them depart without delay. Accordingly the three brothers disguised themselves as merchants, and taking a suitable number of attendants, they mounted their horses and rode away. For a while they followed the same road, but when they reached a place where it branched off in three different directions, they decided to take their separate ways. Having supped together in great friendliness, they arranged to meet, when the year had passed, at the same inn, so that they might return to their father in company. The next morning, at dawn, they embraced one another and rode away, each by a different road.

Now Prince Houssain had heard much of the kingdom of Bisnagar and for a long time had wished to visit it, so he joined a caravan which chanced to be traveling in that direction. After

a journey of three months he arrived in safety at the capital and lodged at the inn appointed for foreign merchants. He found that the city contained a large central bazaar, or market, where men bought and sold all manner of curious things. It was divided into many streets, roofed over, and lighted by skylights, and the shops were all of the same size and shape. Within these shops were various kinds of goods — silks and satins from Persia, exquisite linens and muslins, porcelains, glass, and tapestries, besides gold and silver ornaments, and precious stones without number.

One day as Houssain was strolling to and fro he became tired and sat down to rest in the doorway of a friendly shopkeeper. Presently he saw a dealer who was holding a small square of carpet and crying, "This is for sale for forty thousand gold pieces!"

At this the prince wondered exceedingly and said to the dealer, "Thy carpet must have some special merit, that such a price is put upon it."

"O my lord," said the dealer, "my master has ordered me not to sell it for less. And it is, indeed, a most wonderful carpet, for he who sits upon it may be carried in a moment wherever he wishes to go."

The prince at once said to himself, "If this is true, I can take nothing more wonderful to the sultan." Then, turning to the broker, he said, "How may I be sure that thy rug possesses this marvelous quality?"

"Seat thyself with me upon the tapestry," said the dealer, "and at thy mere wish it shall carry thee to the inn. There, if thou art convinced that what I say is true, thou canst give me the gold and the carpet shall be thine."

Accordingly the man spread out his carpet on the ground behind the shop, and sat down upon it with the prince beside him. In an instant, at the mere wish of the prince, the magic carpet rose into the air and transported them to the inn, where the price agreed upon was counted out. Houssain longed to return at once and marry his beloved princess, but his agreement to join his brothers was not to be broken, so he contented himself in the city as best he could until the appointed time. At length the day came, and spreading his carpet upon the ground, he wished that he might be carried to the inn where the three were to meet one another.

Meanwhile Prince Ali had also joined a caravan and had traveled toward Persia. After a march of

four months he arrived at the capital, where he passed most of his time with the merchants of the bazaar. One day he saw among the dealers who were crying their wares a man holding an ivory tube, which he was offering for forty thousand ashrafis.

"My friend," said Prince Ali to one of the shopkeepers, "is that man mad to ask such a sum for a little pipe of ivory?"

"O my lord," answered the shopkeeper, "if he asks forty thousand ashrafis for the tube, it must be worth that sum. However, let us see with our own eyes."

Accordingly the merchant beckoned to the crier and said to him, "O man, all the folk are amazed to hear thee ask such a price for that little pipe, and this friend of mine is certain that thou art crazy."

The broker showed no anger at these words, but said: "O my lord, examine well this tube. It is furnished at each end with a piece of glass, and if thou wilt look through it, thou wilt see whatever it is thy wish to look upon."

Prince Ali silently wished to see his father, and immediately he saw the sultan sitting upon his throne. Then he longed to look upon the princess,

and at once he saw her talking and laughing with her waiting-women. The prince was astonished at all this and said to himself, "If I should search the whole world over, I should never find anything so precious as this pipe of ivory." Then said he to the broker, "This pipe is as thou hast described, and here is the money."

Now we will see what happened to the youngest brother. Prince Ahmed took the road to Samarkand, where he lived for some time enjoying the sights of that city. One day as he wandered about the bazaar he came across a dealer who was offering a magic apple for sale, and calling, "Who will buy this apple for forty thousand gold pieces?"

Quoth Prince Ahmed, "Let me see the fruit, and explain to me what hidden merit it has to make it so valuable."

Then said the other: "When I have done so thou wilt gladly give me a treasure house of gold in exchange for it, for it is, indeed, the most wonderful thing in the world. Know, O merchant, that merely to smell this apple will cure any disease, and hundreds of ailing folk have I made well by means of it. It was manufactured by a wise man whose own life came to an end when he was far from the apple that would have saved him. His

widow is poor and wishes to sell it in order to buy food for her children, but all the people about here will tell you that what I have said is true."

Having satisfied himself that the apple had the magic property that the dealer had claimed for it, Prince Ahmed counted out the price demanded and set off for home, feeling sure that no other treasure could be compared to what he had found. After a long and wearisome journey he reached the inn where his brothers were now waiting for him, each eager to display his gift.

"Behold," said Prince Houssain, "this carpet that I have bought in Bisnagar! It is, perhaps, a small matter to look at, but should I desire to visit any corner of the earth, I have only to seat myself upon my piece of tapestry and in a moment I shall be carried wherever I wish to go."

Then said Prince Ali: "O my brother, this is indeed a marvelous carpet, but I have bought for forty thousand ashrafis a treasure whose merits are beyond price. See, here is a small ivory tube. By means of it a man may see whatever he desires to look upon, even if it is at the end of the world."

At these words Prince Houssain took the spying tube from Prince Ali and wished in his heart that he might see the princess, while his brothers

watched him to see what he would say. Suddenly he grew pale and cried aloud: "Alas, 't is all in vain! None of us will win our lovely cousin, for she is at the point of death. If you would see her again, take one final look while she yet lives."

Ali and Ahmed each took a hasty glance through the tube and saw that their brother's words were only too true. The next moment Ahmed cried out: "I can save her if we can hasten to her without delay. In Samarkand I bought this apple for forty thousand gold pieces, and it will cure any disease, even though the sick person is dying. Let us go to her at once."

"That is an easy matter," said Prince Houssain, "for my carpet will carry us thither in the twinkling of an eye."

The three princes hastened to seat themselves upon the tapestry, and were immediately transported to the apartment where Nouronnihar lay unconscious. The waiting-women and slaves were terrified at their sudden appearance, but without waiting to explain the intrusion, Prince Ahmed rushed forward and held the magic apple close to the face of the princess. Presently she opened her lovely eyes, and, as if she had waked from sleep, gave her cousins greeting.

Rejoiced at her recovery, the princes took leave of her with all respect and went to seek their father. He embraced them tenderly and examined their gifts with the greatest interest, but when they urged him to give his judgment as to which of them had won the prize, he answered: "O my children, how can I justly decide this question? Had it not been for Ali's spying tube, you would not have known of your cousin's illness; and had not the flying carpet brought you here, the magic apple would not have saved her life. I have another plan for awarding the prize. To-morrow come hither, each on his own steed and bringing bow and arrows for a contest of skill. To him who shoots farthest, I will surely give the princess."

According to their father's wishes the three princes appeared at the appointed place, and when all was ready Prince Houssain, as the eldest, shot the first arrow. It traveled far along the level plain, but the shaft sent by Prince Ali went even farther. Prince Ahmed came last, but though he aimed in the same direction, his arrow, by the decree of fate, vanished from sight, and no man saw where it struck the ground. There were even some among the onlookers who said that Prince Ahmed had shot no arrow at all. At last, when

much time had been spent in vain, the king declared that the search should end, and that Nouronnihar should become the bride of Prince Ali.

Prince Houssain's disappointment was so great that he refused to attend the wedding festivities, and before long he retired from the world to become a dervish. As for Prince Ahmed, he spent the next few days in searching for the arrow that he had lost. Starting from the point where the arrow of Prince Ali had been found, Ahmed went straight forward, searching over hill and dale. At length, after traveling about nine miles, he suddenly spied the missing shaft lying flat upon a rock; whereupon he said to himself, "There is some mystery here, for neither I nor any other man could send an arrow so far as this."

Making his way among the huge stones that lay about him, the prince came to an iron door which had no lock. As he pushed it open it revealed a wide and well-lighted courtyard. Beyond was a vast and splendid palace, from which there now came to meet him a lovely maiden dressed in queenly robes and shining with jewels. At sight of her Ahmed hastened to give her the salutation, which she returned, adding, "Thou art welcome, Prince Ahmed."

The prince wondered greatly to hear her call him by his name, but she said with a smile: "Although I am a stranger to thee, I know who thou art, as thou shalt hear. I am a daughter of a prince of the jinn, and my name is Peribanou. I have full knowledge of all that concerns thee and thy brothers, even of the flying carpet, the spying tube, and the magic apple. In my affection for thee I stood by thy side in the archery trial, and when I found that thy shaft would fall short of Prince Ali's, I caught it in my hand and carried it to the place where thou hast just discovered it. Ever since that day I have been waiting for thee to come in search of it."

When Prince Ahmed heard these words and looked upon the fairy's sweet and modest face he forgot all his sorrow and disappointment. "O my lady," he said to her, "thou art the fairest of the fair, and I am well content to serve thee and to be thy slave forever."

"I did not bring thee here," she answered, "to be my slave, but to be my husband. Among us fairy folk it is the maiden's right to choose the one who pleases her best, nor need we wait to be wooed and won before we speak of our affection."

These words filled Prince Ahmed with joy, and taking her hand in his, he pledged his faith to her with all his heart. Then Peribanou said, "Thou art now my husband, and I am thy faithful wife," and led him into a magnificent room lighted with hundreds of candles set in candlesticks of the purest crystal. Here a wedding feast was served, and many days of merrymaking followed.

Six months passed swiftly in this land of wonders, but one day Prince Ahmed said to his wife, "Permit me to leave thee for a short time, if it be thy pleasure, for it is long since I saw my father and he must grieve at my absence."

On hearing these words Peribanou was distressed, thinking that her husband was weary of his new home, but being at last convinced that Prince Ahmed's heart was as true as steel, she gave him the permission he desired. Well pleased, he said to her, "O my beloved, I will surely return to thee soon, for life without thee has no charms."

"Go, then," said Peribanou, "but speak not to any one of thy marriage nor of the wonders that thou hast seen in this place. Tell thy father that thou art happy, and that thou hast returned to learn of his welfare."

Mounting his horse and followed by a troop of horsemen, Prince Ahmed set forth and in time reached his father's palace. Here he was received with the greatest rejoicing. The sultan rose from his throne and threw himself upon his son's neck, crying out, "Where hast thou been all these days?"

"O my lord," said the prince, "I went a long way in search of my arrow, for I could not rest until I had found it, and in so doing I came upon the place where I have since lived in comfort and happiness. Ask me no more, for more I cannot tell thee, but be not disturbed about me. From time to time I will visit thee, and will ever cherish thee with a son's affection."

"It is well," said Mirza, "and I am satisfied. Only delay not thy visits too long, lest I become anxious about thee."

After a stay of three days the prince returned to his beloved Peribanou, who greeted him with exceeding joy. And every month, when the crescent moon appeared in the sky, the visit was repeated. But after a while one of the viziers said to the sultan: "O my lord, art thou not too careless of Prince Ahmed and his doings? Dost thou not see how month by month his followers increase

in number and in magnificence? What if he plans to seize thy kingdom and cast thee into prison? Doubtless he is ready to seek revenge for the loss of the princess Nouronnihar. I say to thee, Beware! lest thou fall a victim to his treachery."

These evil words sank deep into the heart of the simple-minded old king, and one day he called to him a certain witch, who could conjure down the very stars from heaven. "Go thou," he said to her, "and discover, if thou canst, where my son Ahmed makes his home. He is now in my palace, but on the fourth day, without permission from me or my officers, he will mount his horse, summon his followers, and ride away. Follow him or lie in wait upon his path, and discover where he goes."

The witch therefore hid herself among the rocks near the place where Prince Ahmed had found his arrow, and before long she saw him coming along a narrow footpath. As she stood up to look after him he suddenly vanished from her sight and all his followers with him, and though she wandered far and wide, seeking the way by which they had gone, not a trace of them could she find. Then said the witch to herself, "Truly I have had no success in this matter," and she went back to the

sultan to report her failure and to beg for more time to find out the mystery.

The sultan said to her: "Be it as thou wilt. Take thy time and make thy search, but do not let him escape thee."

Now when the moon had waxed and waned and again the day drew near for the prince's visit, the witch hid herself once more among the rocks, and this time was rewarded by the sight of Prince Ahmed and his knights riding through the doorway which up to this time had been invisible to her. As they passed her she fell to weeping and groaning so piteously that Prince Ahmed reined in his horse and asked her the cause of her sorrow.

"O my lord," answered the witch, "I was journeying upon an errand when a fever seized me so that I lost all strength and fell here among these rocks."

"Alas!" said Prince Ahm[illegible] here is no house near by to which I can direc[illegible] However, I will not leave thee t[illegible] ffer." [illegible] ing, he directed one of his men [illegible] t th[illegible] n upon a horse, and riding ba[illegible] he [illegible] h the iron door, he entered t[illegible] e a[illegible] or Peribanou.

The fairy [illegible] one [illegible] t the old woman, ordered her [illegible] arr[illegible] the next room and

treated with all care and gentleness. Then she said to her husband: "O my lord, though thy kindness touches my heart, I fear some evil will come from it. This woman is deceiving us, but for what purpose I do not know. Go in peace upon thy journey, and I will do my best to avert the danger, if danger there should be."

Meanwhile the old witch had been placed upon a soft couch and a cup of healing essence had been brought to her. Presently, feeling confident that she had learned what the sultan wished to know, she rose to her feet, and said to the handmaidens who had waited upon her: "That must have been a magic essence, for already am I restored to health and strength. But before I go on my way I would thank your mistress for her courtesy to me."

So the handmaidens led her through several apartments, each more wonderful than the last, until at length they came to the room where Peribanou was sitting, clad in lustrous silk embroidered with gems.

"My good woman," said the princess in answer to the witch's thanks, "I am glad that a guest of mine should be cured of illness within these walls. So now amuse thyself with roaming about my

palace, and these maidens shall go with thee to point out whatever is interesting and rare."

Then the handmaidens led her about the palace and displayed to her all the rooms, which so dazzled her that she could find no words to praise them. At length she was taken to the outer court, and her path to the city was pointed out, but no sooner had she turned to make sure where the entrance lay than the iron door vanished, and she found herself alone among the rocks. Returning to the palace, she told her adventures to the sultan and warned him that his son had such wealth and power as to make him the most dangerous of rivals.

"What is to be done?" cried the sultan, who was now beside himself with fear. "Shall I put him in prison?"

"O king of kings," answered the witch, "that would be a foolish thing to do. If Prince Ahmed goes to prison, all his followers must go also, and what gates or bars could keep them there when his wife is a fairy to whom nothing is impossible? I would advise thee to ask thy son to bring thee some wonderful thing, such as a tent that will shelter thy whole army and may yet be held in a man's hand. If he succeeds, thou wilt in time fill thy treasure house with rare inventions; if he fails,

he will be ashamed to enter thy presence again, and thou wilt be rid of him."

The sultan approved of this advice and the next day made his request, saying: "O my son, I hear that thou hast wedded a beautiful fairy, who can perform marvelous things. Often I have need of a great tent, that will shelter my whole army and yet may be folded into so small a package that it could be held in a man's hand. If thy wife could obtain such a thing for me, it would save me much trouble."

"O my lord the sultan," answered Prince Ahmed, "this seems to me a very difficult undertaking, and I dare not promise thee such a present, but whatever is in my power, that will I gladly do for thee."

Now Prince Ahmed was in the habit of staying three days with his father, but this time he shortened his visit. As he entered the fairy's palace she saw that he was grave and sad, and she said to him: "Is all well with thee? Why hast thou returned so soon, and why dost thou look so unhappy?"

Then he told her the whole story, and she answered: "I will set thy mind at rest, for I would not see thee so troubled a moment longer. It is

true that thy father is seeking his own destruction, and that some enemy is striving to work harm to thee; but thou art safe here, for no human being has power to enter this place against my will. As for the tent, it is a slight matter. I will send for one at once and give it to thee."

Accordingly she dispatched one of her handmaidens, who presently returned with a small package, which she placed in Prince Ahmed's hand.

"What is this?" said he in bewilderment. "What is this thing that thy maiden has given me?"

Then the fairy laughed and said to the handmaiden, "Take the tent from Prince Ahmed and pitch it upon the plain so that he may see if it is large enough."

The handmaiden took the pavilion and pitched it far from the palace, and yet one end reached to the very walls. So vast was the size of it that there was room beneath it for two armies and all their mules and camels.

Prince Ahmed now mounted his horse without delay, and the tent having again been folded, he carried it to his father. The sultan received the gift with amazement and ordered that it should be

stored with all care in the royal treasure house, but the evil thoughts that had been put into his mind by the vizier and the witch became stronger than ever. He was convinced that his son planned to take his kingdom away from him, and again he consulted the witch as to what he should do.

On Prince Ahmed's next visit the sultan was ready with another request. "O my son," said he, "it has pleased me much that thou art so ready to carry out my wishes, and now there is one other thing I need which I hope thou wilt try to bring to me. I have heard that there is a healing spring, called the Spring of Lions, and that the water from this spring will cure all diseases. If thou art eager that I shall live long in health and comfort, thou wilt surely do thy best to supply me with some of it."

Very slowly Prince Ahmed replied: "O my lord the king, I myself have no power in the matter, but I will ask my wife if she can help me to fulfill thy wishes." And the next day he returned to Peribanou to ask for her help.

"I will grant his request," said the fairy, "although there will be some risk for thee, and an enemy has suggested it. Give heed to my words and no harm can come to thee, but if thou art

forgetful or careless, thy life will be in danger. In the hall of yonder castle is a fountain watched by four fierce lions, two of which are always awake while the other two take their rest. No living thing may pass them in safety without my help. I will now tell thee what to do. Take this ball of thread and a flask for carrying the water. Choose a swift horse for thyself, and another on which must be placed the body of a sheep cut into quarters. When thou comest to the court of the castle throw the ball of thread upon the ground before thee. It will begin to roll, and thou must follow it until it stops. At this moment the four lions will see thee, and the two that watch will rouse the two that sleep and rest. They will growl and roar in a dreadful fashion, but be not dismayed. Go boldly on, and when thou art near to them throw to each lion a piece of the sheep. Then ride with all thy might to the fountain and fill the flask while the lions are busy eating. After that, return home as speedily as possible."

The next day at dawn Prince Ahmed rode forth to the castle, and all befell even as the fairy had said. He filled his flask from the basin, and was bringing it back when he saw that two of the lions were following him. He drew his sword and was

about to defend himself, when one of the lions nodded to him and wagged its tail as if to tell him that there was no danger. The second lion then sprang forward and kept close to him, and thus they came to the palace. When the lions saw that the prince had safely entered the door, they returned by the way they had come.

The sultan was sitting in his audience hall when his son appeared, and Prince Ahmed, having saluted him, said: "Lo, I have brought thee the gift that thou didst crave. If thou shouldst fall ill, which Allah forbid, drink of this water and thou shalt immediately be made well."

Then the sultan embraced him and thanked him, but ever in his heart did envy and fear increase as he thought of his son's bravery in the face of danger. As soon as the witch heard of Prince Ahmed's success she hastened to confide to the sultan a new plan which she felt sure would bring about the young man's downfall. Accordingly the next day Mirza said to his son: "O my child, I am delighted with thy gifts, and now I have only one request left to make. I would have thee bring me a man less than three feet high, whose beard is thirty feet long, and who carries an iron bar which he uses as a quarterstaff."

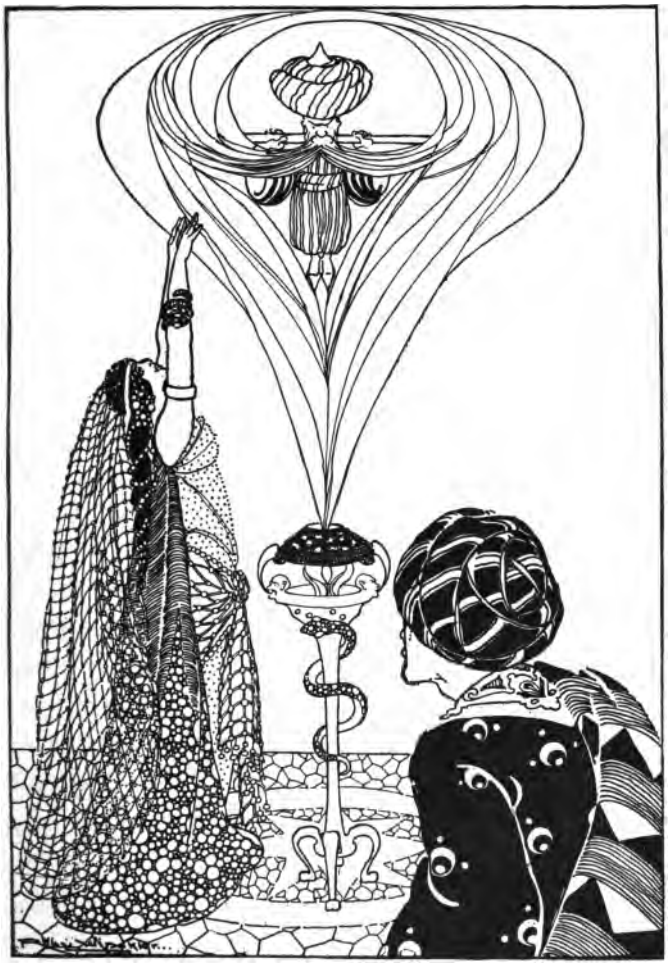
"O my father," answered Prince Ahmed, "this man may be hard to find, but I will do my best to gratify thee."

Having said this, he returned to the fairy's palace, where he greeted his wife with love and gladness, though his heart was heavy within him at the thought of the king's demand. When Peribanou heard his story she said to him: "Be not disturbed. This is an easy task, for the man is my brother Schaibar. I will send for him at once, only be careful to show no fear or horror at the sight of him."

"If he is thy brother," said Ahmed, "what matter is it how he looks? He shall be as dear to me as a beloved friend."

Peribanou now ordered a gold chafing dish to be brought to her and a fire to be kindled beneath it. Throwing upon the flames some perfume which made a dense smoke, she suddenly cried, "See, my brother is here!"

Ahmed looked up and saw a tiny man, less than three feet high, carrying on his shoulders a huge iron bar. His beard was thirty feet long, but it was arranged so cleverly that it cleared the ground. On his head he wore an enormous cap. His eyes were small but piercing, and his face was terrible to behold.



"Who is this?" asked Schaibar in a fierce voice as he approached the princess.

"O my brother," said Peribanou, gently, "this is my husband, whom I should have presented to thee before to-day hadst thou not been far from home. He is the son of the sultan of India."

Schaibar then looked more kindly upon the prince and asked what he could do to serve him.

"It is the wish of his father, the sultan, to see thee," answered Peribanou, "and if thou wilt consent to visit the court, my husband will go with thee as guide."

"I am ready this instant," said Schaibar, graciously, but Peribanou detained him until she could give him the full history of the witch's visit and the hatred of the wicked vizier. Next day at dawn Schaibar and Prince Ahmed set out for the city, but when they reached the gates all the folk fled for fear of the dwarf's terrifying face. In the panic men lost their shoes and sandals, and many a fair turban was trodden in the dust. Through streets as empty as a desert the two princes approached the sultan's palace, where they found him holding court with all his counselors about him. These too on seeing Schaibar fled in dismay, but the dwarf, going up to the king, who sat

motionless upon his throne, said to him with all dignity and majesty: "Thou hast wished to see me. Lo! I am here. What wouldst thou have me do?"

The king made no reply, but held up his hands before his eyes to shut out the frightful sight. At this rudeness Schaibar was filled with fury. "Have I come so far," he cried, "to see a coward, who is afraid even to look at me?" And without warning he swung his heavy quarterstaff and smote the sultan on the head. Another blow would have felled the grand vizier, who stood at his master's right hand, had not Prince Ahmed cried out and begged the angry dwarf to have mercy, saying, "This man has never done me harm."

Then said Schaibar to the vizier: "Bring me the witch who hated this young prince, and also the vizier who poisoned his father's mind against him, that I may give them the punishment that is their due."

The grand vizier presently brought them both, and Schaibar smote them to the ground one after the other. Nor would he have stopped here, had it not been for Prince Ahmed's protests. When quiet was at last restored, the royal robes were put upon the young man, and he was hailed as sultan

of the Indies. The people throughout the kingdom rejoiced when they heard these tidings, for Ahmed was greatly beloved, and they flocked to bring him gifts and to hail him with cries of "Long live King Ahmed!"

Schaibar now returned to his sister Peribanou, whom he brought to the new sultan's palace, where she was received with admiration and delight. In due time, taking leave of her and of King Ahmed, the dwarf went back to his own home.

After all these happenings King Ahmed sent for his two brothers and offered to make them rulers over rich provinces. Prince Ali accepted his appointment, and with his beautiful wife, Nouronnihar, became widely loved and respected. Prince Houssain returned his grateful thanks, but preferred to remain a dervish. As for Ahmed and Peribanou, they spent many years together in happy and peaceful possession of the throne of the Indies.

ALI COGIA

IN THE reign of the caliph Haroun al-Raschid there lived in the city of Bagdad a certain merchant called Ali Cogia, who owned a small shop where he sold goods of various kinds. Now it came to pass that for three nights running he saw in a vision an old sheik who said to him with some sternness, "It is thy duty to make pilgrimage to Mecca."

Thus warned, Ali Cogia sold his shop and his goods and all that he owned to make ready for the journey. He placed a thousand gold pieces in an earthen jar and filled it up with olives as the safest way of concealing the coins. Then he betook himself to a friend who was a merchant, and said to him: "O my brother, I am about to

go with a caravan to Mecca, the holy city. Therefore I have brought this jar of olives, which I pray thee to keep for me until I return."

The merchant at once gave the key of his warehouse to Ali Cogia and said to him: "Take this key and open the storeroom, and place thy jar wherever it suits thee best. At thy return thou shalt find it untouched."

So Ali Cogia did his friend's bidding and left his gold in the storeroom. Then he fared forth with the caravan. At length he came to Mecca, and when he had fulfilled all the proper rites and ceremonies he set up a shop for the sale of goods. One thing and another delayed his return. He even visited Cairo, the capital of Egypt, where he made much money from the sale of his stuffs. After seven years of absence he came back at last to Balsora.

Now for all these seven years the Bagdad merchant had never once thought of Ali Cogia and his jar, but one day as he sat with his wife at their evening meal she said to him, "I wish I had some good olives to eat."

"That reminds me," he said, "of a jar that was left in my storeroom years ago by Ali Cogia, who went on a pilgrimage to Mecca. No one knows

where he is or what has become of him. I will open the jar, and if the olives are not spoiled, you shall eat of them this very night."

His wife, however, was more honest than he was. "Heaven forbid," said she, "that thou shouldst break thy word. Perhaps he will come back from Mecca to-morrow, and then thou wilt be ashamed. I will have no hand in it, nor will I eat of the olives."

But the merchant would not heed what she said. Going to the storeroom, he opened the jar and beheld the olives white with mold; but presently, as he tipped up the jar to see if those at the bottom were still sound, he caught a glimpse of the gold. Instantly he emptied the jar and wondered with exceeding wonder to find in the lower part of it hundreds of gold coins. The sight of so much wealth filled him with envy. After a time he went back to his wife and said to her: "Thou art right. I have decided not to open the jar."

That night he could not sleep for thinking of the gold. As soon as morning came he went to his warehouse, emptied the jar again, and filled it up with fresh olives, putting the coins away in a safe place. Nor did he say a word to his wife about the matter.

Now it happened that at the end of this same month Ali Cogia returned safe and sound to Bagdad. His first thought was to seek out his old acquaintance, who greeted him with every sign of joy. When Ali Cogia had recited what had befallen him during the years of his absence, he asked permission to remove his jar of olives.

"My friend," said the merchant, "I know not where thou didst leave it. Here is the key. Go down to the storehouse and take possession of thy property."

So Ali Cogia did as he was told, but when he came to open the jar and found that it contained only olives, he was nearly distracted. Going back to the merchant, he said to him: "O my friend, when I went on my pilgrimage to Mecca I left a thousand gold coins in that jar, and now they are not there. Canst thou tell me aught concerning them? If in thy sore need thou hast borrowed them, it matters not so long as thou art willing to return them to me as soon as thou art able."

Then the merchant pretended to be angry and said: "My good friend, thou wilt remember that with thine own hand thou didst set the jar inside the storeroom. Didst thou not say to me at the time that it was full of olives, and hast thou not

found it even as thou saidst? What, then, is thy complaint?"

Thereupon Ali Cogia entreated him, saying: "O my friend, those coins were all that I had in the world. Return them to me, I beseech thee."

Then the merchant grew still more angry and cried out: "Begone from my house! Thou art a swindler."

Hearing the dispute, the neighbors came crowding to the shop, and soon the story was known to all the people of Bagdad. The matter, indeed, was brought before the cadi, but the merchant protested his innocence so loudly that the case was dismissed from the court. In time, however, the affair came to the ears of the caliph Haroun al-Raschid, and he gave the following order: "Tomorrow let the accuser and the accused be brought to my audience hall, and I myself will inquire into the matter."

Now it happened that on this very night the caliph, according to his custom, was walking in disguise through the streets of Bagdad. Presently he came upon an open space where ten or twelve boys were playing in the moonlight. As the caliph drew near he heard one of the lads say: "Come, let us play the game of 'cadi.' I will be the judge;

let one of you be Ali Cogia and another the merchant."

When the caliph heard this he drew near to see how the boy would play his part and to what decision he would come. The young judge was sitting in much pomp and dignity while he listened to the story. "What hast thou to say for thyself?" he asked when the tale was finished, and the accused made answer even as the merchant had done. Then said the boy cadi: "I must see this jar of olives. Go at once and fetch it, so that I may examine it here."

The supposed jar was brought and the cadi continued, "Is this the same jar that was left with the merchant?" And both boys declared that it was. Then said the judge, "Open the jar that I may look at the fruit."

This also was done; whereupon the young cadi said: "How is this? The flavor of these olives is excellent, and their condition is perfect. Surely olives that were seven years old would no longer be so good. Bring me two olive merchants, in order that I may inquire about this."

Then two other boys were brought into court and testified that the olives were fresh and of recent growth.

"You must be wrong," said the boy cadi, "for it is fully seven years since Ali Cogia placed them in the jar."

"Impossible!" cried both the olive merchants. "These olives are of this year's growth, and every olive merchant in Bagdad will tell thee the same thing."

Then said the young cadi to the merchant, "It is thou who art the swindler and the rogue."

At this the children clapped their hands and led the merchant away to prison. The caliph also was greatly pleased at the good sense of the boy judge and commanded that he should be brought to the real trial on the next day.

So on the following morning, when the caliph Haroun al-Raschid took his seat upon the throne of justice he had beside him the boy cadi, before whom Ali Cogia was bidden to make his complaint. When the merchant had defended himself, the child said, "Swear not that thou art innocent until the jar of olives has been produced in court."

Immediately the jar was brought forward and opened according to the boy's instructions. Tasting one of the olives, he gave one also to each of the olive merchants who had been summoned by the caliph's orders.

"How old is this fruit?" he asked them.

"The olives are of this year's growth," they answered.

"You must be mistaken," said the boy, "for these olives were put into yonder jar at least seven years ago."

"It is as we say," they replied without hesitation. "If thou dost not believe us, there are other olive merchants in Bagdad, whom thou canst ask. So shalt thou know if we speak truth or lies."

Now when the swindler saw that he could not prove his innocence he confessed everything. But the boy cadi said to the caliph: "O Commander of the Faithful, it is not for me to pass judgment. This is no jesting matter, and I cannot go on as I did in play yesterday. Thou alone hast power to punish this man."

So the caliph ordered that the money should be restored to Ali Cogia, and that the dishonest merchant should be punished. As for the boy cadi, he was sent home to his parents with a present of gold.

ALI THE PERSIAN[1]

ONE night it happened that the caliph Haroun al-Raschid was restless and heavy-hearted. Therefore he sent for his vizier and said to him, "Jaafar, I am sleepless and would be amused."

Then said Jaafar, "O Commander of the Faithful, I have a friend, Ali the Persian, who has a store of pleasant tales."

"Fetch him hither," said the caliph.

"I hear and I obey," said Jaafar, and went to seek Ali the Persian.

"O Ali," said the caliph when the two stood before him, "my heart is heavy, and I have heard that thou hast a store of pleasant tales."

[1] This absurd story, in which the greed of the Kurd gets the better of his common sense, is further elaborated in the original, but enough is given here to show its characteristic humor.

"O Commander of the Faithful," said Ali, "shall I tell what I have seen with my eyes, or what I have heard with my ears?"

"If thine eyes have seen aught worth the telling, let me hear that," said the caliph.

"I hear and I obey," said Ali. "Know then, O Commander of the Faithful, that some years ago I left this my native city of Bagdad and went on a journey, having with me a light leather bag.

"Presently I came to a certain city, wherein as I was buying and selling, behold, a rascally Kurd seized my bag, saying, 'This is mine.'

"Whereupon I cried aloud, 'Ho, Moslems, one and all, come and deliver me from this thief!'

"But the folk who gathered on the street about us said that we must both go to the cadi and submit ourselves to his judgment.

"So we submitted ourselves — the Kurd and I — to the cadi, and he said, 'Which of you is the owner of the bag?'

"And the Kurd said, 'Verily the bag is my bag, and I found it with this man, mine enemy.'

"'When didst thou lose it?' asked the cadi.

"'But yesterday,' said the Kurd, 'and I have passed a sleepless night because of it.'

"'If it be thy bag,' said the cadi, 'thou canst surely tell what was in it.'

"'O cadi,' said the Kurd, 'there were in it two little silver boxes for eye-powder and a kerchief wherein I had wrapped two gilt cups and two candlesticks. Moreover, it contained two platters and two spoons and a cushion and two leather rugs and a brass tray and two kettles and a basin and a jar and a ladle and a needle and a wooden trencher and two sacks and two saddles and a fine cloak and two tents and a mattress and two sofas and two sheep and a camel and a whole company of Kurds who will bear witness that it is my bag.'

"Then said the cadi to me, 'And what hast thou to say?'

"So I came forward, O Commander of the Faithful (and indeed the Kurd's speech had fairly bewildered me), and said, 'Verily, O cadi, there was nothing in my bag but a tumble-down house and a dog's kennel and a boys' school and several tents and ropes and the cities of Balsora and Bagdad!'

"At these words of mine the Kurd began to weep and wail. 'O my lord,' he said, 'this bag of mine is well known, for in it are castles and forts and a city and two villages and a cadi who will be evidence that the bag is my bag.'

"Then said the cadi, 'And what sayst thou, O Ali?'

"So, O Commander of the Faithful, I came forward, being filled with rage, and said: 'May Allah preserve our lord the cadi! In this bag of mine there are a thousand barking dogs and statues and pictures and singing girls and mosques and baths and the whole kingdom of Solomon. Moreover, there are a thousand sharp razors to shave off the cadi's beard if he does not say that this is my bag.'

"Now when the cadi heard what the Kurd and I had declared, he was confounded and said, 'Never did I hear anything so extraordinary!'

"Then he bade me open the bag, and behold there were only bread and cheese and a few olives. So I threw down the bag before him and the Kurd, and went my way."

Now when the caliph heard this tale he laughed aloud and made Ali a handsome present.

SINDBAD THE SAILOR

IN THE time of the caliph Haroun al-Raschid there lived in the city of Bagdad a poor porter called Hindbad. One day when the weather was extremely hot, and he was staggering along under a heavy burden, he happened to pass the house of a rich merchant. The pavement before the house had been sprinkled with rose water, and a cool breeze came from the open door. Within he could see a great garden, where pages and slaves were moving about and preparations seemed to be going on for a feast. Filled with envy, Hindbad spoke aloud in bitterness and discontent, bewailing his own hard lot and protesting against the injustice that had given so much to another, who was perhaps no more deserving than himself.

While he was thus reproaching fate there came forth from the door a young page, who said to him, "Enter; my master calls for thee."

Accordingly Hindbad laid down his burden and went with the page into the house. At the upper end of a great table in the dining hall sat a grave, handsome man, whose hair was already turning gray. On beholding him and his guests Hindbad saluted the assembly with all respect and awaited the host's orders. But the master of the house urged him to draw near and to sit down and to eat of the delicious food that was on the table. And he said to the wondering porter, "What is thy name, and what trade dost thou follow?"

"O my master," answered the porter, "I am called Hindbad, and I bear upon my head men's merchandise, for hire."

At this the master of the house smiled and said: "Thy name is like unto mine, for I am Sindbad the Sailor. And when I heard what thou wast saying before my door I determined to call thee in, that I might tell thee something of what happened to me before all this prosperity became mine. For I have not gained this comfort except after many troubles and terrors. Listen, then, to the history of my first voyage."

SINDBAD'S FIRST VOYAGE

My father died when I was a child and left me an ample fortune. For a time I lived a gay life, spending without reason, and when at length I saw my folly, my money was almost gone. Then it occurred to my mind to travel and engage in trade. So I bought some goods and, with other merchants, embarked in a ship, and for many nights and days we traversed the sea.

We passed from land to land and from sea to sea, and in every place to which we came we bought and sold and exchanged merchandise. At length we arrived at a small island, where the vessel was again brought to anchor. We landed and amused ourselves in various ways. Suddenly the captain, who was still standing upon the deck of his ship, cried out: "O ye passengers, come up quickly into the ship. Leave your merchandise and flee for your lives, for that is no island, but a huge fish. When you lighted your fire it felt the heat, and now it will go down with you into the sea, and you will all be drowned."

The passengers, hearing his words, hastened to obey him, but before all of us could reach the ship, the island sank with those that were upon it,

and we were cast into the sea. By good fortune a great wooden bowl came within my grasp, and I laid hold upon it and got into it, beating the water with my feet as if they were oars, while the waves tossed me to and fro. The ship meantime had gone on her way, and I watched her until she disappeared from sight. Night came, and I lost all hope of being saved, but when another day had passed, the bowl drifted near a shore, where I contrived to make a landing. I threw myself upon the ground like one dead, and there I slept until the next day. Then I awoke and found myself surrounded by springs of fresh water and by all kinds of fruit. I walked along the shore and amused myself by looking at the strange trees and flowers. Suddenly a man came forth and called to me, saying, "Who art thou, and why hast thou come here?"

I answered him, "O my master, I am a stranger and have been shipwrecked upon this coast."

Then he said, "Come with me," and led me to a large cave and brought me some food.

"We are the grooms of King Mihraj," he went on, "and we have all his horses under our care. When we return from pasturing them here, we will take thee with us."

I thanked him, and before much time had gone by we set forth together for the city of King Mihraj. When the king had heard my story he treated me with all respect and courtesy. I remained in his service a long time, but whenever I went to the seashore I used to ask of all the merchants and travelers concerning my old home, the city of Bagdad. No one had ever heard of it, and I grew weary with my long stay in a foreign land.

One day as I stood upon the shore a great vessel approached, and the sailors began to bring forth the goods that were in the ship. As I stood writing their account for them, I said to the captain, "Is there anything more in the vessel?"

"Yes," he answered, "I have some goods in the hold of my ship, but their owner is dead. I desire to sell his goods so that I may send the money I receive for them to his family in Bagdad."

"What was the name of the man?" I asked him.

He answered, "His name was Sindbad the Sailor, and he was drowned on a voyage with us."

Then I cried out at him with a great cry: "O captain, I am Sindbad the Sailor, who landed upon the island with the other merchants, and when the fish dived I was among those who sank. But I was preserved by Allah (whose name be exalted!)

and saved from drowning by means of a large wooden bowl, such as the passengers used for washing. I landed on this coast, and the grooms of King Mihraj brought me to this city. Therefore these goods upon thy ship are my property."

When the captain was convinced of my truthfulness he gave me my goods with my name written upon them, and none was missing. So I opened them and took out something precious and costly, as a present to the king. The rest I sold, and with the money I purchased other goods and merchandise. Then I went to the king, and having thanked him for all his kindness, I begged for his permission to go home to my own country. So he bade me farewell, making me rich gifts, and we set sail for Balsora. From that place I returned to Bagdad. To-morrow I will relate to you what happened on my second voyage.

Sindbad then presented the porter with a hundred pieces of gold and urged him to repeat his visit on the following day. Accordingly Hindbad returned to the house of Sindbad at the time appointed and was welcomed with courtesy. And after the other guests had assembled, Sindbad told them the story of his second voyage.

SINDBAD'S SECOND VOYAGE

I enjoyed my comfortable life for some time, but at length I became weary of it and longed for the pleasure of seeing new countries and of earning my bread. Having again purchased goods and merchandise, I embarked in a stanch vessel with other merchants and travelers. We passed from sea to sea and from land to land until at last we came to a beautiful though lonely island, where we all went ashore. The air was sweet, and as I sat by a spring of pure water under the trees I fell asleep. When I awoke no one was to be seen. The ship had gone on with the other passengers, and I had been forgotten.

I looked about me in terror and despair. I had no food or money with me, and I saw not how I was to live. So I gave myself up for lost, saying, "Not always will the pitcher return from the well unbroken." Presently I rose and walked up and down the shore, unable to keep still. Then I climbed a high tree, but from the top of it I could at first see nothing but sea and sky and trees and sand. Looking more closely I saw in the distance a huge white object of uncertain shape. At once I descended from the tree and made my way in that direction. As I drew near to the strange object I

found that it was like a great dome, having neither door nor window, nor, indeed, did there seem to be any way of gaining an entrance to it. While I gazed at it a shadow fell upon me, and a bird of enormous size alighted upon the dome and brooded over it with its wings. Then I remembered the stories travelers had told me of a great bird, the roc, that feeds its young with elephants, and I knew that the dome must be a roc's egg.

At length I came so close to the egg that the legs of the bird were within reach of my hand, and they were as big as the trunk of a tree. Unwinding my turban from my head, I twisted it into a rope and bound my body fast to one of the feet of the bird, saying to myself, "Perhaps I shall be carried to a land of cities, and that will surely be better than this lonely island."

When the dawn came, the bird rose from her egg, uttered a great cry, and drew me up into the air. Gradually, then, she descended and rested in a valley below a lofty mountain top, where I hastily untied my turban and set myself free. The bird seemed unconscious of my presence. She took something from the ground in her talons and flew away, and as I followed her flight with eager gaze, I saw that her prey was a serpent of enormous size.

I noticed as I walked along the valley that the ground was strewn with shining pebbles, and when I stooped to examine them I found them to be diamonds of great size and wonderful beauty. But so steep were the sides of the valley that no one could ascend out of it, and I trod upon the diamonds with no desire to pick them up. Suddenly, as I walked, a piece of fresh meat fell near me, and I remembered another story told by the merchants—that diamond hunters, unable to make their way into many places where the precious stones are to be found, are in the habit of killing a sheep and tossing pieces of raw flesh into the diamond field. These pieces of meat, falling upon the sharp stones, stick to them, and the vultures who feast upon the meat carry the diamonds also to their nests. Then the diamond hunters frighten away the birds and secure the gems.

Hope now revived within me. I filled my pockets and my girdle with the glittering stones, and when another huge piece of meat fell to the earth, I clasped it to my breast, and, lying upon my back, held it firmly. Thus it was raised above the ground, and a vulture soon seized it with his talons and bore it high into the air, carrying me with it. When the bird had reached the top of

the mountain he alighted, but scarcely had he done so when a loud cry from behind him frightened him away, and lo! I found myself standing beside a man, clad in the dress of a merchant, who was amazed at my appearance.

He spoke not a word to me, but spying the meat, he came close to it and began to examine it carefully. No diamonds were to be seen upon it, and he smote his hands together in his grief and disappointment. Seeing his distress, I advanced toward him, saying: "Fear not. I am a merchant like thyself, and my story is surprising. Thou shalt receive from me what will astonish and rejoice thee, for I have in abundance what thou art looking for."

Then I gave to the merchant several exquisite diamonds, and he thanked me and blessed me, and together we escaped from that dangerous country. We went from valley to valley and from city to city until we arrived at Balsora. Thence I came to Bagdad and entered my own house, bringing with me a great quantity of diamonds, and riches in abundance. This is the end of the story of my second voyage. To-morrow, if it be the will of Allah (whose name be exalted!), I will relate to thee the events of my third voyage.

SINDBAD'S THIRD VOYAGE

For a long time, my friends, I lived in great comfort and happiness. Then I longed once more for travel and diversion and for gain as well, the soul being prone unto greed. So I bought for myself merchandise and embarked in a great vessel for a foreign shore. We went from sea to sea and from land to land, until one day, when we were in the midst of the sea, the captain cried out: "O passengers, we have been driven out of our course, and fate has brought us near an island on which is the Mountain of Apes. No man has ever escaped from this place, and we shall all be dead men."

Scarcely had he finished speaking when the apes surrounded the vessel on every side and began to climb the ropes. They were hideous beasts, being covered with thick black hair, like felt. Having seized all the passengers, they landed us upon their island and departed with our ship. Together we made our way into the middle of the island, and lo! there stood a house with lofty walls and heavy doors. In one vast apartment were fire pots for cooking and a great pile of human bones.

Suddenly there appeared among us a giant of huge form and frightful countenance. His mouth

was like the mouth of a well, and his lips were like those of a camel. He came toward us and lifted me from the ground, and I was like a little morsel in his hand. He felt of me and turned me over and over as a butcher does a sheep, but he found me thin and weak from fatigue. So he let me go and took first one and then another from among us until at last he came to our captain, who was fat and broad shouldered. Being satisfied with this victim's condition, the hideous giant cooked and devoured him, after which he lay down to sleep.

The next day we went forth to examine the island, but there was no place in which we could hide ourselves, and the hours went swiftly by. Presently the giant came again among us and selected another victim in the same fashion as the day before. In the morning we said to one another: "Better for us if we cast ourselves into the sea than suffer ourselves to be put to death in this horrible manner. We must plan how we may escape from the island." And I said to them, "Let us carry away some of his firewood and make rafts for ourselves."

To this they all agreed, and we began the work. We carried the wood to the shore and

made rafts and stowed food upon them, after which we returned to the house.

That evening, while the giant was sleeping after his dreadful supper, we took two huge iron spits and heated them in the fire until they were like burning coals. These being thrust into the giant's eyes, destroyed his sight. He uttered a great cry and sprang to his feet, while we fled to the right and left in the utmost fear and terror. Coming to the shore we hastily embarked upon our rafts and pushed off to sea. But the giant rushed after us, led by another still more horrible than himself, and together they cast upon us great masses of rock so that of all the persons upon the rafts only three were left alive. The next day we reached an island on which were delicious fruits and springs of water, and here we slept with thankful hearts.

We were awakened, however, by another foe. A serpent of enormous size had approached us and had swallowed one of our number. At this we were in the greatest fear and walked about over the island until we found a lofty tree, which we hoped would be a safe hiding place. But when the night came, and it was dark, the serpent returned, and coming up to my companion,

swallowed him while I looked on in horror. After this the serpent went its way, leaving me like one dead, by reason of my fear.

I now tied wide pieces of wood crosswise upon the soles of my feet, and I tied a strip of wood upon each shoulder and one, long and wide, upon the crown of my head. Thus I was in the midst of pieces of wood which inclosed me like a box. When the evening arrived the serpent saw me and came near to me, but could not swallow me while I was protected by the wood. As soon as the sun rose it went its way, in the utmost vexation and rage.

I then walked along the shore of the island, and behold! there was a ship in the distance. So I took a great branch of a tree and signaled with it to the passengers, and they came and took me with them in the ship. I told them of all my troubles, and they wondered exceedingly. They clad me in decent clothing and gave me food to eat until my hunger was satisfied. My soul became at ease, and my courage was strengthened, and all that I had undergone became as a dream.

At length we came in sight of an island, and the captain anchored his ship in order that the merchants might take forth their goods to sell and buy. Then the owner of the ship said to me:

"Thou art a stranger and poor. I therefore desire to aid thee to reach thine own country. There was with us a man whom we have lost, and we know not whether he be living or dead. I will put his goods in thy charge, that thou mayst sell them in this island, and in return thou shalt have payment for thy trouble." And I thanked him.

He thereupon ordered the sailors to land the goods and to deliver them to me. And the clerk said, "With what name shall I mark them?" He answered, "They belong to Sindbad the Sailor, of whose fate we have no knowledge."

When I heard my name I ran to the owner of the ship and told him that I was Sindbad the Sailor and reminded him of all that had passed between us when I set sail on my second voyage. And one of the merchants arose and said: "O my companions, what this man says is true. When I told to you the story of my casting down a huge piece of meat into the Valley of Diamonds and of a man who was brought up with it, you would not believe me. But this is he whom the vulture brought up out of the valley, and he gave me diamonds of great price. He told me that his name was Sindbad the Sailor, and now you may know that our stories are true."

When the owner of the ship was thus convinced that I was Sindbad the Sailor he restored all my wealth to me, and we set sail and in time arrived at Balsora. Then I came to Bagdad, and collected my friends and companions about me, and forgot all that had happened to me and the distresses that I had suffered. To-morrow thou shalt come to me, Hindbad, and I will relate to thee the story of my fourth voyage.

Hindbad took the gold which Sindbad had ordered to be given to him and went his way. The next day he returned and was received with all courtesy. The servants brought forward delicious food, and Sindbad of the Sea began his story.

SINDBAD'S FOURTH VOYAGE

I lived at home in the utmost happiness and ease until my restless spirit again suggested that I should travel to foreign countries and add to my wealth. Accordingly I purchased goods and gear, and having packed many bales, I embarked with some of the chief men of Balsora and set forth on a long journey.

One day a wind arose which became a hurricane and tore the sails into strips. The vessel

was wrecked, and I, with a number of other merchants, was cast upon the shore of an island. As we walked about in hunger and weariness we saw a building in the distance and proceeded thither. Immediately we were seized and carried into the building and into the presence of the king. He ordered that we should be fed, but so strange was the food that I would eat none of it. My companions ate of it, however, and immediately they became like men without sense. Upon seeing this I was grieved for them and watched to see how they were treated.

It was soon evident that we were to be fattened to serve as food for the king. Every day we were given into the care of a person who took us forth to pasture us like cattle. But because I would not eat of the food, and from excessive fear, I grew thin and ill, so that they forgot about me and allowed me to stay alone.

One day as I was walking about the island the herdsman saw that I was in possession of my reason and made signs to me to take another road. This I did, running swiftly, because of my fear, until I was hidden from view. For seven days and nights I kept on, stopping only for rest and to eat of the herbs that I found, and at last I came

upon a party of men gathering pepper. I told them my story, and they wondered at my escape. They took me to their king, and he treated me with respect and honor, giving orders that I should have food and that I should amuse myself with a sight of his city.

I rejoiced, therefore, and became at ease. A slight matter soon made me an important person. I noticed that all the men of the city (even the king himself) rode their horses without saddles. So I said to the king, "Wilt thou permit me to make a saddle for thee?" And he said, "What kind of thing is a saddle?" Then I said, "Furnish me with some wood and some leather and some wool, and I will show thee what a saddle is." So with the aid of a carpenter and a blacksmith I made a saddle which pleased the king. And when his vizier saw the saddle he desired one like it. All the great men of the city also demanded saddles, which I made for them. Thus I gained much wealth and became well known among them.

The king loaded me with presents and at length gave me for a wife a woman of high rank and abundant fortune. We lived together in great happiness until, one day, the wife of my neighbor died. I went in to console him and comfort him,

and found him in a most sorrowful state. "Farewell," he said to me, "for never wilt thou see me again."

"How so?" said I. "Thou art well; do not give way to such despair."

"To-day they will bury my wife," he answered, "and they will bury me with her, for it is the custom in our country when the wife dies to bury her husband with her, and when the husband dies the wife is buried with him."

"This is a terrible country," I said, and even as I spoke the people of the city began to draw near. Carrying the woman upon her bier, which was covered with jewels and ornaments, they went forth to a place outside the city where a mountain stood near the sea. They lifted up a great stone and uncovered a deep pit, like a huge well. Into this they lowered the bier and the woman with all her jewels, and then they tied a rope about the man and let him down into the pit. They let down also a great jug of water and seven loaves of bread. Then they replaced the stone and went their way.

I said within myself, "This death is worse than the first death," and I became fearful lest my wife should die, and they should bury me alive with her. It was, indeed, but a short time, or so it seemed to me, before she did fall sick and die.

And when the people of the city had placed her upon her bier they carried her to the mountain and came forward to bid me farewell. I cried out to them, "I am a stranger and cannot endure your customs," but they paid no heed to me. I bowed before them to the earth and kissed their garments, begging them to have mercy upon me. Not one of them was moved by my distress. They laid hold upon me by force, and after the body of my wife had been lowered into the pit they let me down also, with a jug of fresh water and seven loaves of bread. Then they replaced the stone, and I found myself in a huge cavern beneath the mountain. I walked about in the dreadful place and found it to be spacious; but the floor of it was covered with bones and jewels. I made for myself a couch in a far corner, and there I lay, knowing not night from day and taking as little food as possible, lest my supply should become exhausted.

"It is true," I said to myself, "that Allah ordereth all things, but thou art to blame, unhappy Sindbad, for thy present evil case. If thou hadst stayed quietly at home, thou wouldst have escaped this terrible death." Such were the complaints with which I filled the cave.

One day I was roused from my sleep by a slight noise, and as I walked toward the place whence it came, a wild beast ran by me and fled toward another part of the pit. As I followed it a faint light appeared in the distance, and the nearer I approached the larger and lighter it became. So I was convinced that there was a hole in the cavern, which opened to the outer air. Then my heart was more at ease, and taking an abundance of the jewels with which the ground was strewn, I sought the small opening made by the wild beasts. I dragged myself with great difficulty through the hole and found, to my joy, that I was upon a lonely strip of seashore.

Two or three days afterwards, as I sat upon the sand, a ship passed within hail. I made a signal flag of my turban and called to the crew as loud as I could. When the sailors heard my voice they sent out a boat and carried me to the vessel. And the captain said to me: "O man, how didst thou come here? All my life have I been accustomed to pass by this mountain, but never have I seen anything here but the birds and the wild beasts."

I answered him: "I am a merchant. I was in a great ship, and it was wrecked near this mountain." But I was silent concerning all that had

befallen me in the city. We kept on our course until we arrived in safety at the city of Balsora; after which I came to my house in Bagdad. Sup thou with me to-morrow, O my brother, and I will tell thee what befell me during my fifth voyage, for that is more wonderful than any of the former tales.

So Hindbad took the hundred pieces of gold which were presented to him, and returned to his own house. And the next day at the same hour he sat at Sindbad's table with the other guests and heard with wonder the story of the fifth voyage.

SINDBAD'S FIFTH VOYAGE

I now dwelt in the city of Bagdad with my friends and companions and was content with my lot. But in time I forgot all that I had experienced and suffered on the sea, and longed to seek profit and amusement in other countries. So I bought quantities of goods and set sail from Balsora.

One day we arrived at an island where many of the passengers landed to divert themselves after the long voyage. The island was uninhabited, but some of the merchants caught sight of a huge white dome of great bulk, which they examined

with much curiosity. At length they struck it with stones and sticks until they cracked it and discovered that it was an enormous egg.

When I saw the merchants striking the egg I called out to them, "That is a roc's egg, and the roc will surely come and destroy us," but they paid no heed to my words. And behold! the light was suddenly obscured, and we saw above us two birds of wonderful size flying in circles over the ship. The captain made haste to depart from the island, but the birds followed us, each bearing in its claws a mass of rock. One of them let fall the rock that he carried, but it missed us by a slight space. It went down into the sea with a mighty plunge and caused great waves upon which our ship was tossed about like a cockleshell. Then the other bird let fall a piece of the rock, and it dropped upon the ship and crushed it, and we were all thrown into the sea.

I tried to save myself and caught hold of a plank of the ship, which bore me near an island in the midst of the sea. Here I landed with great difficulty and found myself in a beautiful place that resembled one of the gardens of Paradise.

As I walked I saw a small stream, near which sat an old man. I said to myself, "Perhaps this

old man has also been shipwrecked." So I said to him: "O sir, why dost thou sit here, and what service can I render thee?"

Whereupon he made a sign that I should carry him across the stream. Accordingly I took him upon my shoulders and carried him through the shallow water. Then I stooped, that he might descend with ease, but he would not get down. He had twisted his legs around my neck, and when I looked at them I saw that they were as rough and black as those of a buffalo.

At this I was frightened and strove to throw him from my shoulders, but he pressed upon my chest with his feet and squeezed my throat so that I was choked and fell upon the ground like one dead. He then beat me upon my back and shoulders until I rose with him and carried him wherever he wished to go. When I disobeyed him he gave me blows with his feet, and if I loitered or went slowly he beat me. We went about among the trees where there were choice fruits, and he descended not from my shoulders by night or day. If he desired to sleep he would wind his legs around my neck and take his rest, and I suffered so greatly that I said to myself, "I will never again do good to any one so long as I live."

Thus it was with me for some time, until the day I came upon a number of dry gourds lying upon the ground. I took a large one, and having cleansed it thoroughly, I filled it with grape juice and left it in the sun until it had become pure wine. Every morning I drank a little of it to give me strength to bear my burden, and one day the old man made a sign to me to give him some of the wine. This I did, and being pleased with the taste, he drank all that was left in the gourd. He soon became unconscious, so that I could shake him from my shoulders. I scarcely dared to believe that I was freed from him, and in my fear lest he should rise again and torment me I caught up a heavy stone and flung it upon him as he lay there in his drunken sleep.

After that I walked about the island and came again to the seashore. And lo! a vessel approached and anchored, and all the passengers landed near me. When they saw me they asked many questions concerning my coming to the island, and I told them my story. Then they said, "This man who rode upon thy shoulders was called the Old Man of the Sea, and no one except thee ever escaped from him." They gave me food and clothing and took me with them in the ship to a city

of lofty buildings overlooking the water. This is called the City of the Apes, and every night the people embark in boats and ships and pass the night upon the sea, in their fear lest the apes come down upon them from the mountains.

To amuse myself, I landed, and the ship set sail without my knowledge; so I repented that I had ever gone ashore in that place. Every night I embarked with some of the people and pushed off from the land to a place of safety. In the morning we returned, and the citizens went about their various occupations. One day a member of the party with whom I had spent the night said: "Thou art a stranger in this place. Art thou skilled in any art or trade by which thou couldst earn thy living?"

And I said to him: "No. I was once a merchant and a person of wealth, but I have lost my ship and all my goods."

Then the man gave me a cotton bag and said to me, "Take this bag and fill it with pebbles."

So I picked up small pebbles from the beach and filled the bag. Then he put me in charge of a party of men, saying to them: "This is a stranger. Take him with you and teach him the mode of gathering."

So they welcomed me and took me with them to a wide valley wherein were many lofty trees which no one could climb. There were also many apes, which when they saw us fled from us and hid among the branches. Then the men began to pelt the apes with the stones that they had in the bags, upon which the apes plucked off the fruits of the trees and threw them at the men. When I looked at the fruits which the apes had thrown down I saw that they were coconuts. Thereupon I chose a great tree which held many apes and threw pebbles at them until I had collected a great store of coconuts. Then we returned to the city, and I continued every day to go forth and gather coconuts, until I had amassed a large amount of them.

One day a vessel arrived at that city and cast anchor. I went to my friend who had helped me and told him that I desired to return to my own country. He replied, "It is for thee to say." So I bade him farewell and engaged my passage in that ship. At every place where we cast anchor I sold some of my coconuts, and soon I had gained much wealth. When we arrived at Balsora I made haste to proceed to Bagdad, where I soon forgot all the hardships of the voyage in making merry with my friends. Come to me to-morrow, O Hindbad,

and I will relate to thee the tale of my sixth voyage, which was even more wonderful than this.

Then Sindbad the Sailor gave orders that the porter should receive a hundred pieces of gold, and on the following day began his story.

SINDBAD'S SIXTH VOYAGE

One day, my friends, as I was sitting in happiness and gayety there came to me a party of merchants bearing the marks of travel. When I saw them I remembered the day of my return from voyaging, and I longed again for the excitement of travel and trade, so I determined to set forth. I bought for myself rich goods and embarked in a large vessel from the city of Balsora. We went from place to place, buying and selling, and fortune seemed to smile upon us, until one day the captain suddenly cried out to us, "We have fallen into great peril, for the wind has driven us from our course into an unknown sea."

Then he would have loosed the sails, but the wind flung the ship back and broke her rudder and drove her upon a rocky coast where she went to pieces.

A few of our number were cast upon the shore, which was already strewn with numerous bales of goods and the wrecks of other ships. The abundance of wealth confounded the reason, and the passengers became like madmen in consequence. I went up into the island, and there I found a stream, that fairly glittered because of the precious stones that it contained. I beheld jewels and crystals of all kinds, together with large pearls suitable for kings.

We wandered about the island, carefully guarding our small stock of provisions, and soon we dared eat of it but sparingly lest it become exhausted. One after another of my companions died from hunger or fear, until at last I was left alone. So I wept, saying, "Would that I had died first!" And I dug a grave for myself and said, "When I fall sick I will lie down in this grave, and the wind will blow the sand over me and cover me, for thus only can I be buried." I blamed myself for my little sense and for going forth from my home where I was blessed with plenty and comfort.

Then I thought, "The river that I saw must have a beginning and an end. I will make a raft, and I will let it carry me down the river. If I

escape, well and good; if not, it will be better to die in the river than in this place."

Then I arose and collected planks and pieces of wood and made a raft for myself, and having taken with me a large quantity of pearls and ambergris, I launched the raft upon the river. Now the river came from beneath a cliff close by and disappeared in the earth under the opposite range of hills, and I was soon carried to a narrow place of intense darkness where the sides of the raft rubbed against the banks of the river and my head touched the roof above me. Then I blamed myself, saying, "If this river becomes narrower than the raft, I can neither go on nor go back, and I shall perish miserably." I threw myself upon my face upon the raft and went on down the river, which sometimes widened and sometimes grew narrow again. Thus I lay there upon my face in the darkness and knew not whether the time were long or short.

At length I awoke and found myself in the light. The raft was tied to the shore, and around me were a number of Indians. They spoke to me in their language, but I knew not what they said. Then a man advanced from among them and asked me in Arabic who I was and whence I had come.

"I beg of thee, O my master," I answered him, "to bring me some food, and then I will tell thee everything."

Accordingly he brought me food; after which I told him of all that had happened to me from beginning to end.

Then the men took me with them to their king, who was the king of Serendib, and acquainted him with what had happened. And the king wondered at the narrative and congratulated me upon my escape.

The island of Serendib is eighty leagues in length and thirty leagues in width, and there is upon it a lofty mountain containing different kinds of minerals and jewels and covered with spice trees. After diverting myself with a view of its wonders I went back to the king and begged for permission to return to my own country. He granted this permission, and having given me a present and a sealed letter, he said to me, "Carry these to the caliph Haroun al-Raschid and give him salutations from us." I replied, "I hear and I obey!"

Accordingly I departed thence and returned to Bagdad. The caliph conferred favors upon me, and I continued to enjoy the same pleasant life which

had formerly been mine. I forgot all my troubles and was full of joy. Come to me to-morrow, O Hindbad, and thou shalt hear my seventh story.

So the porter as usual went away satisfied, and returned on the following day to listen to the story of the seventh voyage.

SINDBAD'S SEVENTH VOYAGE

When I gave up my voyaging my whole time was spent in pleasure. But while I was sitting in my house one day, a page from the caliph came to me and said, "The caliph asks for thee."

I therefore went with the page to his majesty and kissed the ground before him; whereupon he said to me: "O Sindbad, I have an errand for thee. Wilt thou do it?"

So I said, "O my lord, what is the errand?"

"I desire to send a letter and a present to the king of Serendib," he answered me. And I trembled as I replied: "O my lord, I have taken a hatred to the sea. I have no desire to go forth from Bagdad." And I told him of all that had happened to me from first to last. He wondered exceedingly and said, "O Sindbad, surely no such

events have ever happened before. But for my sake thou wilt go this time, and thou shalt return with all haste, if it be the will of Allah, and we shall no longer owe a debt of courtesy to the king."

So, since I was unable to refuse his demand, I replied that I heard and obeyed. He then gave me the present and the letter, and money for my voyage, and I kissed his hands and departed.

I went from Bagdad to the sea and embarked on a ship, and we had a fair voyage to the island of Serendib.

As soon as we arrived I went to the king and kissed the ground before him. And when he saw me he said, "A friendly welcome to thee, O Sindbad." Then he took me by the hand and seated me by his side and showed me the greatest courtesy and kindness. I offered to him the present and the letter, saying: "O my lord, I have brought thee a present and a letter from my master, the caliph Haroun al-Raschid. The present consists of a horse worth a thousand pieces of gold, and a book, and a rich dress, and a hundred different kinds of white cloths from Egypt, and Greek carpets, and silk, and flax, and a wonderful crystal cup."

Then the king gave me many presents and treated me with honor, and after a few days I took leave of him to return to my own country, having no desire for further travel.

On our homeward voyage there suddenly appeared a number of boats, which surrounded us. In them were armed men, who conveyed us to an island, and here they sold us as slaves. A rich man bought me and carried me to his house, where he fed and clothed me and treated me in a friendly manner. One day he said to me, "Dost thou know any trade?" And I answered, "O my lord, I am a merchant, and can make nothing with my hands." And he said, "Dost thou know how to shoot with a bow and arrows?" And I said, "Yes, I know that." So he brought me a bow and arrows and mounted me behind him upon an elephant. We departed at dawn, and coming to a lofty tree, he made me climb it, saying: "Sit here, and when the elephants come to this place, shoot at them with thine arrows. If one of them should fall, come and tell me."

He then left me and I was full of terror. Presently the elephants came wandering about among the trees, and I shot one of them. I went to my master and told him, and he was pleased with me

and treated me with favor. He then carried away the slain elephant, in order that he might take the tusks for ivory.

In this manner I went on day after day, until one morning, as I was sitting in the tree, suddenly a large number of elephants came forth roaring and trumpeting. They surrounded the tree in which I was sitting, and a huge elephant, having wound his trunk around it, pulled it up by the roots. I fell down senseless among the elephants, and the large one lifted me to his back and went away, with the others following.

They came to a place where he threw me upon the ground, and I was left alone. All around me were the bones and tusks of elephants, and I doubted not that this must be their burial place, and that they had brought me hither in order that I might not kill more of them, since I did it only for their tusks. I marveled at their intelligence and journeyed a day and a night to find my master, who was overjoyed at my news. We went together to the place, and when he saw all the tusks his heart was glad. He carried away what he desired, and we went back to his house. He treated me with much kindness and said: "Thou hast shown me the way to great riches. Now thou art a free man."

Then I said to him, "O my master, wilt thou give me leave to go to my own country?" And he answered: "Yes, thou hast permission; but the time of our fair, at which we sell the ivory, is now near. It will be better for thee to wait until then. When the merchants depart from us I will send thee with them."

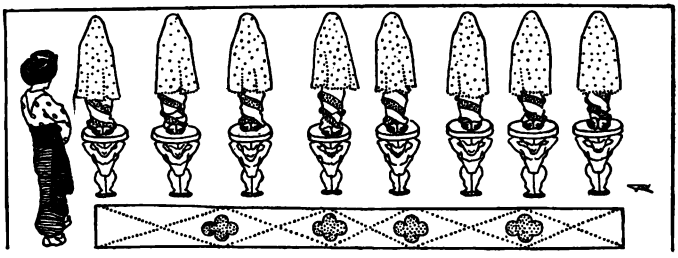
Soon after this the merchants came in a ship, and when they had bought and sold and exchanged, they took me away with them. We went from island to island and from place to place until we had crossed the sea and landed on the shores of the Persian Gulf. Here the merchants took forth what they had brought with them and sold it. I also sold what I had, and purchased beautiful presents and everything that I desired. Then I bought a beast to ride upon and crossed the deserts from country to country till we came to Bagdad. I went in to the caliph and saluted him and kissed his hands, after which I told him all that had happened, and he rejoiced at my safety and had my story written in letters of gold. This is the end of the history of my voyages.

When Sindbad had made an end of his story he bade his servants give Hindbad a hundred

pieces of gold, and said to him: "How now, O my brother? Hast thou ever heard of such disasters as I have suffered, and do I not deserve these pleasures as a compensation for what I have endured?"

Upon this Hindbad came forward and kissed his hands and said: "O my lord, thou hast indeed endured much and art deserving of all thy favors. Put away from thee now the memory of thy troubles, and may Allah grant thee a long life to enjoy thy good fortune!"

Sindbad then made the porter his friend and companion, and the two lived together in all happiness until they were visited by the destroyer of delights and the separator of companions.



PRINCE ZEYN AND THE KING OF THE JINN

THERE was once in the city of Balsora a sultan who was exceeding rich. He had one son, Prince Zeyn, a youth of great charm and intelligence. The young man had been carefully taught in all branches of human knowledge and was the pride of his father's heart.

"O my son," said the sultan one day, "I am growing old and feeble, and I desire to caution thee as to what thou shalt do when thou shalt rule in my place. Beware lest thou oppress the poor or fail to listen to their complaints! Spend wisely, and for thy subjects as well as for thyself. And trust not to the great ones of thy kingdom, but listen rather to the voice of the common people."

Not long after this the old sultan died, and Prince Zeyn reigned in his stead. But he forgot

the wise words he had heard and gave himself up to the pleasure of spending his vast wealth without regard to the good of his people. It was not long before he was as poor as he had been rich, and he then found himself deserted by those who had formerly praised and flattered him.

One night Prince Zeyn was restless. Hour after hour he tossed upon his bed, bewailing his folly. At length he fell asleep and dreamed that he saw an old man, who said to him, "O Zeyn al-Asnam, if thou wouldst put an end to thy present troubles, depart from Balsora and go to Cairo, where fortune awaits thee."

When Zeyn awoke he went to his mother and told her what the old man had said. She laughed at him and said: "O my son, put not thy faith in dreams. Cairo is a long way from here, and a journey thither can bring thee no good."

But the young man was not to be put off. After a long and wearisome journey he arrived at the famous city and lay down beside a mosque to sleep. In his dreams he saw the same old man, who said to him: "I am well pleased, my son, that thou hast given heed to my words. Thou hast shown courage and resolution. Return now to Balsora, and thou shalt find wealth at thy very door."

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In some disappointment Prince Zeyn returned to his palace, where his mother met him with rejoicing and advised him to forget his dreams in working for the good of his people.

That night, after the young prince had gone to his bed, he again had a vision of the old man, who said to him: "O Zeyn al-Asnam, the time has come. Take then a pickax, and go to the palace wherein thy father spent his last days. Dig in the earth there, and thou shalt find what will make thee rich."

When Zeyn told his mother of his dream she laughed at him, saying as before, "Put not thy trust in dreams." But he answered, "Nay, this dream is to be believed, for the old man spake truth."

"Go and dig," said she then. "At least thou wilt not have to travel to Cairo."

So he took a pickax, even as the old man had said, and going to his father's palace, he began to dig in the earth. Presently he saw an iron ring fixed in a slab of marble, which, being lifted, disclosed a staircase leading to a great hall, wherein were jars of green jade filled with gold. He took a little of the gold in his hand and went to find his mother.

"Beware," said she, "lest thou spend this foolishly also."

"Have no fear, O my mother," answered Zeyn. "I promise to do nothing without thy approval."

Then she went back with him, and shortly they espied a very small jar of the finest jade, in which was a tiny golden key.

"O my son," said the queen, "this will doubtless unlock a door which will lead to other treasures. Let us look about. Perchance we may discover it."

After a long search they found a keyhole in one of the panels of the wainscoting, and the door being opened, they could look into another hall, in which were eight wonderful statues, each cut from a single jewel. On a curtain of silk was fastened an inscription which read as follows: "O my son, I have toiled long to bring together these priceless statues, but there is another image which is even more precious. To find it thou must go to Cairo and seek out Mubarek, who was once my slave. He will direct thy search. Thou wilt find him without trouble, for he has become one of the chief men of that city."

So Zeyn set forth again for Cairo, and this time the queen found no fault with his decision. Mubarek, the former slave, lived in great splendor.

When he heard all that the son of his old master had to tell, he put his whole fortune at the young man's disposal.

"O my lord," said he to the prince, "I never received my freedom from thy father. Therefore all that I own is thine."

"It is my pleasure," replied Zeyn, "to give thee thy freedom and to make no claims to thy wealth. I ask in return thy help in finding the ninth statue."

"That I will gladly give," answered the grateful Mubarek, "but the enterprise will be full of danger. Rest here, therefore, while I gather a suitable escort."

Prince Zeyn waited with much impatience, for he was eager to begin his journey. In a few days everything was in readiness, and they set out, Mubarek cautioning the young man to spare himself undue fatigue. "We are about to visit," he explained, "the dreadful place where the ninth statue is kept. Summon up thy courage as we approach, for it will be sorely tried."

After several days of traveling they reached a grove where all the company dismounted. Leaving their horses with the attendants, the young prince and his guide proceeded on foot. "We are now," said Mubarek, "near the end of our journey.

Soon we shall come to a lake, and thou wilt see a boat which belongs to the king of the jinn. We shall be taken into this boat, which is enchanted, and ferried across the lake. See that thou showest no fear of the oarsman, however hideous he may appear. Nor must thou speak a single word while thou art with him, or the boat will instantly sink."

Presently the travelers reached the shore of a lake and saw a small boat moored near by, but they had hardly arrived at the water's edge when a terrible monster made his appearance. His body was like that of a lion, and he had the head of an elephant. Lifting first the prince and then Mubarek into his boat with his trunk, the ferryman conveyed them across the lake, and putting them ashore in the same way, vanished without a sound.

The island upon which Prince Zeyn now found himself was of the greatest natural beauty. Flowers and plants perfumed the air, trees laden with fruit overhung the travelers' heads, and all about them were singing-birds of every description. At length they came to a palace made of emeralds. Before the gate, which was of shining gold, several genii were on guard. The young prince was about to press forward undismayed, when Mubarek caught him by the hand.

The prince and Mubarek returned to Cairo even as they had come, but their search in that city was fruitless. Many beautiful maidens were to be found, it is true, but not one was able to stand the test of the magic mirror. Despairing of success in Egypt, Zeyn, still accompanied by Mubarek, traveled to Bagdad; and there, after many trials, he found, to his joy, a maiden as beautiful as the moon, whose reflection in the mirror was unsullied by mist or shadow.

Zeyn at once demanded the hand of the young girl in marriage, since this was the only way in which he could carry her away to Cairo, and his suit being successful, the wedding was celebrated with the greatest splendor.

"Now, O my lord," said Mubarek, "let us return with all speed and acquaint the king of the jinn with the news of thy success."

"Alas!" said the young sultan, "could any jeweled statue, however priceless and beautiful, eq[illegible] my lovely bride? Will it not be the part of [illegible]om to be co[illegible]th my present good fo[illegible] and return [illegible]ra? How can I give h[illegible] to a genie?

[illegible] my lord," [illegible]barek in dismay and [illegible]ation, "th[illegible]ven thy royal word and

[illegible]]

before the king of the jinn presented himself in the form of a man.

Prince Zeyn bowed himself before the noble figure and told his tale.

"O Zeyn al-Asnam," answered the king of the jinn, "I loved thy father, and it was I who gave him the eight statues. I caused him to write the inscription which sent thee upon this quest. It was I who appeared to thee in dreams, both in Balsora and in Cairo. Now I will give thee what thou seekest, provided that thou art worthy of such a trust. To prove it thou must find for me a maiden without spot or flaw either in her beauty or in her goodness."

"That will I do, upon my royal word," said Prince Zeyn; "but how shall I know when I have met with such a maiden? Of her beauty I may judge, but her goodness will not be so easily tested."

"Thou sayest well," said the king of the jinn. "Behold! here is a mirror which will reveal to thee the truth. If, when the maiden gazes into it, there is any cloud or mist upon its clearness, she is not the one for whom thou art seeking. Be faithful and diligent and forget not the promise thou hast made."

that is of more value than all else besides. I beseech thee to hearken to me rather than to the voice of thy affections."

"Let it be so," said Prince Zeyn after a long struggle with himself; "but let me not see the maiden again, until the time comes for me to fulfill my agreement."

Accordingly they set out on the journey to Cairo, and in due time were once more in the presence of the king of the jinn. He gazed at the maiden a long while without speaking; then, turning to Zeyn, he commended his zeal and his faithfulness. "Return to thy kingdom," he added, "and in its place thou wilt find the ninth statue, even as I have promised."

Zeyn took his leave, overwhelmed with sorrow. The coveted reward of his labors gave no satisfaction. On his arrival in Balsora his mother received him with joy and pride.

"Let us go at once, my son," she cried, "and look upon this wonderful image!"

"Alas!" cried Prince Zeyn, "it has now little value in my eyes, compared with what I have lost. However, as I have paid so high a price for it, and as it is thy pleasure to do so, we will go and look at it."

They descended into the hall below the palace, where the eight statues were, and there on the ninth pedestal stood the veiled figure of a living woman. It was the maiden whom Prince Zeyn had carried to Cairo. When she saw the prince she said to him, "Dost thou regret that thou must take me in place of the ninth image?"

"No," cried the overjoyed lover, "for thou art more to me than all the jewels in the world."

Scarce had the prince finished speaking when a noise like thunder was heard, and the king of the jinn appeared. The mother of Prince Zeyn was filled with alarm and began to tremble.

"Fear not, madam," the genie said to her. "I am thy son's protector, as I was his father's friend. O Zeyn al-Asnam, this is thy bride. Take her and love her and let no one come between her and thee."

Then the king of the jinn vanished from sight. Prince Zeyn immediately had the bridal celebrated in every part of his dominions. For many years he reigned, judging, commanding, and forbidding; and he continued to live in joy and happiness with his lovely wife until there came to them the destroyer of delights and the separator of companions.

THE TALKING BIRD

ONCE upon a time there lived a king of Persia, named Kosrouschah, whose custom it was to wander about his city at night in disguise, in order that he might obtain a knowledge of affairs. One evening, in company with his vizier, he was walking through the streets where the poorer people lived, when he heard from within a house the voices of women in eager conversation. Going near the house he peeped in at the door and saw three fair sisters who were talking together about what they most longed for.

Said the eldest, "I wish I were married to the shah's chief baker, for then I should have the finest and sweetest bread in the whole kingdom to eat."

Said the second, "I would rather marry the shah's cook and eat of all the dainty dishes that are served in the palace."

Then said the third, who was by far the loveliest of the three: "O my sisters, I should like to marry the shah himself. Perhaps I should become the mother of a prince whose hair would be gold on one side of his head and silver on the other."

The shah was amused at all this and determined that he would gratify the three wishes. So he said to his vizier, "Mark well what house this is, and to-morrow bring these maidens before me." "To hear is to obey," said the vizier, and they went back to the palace.

When morning came the vizier brought the three sisters to the king, who said to them kindly, "O maidens, what were you wishing for last evening?"

Then the sisters stood silent with shame and embarrassment and for a time could not pluck up courage to speak, but at last, craving the shah's pardon, they told him the whole story. When he had heard the wishes repeated he said, "It shall be as you have desired." Accordingly the three weddings were arranged for. The eldest sister was married to the chief baker, and the next became the bride of the head cook; while after suitable preparations there was a grand royal wedding, and the shah took the youngest sister for his queen.

Now although each of the sisters had obtained precisely what she had asked for, the hearts of the two elder were filled with anger and jealousy. For many months they cherished these hateful feelings, and whenever they saw the young queen in her beauty and happiness they could only plan how to make her miserable. She, on the other hand, showed them all kindness and affection and was always eager to give them pleasure.

In course of time the queen had a little son, and the elder sisters begged that they might take care of him. He was a beautiful child, but his cruel aunts were not moved by his beauty or his helplessness. Wrapping the baby in a piece of an old blanket, they put him into a basket and set him adrift upon a canal which flowed under the palace windows. Then they went to the shah with a dreadful story which made him believe that the child was dead and that his wife had bewitched it in some mysterious fashion. At first the king was angry, but his vizier spoke soothingly to him and said: "O king, be not unjust! Surely the child's mother is not responsible for its death."

Meanwhile the basket which held the little prince was carried by the canal through the gardens and fell under the eye of the intendant of the

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royal parks, who happened to be walking along the bank. When he saw what the basket contained he carried it home to his wife, saying: "Allah has sent us a son. Take care of him as if he were our own, and he shall be a blessing to us in our old age."

The wife was greatly pleased, for they had no children, and in their delight they did not try to discover the child's real parents. The following year another son was born to the queen, and the wicked sisters had no more pity for the child and his mother than they had shown before. They told a similar story to the shah, and they set the prince adrift on the canal as they had his brother. Fortunately, the intendant was again walking by the canal, and he carried the second child home to his wife. As for the shah, he began to feel that his wife was not so fair and good as she seemed; and if the grand vizier had not protested, she would have suffered from his anger.

A third time a child was born in the palace, and this time it was a beautiful little girl. She shared the same fate as her brothers and was taken home to the intendant's wife to be brought up as her own daughter. As for Kosrouschah, he could no longer contain his anger and his disappointment,

and he ordered that his wife should be shut up in a cage in the public square, as if she were a wild beast. The vizier did not dare to interfere, and accordingly the poor lady was placed behind iron bars, where all might gaze upon her. But so great were her patience and her courage that many people pitied her and would have rejoiced at her release.

Now as the three children grew older they were surrounded by constant care and tenderness. The elder prince was named Bahman, the younger Parvez, and the princess Perizade; all of these being famous names in Persian history.

As soon as the princes were old enough, tutors and masters taught them reading and writing and all the arts and sciences, and as the princess was eager to learn she soon knew as much as her brothers did. In fact, all three made such progress in their studies that they excelled in every branch of knowledge. The intendant had bought a piece of land outside the city and built for his family a house of great magnificence, surrounding it with a garden of wonderful flowers and shrubs. Here, when his years of active service were over, he retired to enjoy his children and his country pleasures; and here, his time being come, he died.

Now neither the intendant nor his wife had ever told the three children the strange story of their coming into his home, and they all thought him to be their father. After the death of their supposed parents they continued to live happily together in all affection and loyalty.

One day it happened that an old woman came to their door when the young princes were away and begged leave to enter and repeat her prayers, as it was the appointed hour of public worship. Perizade gave her a kindly welcome, and seeing that her guest was weary, offered her rest and refreshment before she went on her way.

The old woman was one of those who devote their lives to pilgrimages and religious observances, and the princess presently became eager to learn how her home compared with others which the wanderer might have visited.

"Tell me," she said, "what is thy opinion of this house and its furnishings? Is all as it should be, or is there something lacking? I am not a traveler like thyself, and I shall be grateful for thy judgment."

Said the old woman, "Since thou hast asked me, I confess to thee that while the house and its furnishings are almost perfect, yet to my thinking

there are still three things which would make it even more beautiful than it is."

Then Perizade begged her to name the three things that were lacking, saying, "Tell me what they are, that I may lose no time in obtaining them."

"O lady," said the old woman, "the first thing is the Talking Bird. He is very rare and hard to find, but whenever he pours out his melodious notes thousands of birds fly to him from every side and join in his singing. The next thing is the Singing Tree, whose smooth and glossy leaves, when shaken by the wind, send forth tuneful notes. The third thing is the Golden Water, a single drop of which, if placed in a basin, will presently fill the basin full and will spout upward in a never-ending fountain."

"I am sure," said the princess, "that thou canst tell me where these things are to be found, and how I can obtain them."

Then said the holy woman: "These three wonders are on the boundary line of the land of Hind, on the road that leads eastward from this very house. Let him who goes in search of them ask the first person he meets on the twentieth day of his journey, and he will be directed to the place

where they may be found." Having said this, she rose and went her way.

Perizade pondered deeply on what the old woman had told her, and the more she thought of it the more difficult did the adventure appear. When her brothers returned at night they were amazed to find her so unlike her usual gay and happy self.

"O sister," said Prince Bahman, "why art thou so sad to-night? Tell us, I entreat thee, and either let us share thy sorrow or try to drive it away."

"It is nothing," said the princess.

But Prince Bahman persisted: "There is something on thy mind, and I will never leave thee until I know what it is. Perhaps thou art weary of our affection, or we have annoyed thee in some way."

Then the princess saw that she must explain, so she said: "O my brother, this house which our dear father built for us has always seemed to us perfect and complete, but to-day I have learned of three things which it still lacks. These three things are the Talking Bird, the Singing Tree, and the Golden Water, and ever since I heard of them my heart has been heavy from its desire to possess them."

"O my sister," said Prince Bahman, "I will go forth to-morrow at break of day in quest of them, if thou wilt give me some clue as to where they are to be found."

Accordingly Perizade told him all that she knew concerning these marvels, but the next morning, as he was about to set forth, she came to him with her eyes full of tears.

"Brother," she said, "give up this journey. It may be full of danger, and I shall die of anxiety lest some evil overtake thee."

"My mind is made up," said Bahman, "and I must carry out this adventure. But here is a token by which thou shalt know of my fate, be it good or ill."

Drawing from his belt a hunting knife, he gave it to his sister, saying: "If at any time thou hast a longing to know of my condition, pull this out of its sheath. If the steel is clean and bright, it will show that I am alive and well; but if it is stained with blood, then thou wilt know that I have perished."

With these words the young prince rode away on the road that led eastward to India. And upon the twentieth day he saw a hideous old man, sitting under a tree near a small thatched hut. His

hair was as white as snow, and his beard was so long that it swept the ground. Upon his head he wore a broad-brimmed hat, and his only clothing was a strip of matting bound about his body.

From early dawn Prince Bahman had been watchful and vigilant, and this was the first human being that he had seen. So riding up to the old man and saluting him with all respect, he said, "O sir, may Allah prolong thy days and grant thy wishes!"

The old man's mustache was so heavy and long that not a word of his answer could be understood. Prince Bahman therefore pulled out a pair of scissors and said: "O holy man, thy lips are covered by this long hair. Let me make thee less like a wild beast and more like a human being."

The dervish consented by a nod, and when his mustache was clipped, his face looked fresh and young. Then said the prince, "I would that I had a mirror to show thee how thou art improved."

This pleased the dervish, and he said, "I thank thee, my son, and if in return I could grant thee a favor, I would do it with all my heart and soul."

Then said the prince: "O holy man, I have come from distant lands in search of three things — the Talking Bird, the Singing Tree, and the

Golden Water. I have been told that they are near this place, and if thou knowest aught concerning them, I beg thee to tell me."

At these words the dervish turned pale. "O stranger," he said, "it is true that I know where these things are to be found, but the path is hard to travel and beset with danger. Many have come to me and have demanded the road, and not one of them has returned to me safe and sound. If life has any value in thy sight, go back to thy home."

"Nay," said Prince Bahman, "whatever the dangers, I am determined to make the attempt."

Seeing that the young man was not to be turned aside, the dervish thrust his hand into a bag beside him and drew out a ball.

"Alas! O my son," he said, "I must even let thee follow thy willful way. Take this ball and throw it in front of thee. So long as it rolls upon the ground, ride after it, but when it stops at the foot of a hill, dismount and throw the reins upon thy horse's neck, for he will not move until thy return. Then climb the hill. On each side thou wilt see a number of huge black stones. The sound of loud and terrifying voices will fill thee with fear, but be not dismayed, and, whatever

happens, do not look back. If thou cast but one glance backward, thou wilt be transformed into a black stone like those which lie scattered along the way. At the top of the hill is the cage that holds the Talking Bird. He will tell thee where to find the Singing Tree and the Golden Water."

Then the prince thanked the dervish and mounted his horse. When he threw the ball in front of him it rolled onward at racing speed, but as he drew near the hill he saw that it had stopped. Dismounting, he threw the reins upon his horse's neck and went on afoot up the steep slope as he had been told to do. Scattered along the path were the huge black stones of which the dervish had spoken, and scarcely had he taken a dozen steps when a frightful din arose behind him. Prince Bahman walked on bravely with his usual spirit for a while, but as the shouts drew nearer and nearer he was sadly disturbed. His legs began to tremble in spite of himself, his head was dizzy, and at length, unable to go farther, he looked back and was immediately changed into a great black stone.

Meanwhile the Princess Perizade carried the little hunting knife in her belt, and every day she drew it forth to see how her beloved brother fared.

On the evening when he was changed into stone Prince Parvez said to her, "O sister mine, let me look at the knife to see if Bahman is safe."

As soon as the blade was drawn from the sheath the brother and sister gave a cry of horror, for it was stained with blood.

"O my sister," cried the young prince, "I must set forth at once to discover what has happened to our brother."

It was in vain that Perizade begged him to stay with her, lest the same fate overtake him. Placing in her hand a string of pearls, he said to her, "So long as these pearls move easily back and forth upon the string, thou mayst be certain that I am alive and well; but if they cling together, then thou wilt know that I am in danger."

The princess hung the pearls about her neck, and every hour of the day she fingered them to make sure that her brother was safe. As for him, he had followed in his brother's footsteps and in twenty days had come to the dervish, who warned him, with even more than his usual energy, to turn back while there was yet time. But the prince would not listen to him, and having received one of the balls from the old man, he rode forward as his brother had done.

Scarcely had he begun to climb the hill, when he heard threatening voices crying out upon him to stop. Louder and louder sounded the insults and jeers, until in a rage he drew his sword and turned to smite his tormentors, when instantly he became a black stone.

At this very moment Perizade was counting her pearls and was overcome with despair when she found that the beads were sticking together so closely that she could not separate a single one from the rest.

"Ah, woe is me!" she cried in her grief; "it is now only right that I should seek the fate to which I have sent my beloved brothers."

Accordingly the next morning she disguised herself as a man, and telling her servants that she was bound upon a long journey, she set forth upon the road to India. She was a skilled horse-woman, having shared all her brothers' pursuits, and in twenty days' time she, likewise, found herself at the hermit's hut and begged for his assistance.

"O stranger," said the dervish when she had stated her wishes, "thy voice tells me that thou art a woman. Little canst thou dream of the dangers that lurk about yonder path. Better far

will it be to give up all thought of seeking the Talking Bird, the Singing Tree, and the Golden Water, and to go back along the road thou hast just traveled. Others, braver and stronger than thou art, have lost their lives in the search. Return, I entreat thee, and forget thy quest."

"O holy man," said the princess, "I thank thee for the warning, but I shall never go back until I have succeeded in my attempt."

Then the dervish described to her all the terrors that would beset her as soon as she began the ascent of the hill.

"It is clear," she answered bravely, "that these voices can do naught but threaten me and try to frighten me by their terrible noise. Therefore I shall stop my ears with cotton, so that I may not be disturbed."

At this the dervish marveled greatly, for none of the others had thought of this device, and he said: "O lady, perhaps thou art destined to get the things thou art seeking. Take good heed to thyself, however, and forget not what I have said."

Then he gave her one of his balls and bade her farewell. The ball rolled along in front of her until it came to the hill. Dismounting, the princess stopped her ears with cotton and began to

climb the slope. Immediately a furious outcry arose all around her, but because of the cotton she heard only a faint echo of the dreadful sounds.

As she approached the top of the hill the path grew steeper and steeper and the uproar was more terrifying than ever, but she pressed on with never a backward glance, until she saw a cage wherein a bird was singing. Running across the level space which still separated her from the object of her search, she seized the cage, crying, "At last I have thee, and thou shalt not escape me!"

Then Perizade pulled the cotton wool from her ears and heard the Talking Bird say: "O lady, be of good cheer, thy sorrows are ended. No harm can now befall thee. What is thy command, that I may hasten to carry out thy wishes?"

Then said the princess, "There are many things I want, but first tell me if the Golden Water is near this place."

The bird directed her at once to the magic fountain, which was close by, and having filled a flagon which she had brought with her, she went on, "The third thing I am seeking is the Singing Tree."

"O princess," said the Talking Bird, "in yonder thicket the tree is growing."

So she went quickly to the thicket and found the leaves singing in sweetest tones. But the tree had a huge trunk, and coming back to the bird she said reproachfully, "I have found the tree, it is true, but how can I pull it up?"

Then the bird answered: "Pluck but a tiny branch and plant it in thy garden. In a short time it will be as fair a growth as the parent tree."

So the princess broke off a twig, and now her spirits rose, and she was exceedingly joyful. Turning to the bird, she said: "There is only one thing more that I crave, and I am sure that thou canst help me. My brothers, who ventured forth at my desire, are lying somewhere on this hillside in the shape of black stones. Tell me how they may be brought to life again, and my happiness fulfilled."

"O princess," said the Talking Bird, "the thing is simple and easy. Sprinkle some of the Golden Water from thy flagon upon the black stones, and every one of them shall come to life."

Immediately Perizade started down the hill, and as she passed the black stones she sprinkled upon each one a few drops from her silver flagon, when lo! they became men once more. Among them were her brothers, whom she embraced in delight.

"What are you doing here," she chided them, "while I have been so anxious about you?"

And they told her that they had been asleep, whereupon she could not forbear saying, "Yes, and you would have slept for all time had it not been for me."

Then all the other rescued men pressed about her, thanking her and praising her, but she said, "I was seeking my brothers, and my only purpose was to bring them back to life; but since you have profited by this, I accept your thanks as another pleasure."

She then mounted her horse, and placing the cage before her on the pommel of her saddle, she gave the branch of the Singing Tree to Prince Bahman to carry and bade Prince Parvez take charge of the silver flagon. Now when they were ready to ride forth, the princess turned to the knights and squires around her and said: "Why do we delay our going? Is no one of you ready to lead us?"

Then they all answered, "O princess, there is none among us who is worthy to ride before thee."

So when she saw that no one would take the place of honor, she pushed on to the front, and her brothers and the rest followed her. And as they

journeyed they desired to see the holy man and thank him, but when they reached the place where he dwelt they found that he was dead. Nor could they know whether old age had taken him away, or whether he had perished because the princess had found the three things he had been appointed to guard.

All the company rode on, and in time each went his own way and the princess and her brothers were left alone. At length they reached their journey's end, and on approaching the house Perizade hung the cage in the garden. No sooner did the Talking Bird begin to sing, than the air was filled with nightingales and skylarks and other songsters, that came flocking about him from near and far. She also planted the tiny branch which she had taken from the Singing Tree, and at once it took root and put forth branches until it was as large as the tree from which she had plucked it, while from its leaves went forth the most bewitching music. Lastly she ordered a basin of pure white marble to be set in the midst of the pleasure grounds, and when she had poured the Golden Water into this, a fountain immediately shot up into the air to a height of twenty feet, falling back into the bowl without the loss of a single drop.

In a few days the report of these wonders was noised abroad, and the folk came daily from the city to see them. The great gates always stood wide open, and all who wished might enter, and enjoy the marvelous sights and sounds.

Some time later, when the princes had fully recovered from their long journey, they went on a hunting trip, as had been their custom. As it chanced, they met in the wood the shah, who was also in pursuit of game. So narrow was the path that the two princes dismounted, and saluting their sovereign with all respect, stood aside to give him room. Pleased with their courtesy and with their noble appearance, Kosrouschah asked them who they were.

"O sir," said Prince Bahman, "we are the sons of one whose life was spent in the service of the shah. As his days drew to an end he built himself a house outside the city for us to live in until we were fit to do thee honor and to carry out thy commands."

Then the king said: "The shah sees you are fond of hunting. Choose your game and let us see how skillful you are."

The princes immediately mounted their horses and rode off into the thickest part of the forest.

Here Bahman started a tiger, and Parvez a bear, and they soon brought their prizes to lay before their sovereign.

"It is enough," said the shah. "Come now and stand before your ruler while he is at dinner."

"We are unworthy of such high honor," said Prince Bahman, "and moreover to-day we must beg to be excused; but if our royal master will appoint another time, we will gladly wait upon him."

This refusal astonished Kosrouschah, and he did not hesitate to ask the reason for it.

"May I be thy sacrifice, O king!" answered Bahman, "but we have at home a dearly-loved sister, and neither of us goes anywhere without her knowledge and approval."

The king was pleased at Bahman's reply and dismissed the brothers, saying, "Consult your sister, and to-morrow meet the shah at this place."

When the two princes reached home they forgot to tell Perizade that they had seen the king. And as they hunted in the forest the next day they came suddenly upon him and were filled with fear. As soon as he saw them, he cried, "What answer bring you from your sister?"

At these words the princes grew pale, and Bahman said, "Pardon, O Refuge of the World, but we forgot the command and have not yet told our sister."

Then said the king, "It is no great matter. You are forgiven. Ask her to-day and bring me word to-morrow."

But again they forgot the message, and still the shah was not angry with them. Taking from his pocket three little golden balls, he gave them to Prince Bahman, saying: "Put these in thy girdle and thou wilt not forget again. When thou takest off thy girdle they will fall to the floor, and the sound will remind thee of thy promise."

Thus it happened. When Prince Bahman loosened his girdle at night, down fell the golden balls, and at the sound the shah's message came into his mind. At once he and his brother hastened to acquaint Perizade with all that had occurred. She grieved over their carelessness, saying: "It is a dangerous thing to forget royal wishes. The shah has been kind and courteous to you, and you have done foolishly and have caused me much trouble of mind. However, I will take counsel from the Talking Bird. Perhaps he will tell us what we should do."

When the bird had been consulted, he said, "O princess, it is thy duty to make ready a feast for the king and to invite him to this house and to show him all loyalty and devotion."

Now the next day, when the two brothers met Kosrouschah, he said to them, "What answer do you bring?" And Bahman came forward and said: "O sir, we are thy slaves and will obey thee in all things. But we desire first to beg thy forgiveness for our neglect and discourtesy. Our sister is sore displeased with us because we did not make haste to carry out thy commands."

Then the king said, "No crime has been committed; nay, it is good to see the love you bear your sister."

At these gracious words the princes hung their heads for shame, but the shah cheered them with his favor and friendliness and ordered them to ride by his side. On the way to the palace all eyes were fixed upon the two youths, and men asked one another: "Who are they that ride beside the shah? Allah send him a son as gallant and brave!"

The king received the princes in his private room, wherein a table had been richly spread, and having seated himself, he motioned to them that

they should do likewise. Then, to test their wit and wisdom, he urged them to talk, which they did with modesty and good sense. When at last they rose from the table, he exclaimed: "Never before has the shah set eyes on youths so well-bred and intelligent! Come ye both again to-morrow."

Then Prince Bahman answered with all respect, "It is our dearest wish, O Refuge of the World, that to-morrow thou shalt condescend to enter our poor house and rest in it after the fatigue of the hunt."

The shah, more and more delighted with their courteous ways, thanked the brothers and agreed to accept their invitation; whereupon they returned to their home and told their sister of everything that had happened.

"That is well," said Perizade, "and now we must see to it that all is ready for a royal feast, or we shall be put to shame. I shall ask the Talking Bird to tell me what meats and dainties I ought to serve."

Accordingly the princess ordered the bird's cage to be brought in, and asked for his counsel.

"O princess," he said, "thy cooks are of the best. Bid them prepare their choicest dishes, and all shall be well; only take pains that they set

before the shah some green cucumbers stuffed with pearls."

"What!" cried the princess in amazement. "Never did I hear of such a dish. Besides, I have not enough pearls to stuff a single tiny cucumber."

"That is a small matter," said the Talking Bird. "Go thou to-morrow to the garden at an early hour and cause a hole to be dug under the first tree at the right of the avenue. There thou shalt find all the pearls thou wilt require."

So after dawn on the next day Perizade went with a gardener's boy as directed by the bird, and in a short time the lad's spade struck upon something hard. There in the ground was a golden casket nearly a foot square.

"It is what I expected," said the princess to the astonished boy, and she opened the box forthwith. Lo! it was filled with pearls fresh from the sea, all of one size and perfectly suited to her purpose.

Rejoicing with exceeding joy, Perizade ran back to the house and told her story. The two princes marveled at the tale and could think of no good reason for serving the shah with so strange a dish. But Perizade said, "The Talking Bird has always given good counsel; therefore it is my part to do as he commands."

The cook also listened in wonderment to his mistress. "I can see by thy face," she said to him, "that thou thinkest something is wrong with my wits when I give orders for such a dish. But what is that to thee? Here is a box brimful of pearls; take what may be needed and make no talk about the matter."

While the amazed cook was carrying out this command, and the princess was taking a final look at the house and grounds to make sure that all was in readiness for their guest, the brothers rode forth in rich attire to meet him. As the day was warm, the shah soon gave up the chase and returned with the princes to their home. Perizade was ready to receive them, and when the shah saw her face he was astonished at her loveliness. She led him through the house and showed him the beauties of it, and he admired all that he saw.

When they had examined everything within doors Kosrouschah said to the princess, "This house of thine is far grander than any palace owned by the shah, and he would now like to see the gardens."

Accordingly the princess threw open the outer door, and immediately a wonderful fountain was seen, clear as crystal and golden in color, throwing its waters high into the air.

The shah was gazing upon it with delight when a chorus of sweet voices came to his ears. He turned about in every direction to discover the singers, but no one was in sight. Completely puzzled, he exclaimed, "Whence come these wonderful sounds?"

Then the princess said with a smile, "It is true, O king of the age, that no singers are here, but walk a little further on and examine the tree that stands before thee."

Presently the shah turned to the princess in amazement and said to her: "O my lady, whence came so marvelous a tree? Was it brought to thee as a rare gift from some far land?"

And Perizade answered, "O king of kings, the Singing Tree grows not in this country, it is true. I obtained the tree and the Golden Water and the Talking Bird at one and the same time. Permit me to show this last wonder, and I will then tell the tale of these three things, while the shah rests from the fatigue of his hunting."

"The shah's fatigue is gone already," answered Kosrouschah, "so now let us visit the Talking Bird."

Then the princess led the king to the casement where the cage was hanging, and lo! thousands

of songsters were filling the air with their music. And the shah marveled as he had done before.

"Ho, my bird," said the princess, "dost thou not perceive the king of the age?" Whereupon the Talking Bird ceased his singing, and all the other warblers sat in deepest silence. Then said the wonderful bird in a human voice, "O great king, may Allah grant thee health and happiness!" and the shah returned his salutation.

Meanwhile the choicest foods had been placed upon the tables, and all the company took their seats. The dish of cucumbers was brought in and set before the king, whose seat was near the window where the cage was hung. When he saw the cucumbers stuffed with pearls, he exclaimed: "What is this dish? It cannot be meant to be eaten. Why, then, is it placed before the shah?"

As no one knew what to say, there was a silence until the Talking Bird answered: "O king of the age, dost thou think it so strange to see cucumbers stuffed with pearls? And yet thou couldst believe that thy good queen had bewitched her three little children and caused their death. This should have been a far greater wonder to thee."

Then said the shah: "I believed the saying of the queen's own sisters. What else could I do?"

"O king," said the Talking Bird, "none of the truth is hidden from me. They were the queen's sisters, it is true, but their hearts were filled with jealousy and anger and hatred. These two noble youths and this lovely lady are thine own children, who were taken away from thee by the wicked sisters and only saved by the decree of destiny. And now, O Kosrouschah, wake from thy neglect and ignorance, and know the truth!"

When the shah heard these words, he said, "O bird, I am indeed convinced that all is even as thou hast said, for my heart has yearned with affection toward these my children since first I saw them." And he turned to them with tearful eyes as they ran forward to embrace him. Then they all sat down at the tables again, and when they had finished eating, Kosrouschah said, "O my children, I must leave you now, but when I come again I will bring your mother with me."

So saying, he mounted his horse and departed to the palace, and as soon as he was seated upon his throne he said to the grand vizier: "This moment thou shalt send and bind in heaviest chains the two wicked sisters of my innocent queen. They shall have the punishment that they deserve."

Having said this, Kosrouschah went on foot to the place where the queen had been caged for so many years, and with his own hands he led her forth, tenderly embracing her and crying: "May Allah forgive me for all my cruelty and injustice toward thee! Come with me to the palace, and shortly thou shalt see our two sons and our daughter, who have grown to be the loveliest of beings."

Then the queen donned her royal robes and her jewels and went with the king to meet her children, and all the folk of the city blessed her as she passed. The princes and their sister were waiting to greet their mother, and tears of joy flowed down their cheeks when she clasped them in her arms.

Great rejoicings followed throughout all the kingdom. In her perfect happiness the queen forgot the sorrows of her captivity and lived to enjoy many years of comfort and satisfaction, blessed with the company of her children and husband and daily diverted by the marvelous Talking Bird.

ALADDIN AND THE WONDERFUL LAMP

PART I

THERE was once, in a city of China, a poor tailor named Mustapha, who had an idle, good-for-nothing son. This boy, who was called Aladdin, would not consent to learn a trade or to help his father in the shop, but spent all his time playing with the lads of the neighborhood.

After a time Mustapha died, and his wife, seeing that her son was a lazy scapegrace, sold the shop and supported herself and the boy by spinning. One day when Aladdin was about fifteen years old, as he was playing with some lads of his own age he saw a stranger approaching, who seemed to watch him with much interest. Presently the man drew one of the boys aside and questioned him as to Aladdin's history; after which he came forward and spoke to the youth himself.

"Tell me, my boy," said he, "art thou the son of Mustapha the tailor?"

"Yes, my lord," answered Aladdin, "but he has been dead a long time."

When the stranger heard this he threw himself upon Aladdin's neck, embracing him and weeping so that the tears ran down his cheeks. Aladdin was astonished at this, and said, "What is the cause of thy grief, O my lord?"

The stranger answered in a mournful tone: "O my boy, canst thou ask me such a question when my brother, thy father, is dead? I was rejoicing at the thought of seeing him, and now I hear that he is no more! Show me, I pray thee, where I may find his wife."

So Aladdin pointed out the way to his home, and the stranger added, "Take this money, my lad, and give it to thy mother and tell her that shortly I will visit her."

Aladdin ran home, breathless with joy, and greatly astonished his poor mother, who never looked for him except at mealtime. She was equally astonished at his story, for she had never heard of Mustapha's brother. However, she arose and went into the market and bought all that was needful for her guest's entertainment.

As for the stranger, who was an African magician, he appeared at the time of the evening meal, bringing with him wine and fruits. He saluted Aladdin's mother and showed so much grief at her loss that she ceased to doubt his story. He told her that he had been an exile from his native country for forty years, that his home was in Africa, and that led by the desire to see his brother he had revisited the land of his birth. When he saw Aladdin at play in the street, he felt so sudden and deep an affection for the boy that he was convinced of his relationship. By this time, seeing that the good woman was in tears, he pretended to comfort her, and as if to distract her attention, he said to Aladdin, "Well, my son, what craft hast thou learned, and what business dost thou follow?"

At this Aladdin was ashamed and hung down his head, while his mother answered for him: "He has learned nothing! So idle a lad I never saw. All day long he plays with the boys in the street, and as for me, my case is a sad one. I toil night and day spinning cotton, and I have little strength left."

Then the magician turned to Aladdin and said: "O son of my brother, how is this? It is a disgrace

and a shame upon thee that thy mother should toil for thee now that thou art a man. Choose, then, the craft which pleases thee, and I will help thee to establish thyself in it."

The magician perceived by Aladdin's silence that the boy had no mind to any craft at all. "Be not ashamed to speak thy thoughts," he went on. "If a craft does not please thee, I will establish thee in a merchant's shop, and thou shalt give and take and sell and buy in the city."

When Aladdin heard this he rejoiced exceedingly, and the magician, seeing him smile, said to him, "To-morrow I will take thee to the market and buy suitable clothing for thee, and after that I will set thee up in business."

Now Aladdin's mother was convinced that the magician was indeed her brother-in-law, and she bade her son put away his folly and idleness and obey his uncle in all things. Aladdin could not sleep that night for joy, nor could he believe in his good fortune. But in the morning, behold! the magician knocked at the door. He took Aladdin by the hand and led him to a shop and urged him to choose the costliest stuffs for his clothing. Then they went through the market, watching the buying and selling, and admiring the fine buildings.

When night came the magician took the boy back to his mother and said to her: "To-morrow I will show him the gardens and parks of the city — it may be he has not seen them all — and he shall meet the merchant folk who are staying here, so that they may become acquainted with him. On Saturday we will open our shop."

On the morrow the enchanter knocked at the door, and Aladdin went in haste, like a spark of fire, to open to him. They went off together and walked among the parks and pleasure gardens until they were weary. At length they sat down by a lake to rest awhile and to eat of the food which the magician had brought in his girdle. After they had eaten and were refreshed they walked on until they came within sight of a high mountain.

Now Aladdin had never before gone outside the gate of the city, and he said to the magician: "O my uncle, where are we going? See, we have left all the gardens behind us, and I am worn out with fatigue."

"O my son," said the magician, "this is the way, and the gardens are not yet at an end."

So he amused the boy with stories, until they arrived at a barren spot among the mountains.

"Now, my son," said the magician, "sit here until thou art rested, and then fetch me a pile of sticks and grass and reeds, so that I may make a fire. I am about to show thee a very wonderful thing."

When Aladdin heard this he forgot his fatigue and fell to gathering brushwood and dry sticks.

Then the magician took from his pocket a box of perfumes and made a fire of the sticks, muttering strange words and incantations, so that Aladdin was alarmed. But the magician soothed his fear and said to him, "O my son, obey me in all that I shall say to thee, and straightway thou shalt forget thy trouble and fright." As he spoke the sky darkened, and the earth opened at their feet, showing a flat stone in which was a brass ring.

"Under this stone," said the magician, "is a treasure that shall make thee richer than all the kings. But thou must listen to what I have to tell thee and lose not a word of my speech."

At this Aladdin was filled with joy, and promised obedience to his uncle's slightest command.

"Go then," said the magician, "and lift the stone by the ring."

Accordingly Aladdin, taking courage, laid hold of the ring and raised the slab. Beneath it was a stone staircase which led down into the earth.

"O Aladdin," said the magician, "do exactly as I shall tell thee, or evil will befall us both. Go down these stairs, and thou shalt find a place divided into four rooms, in each of which thou wilt see jars of gold and silver and precious stones. Pass by them all, taking care that thy clothing does not touch the jars or the walls, for in that case thou wilt become a black stone. Beyond, thou wilt find a garden full of trees and fruit, and at its further end there hangs a lamp that thou art to bring back to me. Pour out the oil and place the lamp in thy sleeve and fear not for thy clothing, for the oil is a magic oil and will do no manner of harm. On thy return thou mayst pluck any of the fruits in the garden, for all that thou seest will be thine."

Then the magician drew from his finger a ring and put it on Aladdin's finger and bade him go down into the earth without fear. So Aladdin arose and went down, passing by the jars with all care and precaution, and at last he saw the lamp at the further end of the garden. He poured out the oil and, placing the lamp in his sleeve, gazed about him. He was amazed to see that the fruits of the trees were all precious stones, each tree bearing jewels of one kind; and the size and brilliance of the gems were beyond description.

Now Aladdin thought that they were all glass, as he knew not jewels nor their value, and he said to himself, "I will gather these glass fruits and play with them at home." So he filled his pockets and his sleeves and his girdle with the gems and hastened back to the staircase, not looking, as he returned, at the jars of gold, though now he might have helped himself to their contents.

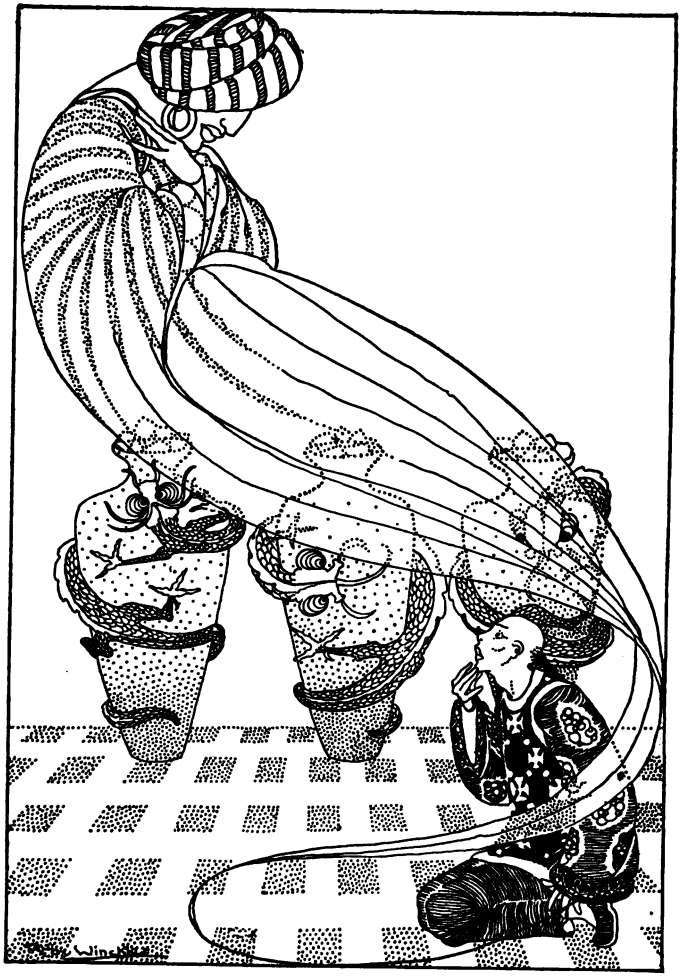
When he came to the last step of the staircase, which was much higher than the others, he found himself so burdened with what he carried that he could not climb up without help.

"Give me thy hand, O my uncle, and help me up," he cried to the magician.

"Give me first the lamp," answered the magician, leaning over to look into the dark cavern.

"Nay," said Aladdin, "I cannot reach it now, for it is wrapped in my sleeve."

Then the magician, who wanted the lamp and that only, was near to losing his wits for rage. At length, when he saw that Aladdin would not obey him, he abandoned all hope of obtaining the lamp and conjured and enchanted and cast perfumes into the fire. Upon this the stone immediately turned over into its place, and Aladdin was imprisoned below it.



The magician, who had only pretended that he was the uncle of Aladdin in order to get the lamp by his help, — for in no other manner could it be obtained, — now went his way and returned to Africa in despair.

As for Aladdin, when no answer was returned to all his outcries he went hither and thither in the darkness, seeking vainly for a door by which he might go forth. His weeping increased when he found that all the doors were locked, and that escape was impossible. He sat down on the steps and for long hours gave himself up to despair, but as he wrung his hands in his distress he happened to rub the ring that the magician had placed upon his finger. Instantly a genie rose before him and said to him: "What wilt thou? I am thy slave — I, and the other slaves of the ring."

Aladdin shuddered at the genie's frightful aspect, but taking heart at last, he said, "O slave of the ring, bring me out again upon the face of the earth." Hardly had he finished speaking when the ground opened, and he found himself outside.

Now he had been three days underground and had never expected to see the sunlight again. His heart was filled with joy and gratitude, and he ran quickly home to his mother to ease her anxiety.

When he saw her he fainted with weakness and hunger and the happiness of his return. She brought him food and drink, and after he was rested and refreshed he told her of the magician's treachery and of all that had befallen him in the treasure house. This recalled to his memory the lamp, which he pulled from his sleeve and showed to his mother along with the jewels he had gathered from the trees. Then, being weary, he went to his bed and slept until the next noon, when he awoke and asked for something to eat.

"Alas," said his mother, "I have naught to give thee. But I have spun a little yarn; let me go forth and sell it, and I will bring thee food."

"O my mother," said Aladdin, "keep the yarn and give me the lamp which I brought home. I will sell that, and it may fetch more than the yarn."

So she arose and brought out the lamp, and as it was exceedingly dirty she began to scour it so that it might sell for a better price. Scarcely had she begun to rub it when there appeared to her a monstrous genie, who said to her: "What wilt thou? I am thy slave — I, and the other slaves of the lamp."

The poor woman was fainting with fear, but Aladdin hastened to take the lamp from her hand.

"O slave of the lamp," he said, "we are hungry. Fetch us something to eat."

The genie was gone for the twinkling of an eye. When he returned he carried a great tray of silver, on which were twelve silver platters of meat and piles of bread whiter than snow. This he placed before Aladdin and his mother.

"O my son," said she, "dost thou think the sultan could have heard of our poverty? Indeed, we should be grateful to him."

"This is no time for questioning," said Aladdin. "The slave has disappeared. Come, let us eat." But when they had finished eating he told her that the lamp was a magic one and must be carefully guarded.

"Well, well," said she, "do as thou wilt with it, but for my part I wish never to see that hideous creature again."

Aladdin and his mother lived in much comfort and happiness for a long time. When the food was gone Aladdin took the silver platters one by one and sold them in the market. The price of these was sufficient to furnish the household with all that was needed. Aladdin gave up his idle ways and went about with grown men, from whom he learned the rules of commerce. He went also

to visit the jewelers, and soon discovered that the fruits he had brought home from the enchanted garden were not made of glass as he had supposed, but were wonderful jewels such as kings might sigh for. Moreover, he noted all the gems in the jewelers' market and saw none that could match with even the smallest of those he had at home.

One day of days, as he was going forth to the market, he chanced to get a glimpse of the sultan's daughter, who was diverting herself with a view of the city. She was so beautiful that Aladdin went home half distracted, and desirous only of making her his wife. When his mother heard his story she thought little of his good sense and begged him to dream no more of such an impossibility.

Aladdin waited until his mother had finished her protest; then he said to her: "O mother, I know full well that I am the son of poor folk, but all thy talk will not move me from my purpose. Help me to gain this desire of my heart, because thou art my mother and lovest me well."

"It is true," said the good woman; "I have none other than thee, and I will do all I can to please thee. But shall I dare to say to the sultan

that the son of a tailor seeks his daughter in marriage? How can I venture upon this mad errand? Whoever presents himself before the sultan to beg a favor carries in his hand some gift suitable to his high rank. What, then, have I to offer that would be worthy his acceptance?"

"O my mother," said Aladdin, "what thou sayest is just and true. But I have a gift for the sultan that no king could offer. In my pockets and girdle, when I came forth from the treasure house, I brought jewels of great price, which at the time I believed to be glass. Fetch me, then, a dish and I will fill it with these jewels. I am convinced that thus the errand will be made easy for thee, and I shall attain my heart's desire."

So Aladdin's mother brought forth a china bowl, and he filled it with jewels of all kinds. So great was their radiance that his mother could not bear to look upon them, but shut her eyes to their excessive luster.

"O my son," said she, "thy present is costly, it is true, but what shall I say when the sultan asks me what is thy fortune and thy manner of life?"

"Nay," said Aladdin, "he will not ask that when he sees the jewels, so do not make too much of the matter beforehand."

Accordingly she set forth with the dish wrapped in a fine handkerchief and found her way into the presence chamber, which she was able to enter because no one had yet arrived. She remained until all the business of the divan had been concluded, when she returned to her house, saying to her son, "To-day I could not speak with the sultan, but be easy, for to-morrow I will surely plead thy cause." Aladdin tried to hide his impatience, and on the following day again urged his mother to visit the divan. For a week the poor woman went every day, not daring to say a word, but standing motionless by the door. On the last day of the week the sultan said to his vizier: "O vizier, these six or seven days past an old woman has stood by the door, and I notice that she carries something under her veil. Knowest thou what she wants?"

"O our lord the sultan," said the vizier, "it is likely that she comes here to complain of one of her folk."

The sultan was not content with this reply, but said, "Bring her before me at once, so that I may know what her need is."

So the vizier led Aladdin's mother before the sultan, and he said to her: "O woman, I see thee

come every day to the divan, yet thou sayest nothing. Tell me what thy wish is."

Then she called down blessings upon him and besought his pardon for what she was about to say. Being assured of his kindness, she went on, "O our lord the sultan, I have a son named Aladdin, who wishes to marry thy daughter, and I cannot get this notion out of his head."

Then the sultan burst out laughing and asked her, "What hast thou in thy bundle?" And she, seeing that he was not angry, opened the handkerchief and displayed the jewels. When the sultan saw the jewels, which lighted up the whole room, he was bewildered by their luster and beauty, and said to his vizier: "Never have I seen jewels of such size and radiance. Is not a man who can give me such a present worthy, indeed, to be the husband of my daughter?"

Then the vizier was greatly dismayed, for he had hoped that his own son was to marry the sultan's daughter. "O king of the age," he answered, "give my son three months' time, and he shall furnish a more wonderful present than this."

The sultan, knowing that it was impossible for such to be the case, nevertheless agreed to the delay; but he said to Aladdin's mother, "Go to

thy son and tell him that my daughter shall be his; yet I must ask him to wait three months, in order that we may prepare for her wedding."

Aladdin's mother prostrated herself in gratitude before the sultan, and then, almost flying in her joy, hastened homeward. Aladdin thanked her for all her kindness and trouble and rejoiced exceedingly at her news. "Now I am sure," said he, "that I am the happiest man in all the world."

One day, after two months had passed, the mother of Aladdin, going out to buy oil, saw the folk setting candles and flowers in their windows, and troops of soldiers drawn up in the streets. She wondered what it could mean and said to the shopman, "Why are the houses decorated and the soldiers drawn up in state?"

"Has no one told thee," he replied, "that tonight the vizier's son is to marry Badroulbadour, the daughter of the sultan? The troops are waiting to escort him to the palace."

When Aladdin's mother heard this she went home straightway with her sad tidings. At first her son was in a fever with disappointment and anger, but presently he remembered the lamp and his rage departed. After supper he locked his door,

and bringing out the lamp, he rubbed it vigorously. Immediately the genie stood before him, saying: "What wilt thou? I am thy slave — I, and the other slaves of the lamp."

"Listen," said Aladdin. "The sultan has promised his daughter to me, but to-night he is giving her in marriage to the vizier's son. Go, therefore, and bring both bride and bridegroom hither to me."

"I hear and I obey," said the genie of the lamp, and disappeared.

The next morning the sultan's wife went to visit her daughter and found her in a sad state of terror and dismay.

"O my daughter," said the queen to her, "tell me why thou art so troubled."

The princess raised her head and said: "Blame me not, O my mother, for my unhappiness. Last night a hideous creature came and carried us away to a dark, mean little house, where my bridegroom was taken from me, and I know not what was done with him. This morning he who carried us away brought us back to our place here, and what it all means I do not know."

The sultan on hearing this story was sore distressed, and coming to his daughter, he kissed her and said to her, "This shall not happen to thee

again." And he ordered that the wedding festivities should be stopped, and the marriage broken off. But he had forgotten his promise to Aladdin's mother, nor did he guess who had carried away his daughter.

PART II

The three months having gone by, Aladdin sent his mother again to the divan to remind the sultan of his agreement. So she went to the palace and took her usual place. When the sultan saw her he remembered all that had happened, and said to his vizier: "What shall I do? It is true that I gave her my word, but she is a poor creature who belongs to the common people. What canst thou suggest?"

The vizier, who was filled with envy and disappointment, said: "O my lord, it is not fitting to give thy daughter to such a man. My advice is to demand of him forty dishes of purest gold, filled with jewels such as he sent thee before, and forty slaves to bear the dishes, and forty other slaves besides."

"Thou speakest well, O vizier," said the sultan; "for this is a thing he cannot do, and we shall be rid of him by fair means."

Aladdin's mother went home in despair, saying: "Where can my poor son find all these things? Even if he goes back to the treasure house and plucks all the fruit from the trees, he must still provide the eighty slaves."

But when Aladdin heard his mother's story he laughed and said: "O my mother, this is an easier thing than I had looked for. Come, let us eat, and leave me to arrange the matter."

Accordingly she went forth to buy food from the market, and Aladdin took his lamp and rubbed it. Immediately the genie appeared, saying, "What wilt thou, my lord?"

"I seek the sultan's daughter in marriage," quoth Aladdin, "and he requires of me forty dishes of purest gold, filled with jewels like those in the treasure house and borne by forty slaves, with forty other slaves besides. Bring me these."

"I hear and I obey," said the genie.

Presently he returned with forty slave girls, each bearing upon her head a golden dish, full of precious stones. Forty other slaves stood behind these. Then he vanished, and shortly afterwards Aladdin's mother entered the house. When she saw the slaves and the dishes she marveled and said, "All this is because of the lamp."

Then Aladdin said, "O my mother, put not off thy veil, but take these at once to the sultan so that he may know that I can do all that he requires, even though he thought to baffle me — he and his vizier."

Then Aladdin opened the door and let out the slaves into the street, so that they filled it from side to side. And all the folk of the neighborhood stopped to gaze upon the magnificence of the sight and to wonder at the splendid dishes which flashed in the sun. So Aladdin's mother led the procession to the sultan, and the slaves, raising the dishes from their heads, set them down before him.

The sultan was dumb with amazement, especially as this had been accomplished in an hour's time.

"O woman," he said to Aladdin's mother, "go to thy son and tell him that I abide by my promise to him, and bid him come hither that I may become acquainted with him. He shall receive all honor from me, and the bridal festivities shall begin this very night."

So the old woman returned home at such speed that the wind itself could not overtake her, and Aladdin saw the good news in her face. He kissed her hand and thanked her when she had told him

her message; then he arose and went into his room and rubbed the lamp, whereupon the genie appeared.

"Fetch me a suit of royal raiment," said Aladdin, "and clothe me as if I were a king."

Then the genie carried him to a marvelous bath, and troops of slaves appeared with rich clothes and sweet perfumes. And though Aladdin was the son of a poor tailor, none would have guessed it, but all would have said, "This is a prince, the son of some great king."

The slave of the lamp then set him down in his own house, and said to him: "What wilt thou? Dost thou need anything more?"

"Yes," said Aladdin; "bring me eight-and-forty mamelukes with horses and fine armor, and bring me a royal steed for mine own riding, and bring me in each mameluke's hand a thousand pieces of gold as a present for the sultan. Bring me also twelve slave girls to attend my mother to the palace, and for her use let each one bring a dress fit for a queen to wear."

"I hear and I obey," said the genie, and in the twinkling of an eye he had brought to Aladdin all that he had commanded. Then the young man arose and set out for the palace, while the

mamelukes rode before and after him, and the people marveled at his glory. When the sultan saw him he rejoiced at his grace and fine appearance and made him sit at his right hand.

"O my lord the sultan," said Aladdin, "thou hast kindly given me thy daughter, though I am the humblest of thy slaves and all unworthy of her beauty and goodness, but I beg thee to add to thy favors by giving me a piece of ground on which I may build a palace that shall be fit for the princess Badroulbadour."

The sultan, who was amazed at the ease and grace of Aladdin's speech, agreed to his proposal, and as the talk went on between them his heart warmed toward the young man. When they had feasted, the papers of marriage were made out, and then Aladdin rose to take leave; but the sultan laid hold upon him and said to him, "Whither away, O my son?"

"King of the age," answered Aladdin, "I wish to order the palace to be begun at once. My first duty is to apply myself to my wife's service and comfort."

"O my son," said the sultan, "choose for thyself the piece of ground. All is in thy hand."

Then Aladdin took leave of the sultan and rode forth with his mamelukes, while the people gazed

upon him with admiration. When he came to his house he rubbed the lamp, and the genie appeared.

"I desire of thee an important service," said Aladdin. "Build me with all speed a palace opposite that of the sultan and let it be furnished with a richness and completeness such as no man has seen before."

"I hear and I obey," said the genie, and disappeared. Before the day broke he came again to Aladdin and said: "O my lord, the palace is finished. Arise, then, and look at it."

So Aladdin arose and the genie carried him to the palace. Its stones were of jade and porphyry and mosaic and alabaster, and in its treasury were jewels and gold and silver beyond counting. There were dishes and cups and spoons of gold, and cooking dishes of purest silver; and there were chests overflowing with splendid stuffs for dresses and robes. In the stables were horses whose like had never before been seen, and their saddles and trappings were covered with pearls and precious stones.

"One thing only is lacking," said Aladdin. "Spread a carpet of fine brocade from my door to the sultan's, so that my bride's feet need not touch the earth when she comes hither."

The genie was absent a little while, and when he returned he said, "O my lord, it is done." Then he took up Aladdin and set him down in his mother's house.

It was now bright day, and when the sultan looked forth he was astonished to see a magnificent palace opposite his own and a carpet spread between the two buildings.

"How now?" said he to his vizier. "Is not Aladdin a worthy husband for my daughter, since such riches must be his?"

"O king of the age," answered the vizier, "no man, whatever his wealth might be, could build a palace like that in a single night. It has been done by enchantment."

"I marvel at thee," said the sultan, "that thou art so ready to think evil of Aladdin. I gave him leave to build his palace on this ground, and he who brought me those jewels of great price is doubtless able to do this also."

Meanwhile Aladdin arose and rode to the palace with his mamelukes behind and before him, scattering gold upon the people as he passed. And the wedding was celebrated with great splendor, the sultan marveling especially at the queenly appearance of Aladdin's mother. The princess went

in state to her husband's new palace, and she was astonished at its magnificence. The table was laid and a feast was spread, while eighty slave girls sang, and played on musical instruments. There was mirth and good cheer among all the guests, and the bride was charmed with her husband's intelligence and courtesy. "Verily," said the sultan, "no king or kaiser could have equaled this."

So much for Aladdin, and now to return to the African magician. All this time he had been in his own country, bewailing his hard lot, but satisfied that Aladdin was safely buried in the treasure house. One day, by enchantment, he discovered that Aladdin was alive, and that, by virtue of the magic lamp, he possessed unbounded wealth and had married the sultan's daughter. Filled with rage and envy, the magician arose and set out for the land of China.

When he came to the capital he heard the folk talking of the magnificence of Aladdin's palace, and as soon as he saw it he knew that it was all the work of the genie. He learned, to his satisfaction, that Aladdin was absent from the city on a hunting trip, and he immediately planned a way to secure the lamp. He sought out a coppersmith and said to him, "Make me several

lamps, and I will pay thee liberally; but lose no time in the making."

"I hear and I obey," said the smith, and speedily finished them for the magician, who, having paid a good price for them, put them into a basket and went about the streets of the city, crying out: "New lamps for old ones. Ho! who will trade an old lamp for a new one?"

When the people heard this they laughed at him, saying, "The man is mad, trading new lamps for old ones," and they followed him about the city until he came near Aladdin's palace.

Now, as fate would have it, the wife of Aladdin heard the noise in the street and saw the crowd of folk about the peddler. So she sent one of her slave girls to see what the man was selling. Presently the girl returned to her mistress and said: "The man is crying 'New lamps for old ones.' Shall we not give him the old lamp in my lord Aladdin's apartment, so that we may see if the peddler speaks truth?"

Now the princess had no knowledge of the lamp, and she was eager to learn whether the peddler were a knave or a fool, so she bade the girl fetch Aladdin's lamp and exchange it for a new one. No sooner did the magician feel the lamp

in his grasp than he thrust it into his sleeve, and, leaving the basket to the folk who were trading with him, made his way outside the city. When he was alone in the open country he brought out the lamp and rubbed it; whereupon the genie appeared and said to him: "What wilt thou? I am thy slave — I, and the other slaves of the lamp. Seek of me what thou wilt."

"Take up Aladdin's palace with all that it contains and myself also," quoth the magician, "and set it down in my country of Africa."

"I hear and I obey," said the genie. "Shut thine eye and open thine eye, and thou wilt find thyself and the palace in thine own country." And immediately this happened, and the magician, with Aladdin's palace, was set down in Africa.

Now on the following morning, when the sultan woke from his sleep, he looked out, as was his wont, to see his daughter's home; but when he opened his window he saw nothing but a level piece of ground. He rubbed his eyes in amazement and sent straightway for his vizier.

"O king of the age," said the vizier, when he understood the cause of the sultan's distress, "I told thee that the palace was the work of enchantment, but thou wouldst not believe me."

"Where is Aladdin?" asked the sultan. And the vizier answered, "He is out hunting."

Then the sultan sent officers to fetch Aladdin to the palace and to bind him and shackle him with iron. So they came to him and bound him, and though he knew not the cause of such treatment, he said, "Do what the sultan has commanded, for his word is law."

When Aladdin was brought into the city, bound and shackled with iron, the people were angered, for they loved him greatly. And when they heard that he was to be beheaded, they sent word to the sultan, "If the least harm happens to Aladdin, we will pull thy palace about thine ears!"

Thereupon the vizier said, "O king of the age, it will be best to pardon Aladdin, for the common folk love him more than they love us." So the sultan commanded the crier to go forth among the people and proclaim that Aladdin should not be harmed.

When Aladdin found himself free, he went up to the sultan and said: "O my lord, thou hast mercifully spared my life. Favor me yet further and tell me my offense."

"Show him his palace," said the sultan to the vizier. When Aladdin looked from the window

and saw no trace of the great building he was bewildered and amazed.

"What canst thou see?" went on the sultan. "Where is thy palace, and where is my heart's treasure, my daughter Badroulbadour?"

"I know not," said Aladdin; "but grant me forty days' grace, and if I find her not in that time, I put myself in thy hands."

"I grant thee forty days," said the sultan, "but think not to flee from my anger, for if thou art upon the face of the earth, I will surely fetch thee back."

Then Aladdin went forth, perplexed and dismayed, for he knew not what had happened. And he wandered away from the city beside a river, and as he walked he rubbed his hands together in his grief and distress.

Immediately the genie of the ring appeared, saying: "Here am I. I am thy slave — I, and the other slaves of the ring. What wouldst thou?"

When Aladdin saw the genie he rejoiced exceedingly. "Bring me my bride," he said, "and my palace, and all that is within it."

"Alas!" said the genie, "this is a thing I cannot do, for the duty thou speakest of belongs to the slaves of the lamp."

"Then," said Aladdin, "since it is impossible to bring my wife to me, take me and set me down near her wherever she may chance to be."

"I hear and I obey," said the genie, and immediately Aladdin was set down beside his palace, in the land of Africa. By this time night was come, and weary with his grief and anxiety, Aladdin fell into a deep sleep.

Now in the early morning the handmaiden of the princess opened the window and looked out.

"O my lady, my lady!" she cried, "here is my lord Aladdin!"

Hearing these words, the princess ran to the window, and Aladdin lifted his head and saw her. In the twinkling of an eye the handmaiden had opened the door, and Aladdin was admitted into his wife's pavilion.

After a few moments of joy and delight they sat down, and Aladdin said: "There is something I would ask thee at once. I used to have in my room an old copper lamp—"

"O my lord," interrupted his wife, "it was that which brought about all our misfortunes." And she related to him the whole matter.

"The wicked magician carries the lamp about with him in his sleeve, nor will he part from it a

single moment," she went on. "Every day at the approach of evening he visits me and implores my favor and threatens me with the power of the lamp, but never has he had from me a kind word."

When Aladdin heard this he rejoiced. "Listen, my beloved," he said, "I shall shortly return to thee in disguise. Show no surprise, but let thy slave girl admit me quietly. I will find some means by which we may rid ourselves of this wicked one."

Then he went forth and disguised himself as a peasant and bought in the market a strong drug. On his return he was instantly admitted to the pavilion and gave the poisonous powder into his wife's hand.

"When the magician comes to make his daily visit," Aladdin said to her, "be gracious and pleasant to him. Give him to drink a cup of wine into which thou wilt put some of this powder. When he has drunk of the cup he will fall to the floor, and we shall no longer have cause to fear him."

"This is a hard thing for me to do," said the princess, "but it is lawful to slay him since in no other way can we escape from our enchantment."

So when Aladdin had departed she dressed herself in fine raiment and made ready to receive the magician. He, believing from her changed

appearance that she had at last given up her hope of rescue, rejoiced greatly at his welcome.

"Let us sup together to-night," she said to him. "If I sat grieving a thousand years, of what use would it be? Perhaps what thou saidst to me is true—that my father, the sultan, in the excess of his grief, has already banished Aladdin. Let us make merry then together, and put an end to sorrowing."

"O my lady," he answered, "I hear and I obey. I have with me in my own home some native wine, which I will fetch hither at once."

So after a little while he came in with the wine, and they sat down at table together. Then the princess gave him the cup in which the powder lay, and no sooner had he swallowed it than he fell back senseless on the floor.

The slave girls ran to admit Aladdin, who was waiting outside. He kissed his wife's hands and thanked her, and then hastened to take the lamp from the magician's sleeve. Rejoicing to possess it once more, he said to the princess, "Withdraw now with thy maidens to an inner room, and leave me alone for a little while."

Badroulbadour did not hesitate, but went away at once with her women, whereupon Aladdin drew forth his sword and slew the wicked magician.

Presently he rubbed the lamp and the genie appeared, saying, "What wilt thou?"

"Take up this building," said Aladdin, "with all that it contains, and carry it to the land of China and set it down before the sultan's palace."

"I hear and I obey," replied the genie, and disappeared. And even while Aladdin sat talking with his bride the palace was lifted and carried through the air to its original place.

Now the sultan had not ceased to mourn the loss of his daughter and to sit and weep for her at every time and tide. Each day when he awoke he would go to his window and look toward the place where Aladdin's palace had stood. That day he rose at dawn, and looking out, was amazed to see a magnificent building. Rubbing his eyes, he looked again and was convinced that it was indeed Aladdin's palace. He called for his horse immediately, and as soon as the beast was saddled he started forth, but while he was crossing the space between the two palaces Aladdin met him halfway. Within the palace the princess was waiting, being eager to greet her father, and she came to meet them at the lower door. Then they all sat down together, and she told them everything that had happened.

After a while the king arose, and going in with Aladdin to the pavilion, saw the magician lying dead upon the floor.

"O my son," he said to Aladdin, "forgive me for my harshness toward thee, but thou knowest how a father loves his children, and the princess is my only child."

"O king of the age," said Aladdin, "thou hadst the law on thy side, but I rejoice that thou art willing to believe me to be innocent. Let us think no more of the matter, for it was all the fault of the wicked magician."

Then the sultan gave orders that the city should be decorated, and that festivals and rejoicings should be held for the space of a month. And afterwards Aladdin lived with the princess in all peace and pleasure and safety. On the death of the sultan, Aladdin sat on the throne and ruled justly over the people.

ALI BABA AND THE FORTY THIEVES

PART I

MANY years ago there lived in a certain town of Persia two brothers, one named Cassim and the other Ali Baba. Their father had left a small fortune, and this was divided between them, but they soon spent all that they had. The elder brother, however, married the daughter of a rich merchant and in time became the owner of a large shop and of a warehouse filled with costly stuffs. Ali Baba, on the other hand, married a poor woman and was only able to make a scanty living by the sale of wood which he gathered daily in the jungle.

Now it happened one day that Ali Baba had cut as much wood as his mules could carry, when

suddenly he saw a cloud of dust moving rapidly toward him. As it came nearer he could see a troop of horsemen riding at full speed. Fearing that they were a band of robbers who would slay him and steal his mules, he drove his beasts into the bushes and hid himself in a tree. The tree grew close beside a steep rock which towered overhead, and when the horsemen reached the place, they came to a stop and dismounted. Ali Baba saw that they were forty in number and concluded rightly that they were highwaymen who had been robbing a caravan.

As they came beneath the tree in which Ali Baba was sitting, they unbridled their horses and removed the saddle bags, which seemed to be very heavy. One of the men, the captain of the band, came through the underbrush until he reached the rock, when he said in a loud voice, "Open, Sesame!" Immediately a doorway appeared in the rock, and when all the robbers had entered, the door shut of itself. Ali Baba remained hidden in the tree, not daring to move lest the robbers come forth and slay him.

After a long time the door opened suddenly and the captain stood in the entrance. As his men came out he counted them, and when all

were once more outside the cave, he pronounced the magic words, "Shut, Sesame!" and the door closed.

Ali Baba remained quietly in the tree until the robbers were out of sight. Then he said to himself, "I will see if at my bidding the door will open and close." So he called aloud, "Open, Sesame!"

No sooner had he spoken than the door opened, and he saw a cavern cut in the solid rock and lighted through holes in the roof. The room was filled with bales of stuffs and with heaps of coins, some gathered into bags and some scattered upon the ground. The sight of these riches convinced Ali Baba that for many years the cave had been the storehouse of thieves. He did not, however, stand long considering what he should do, but went into the cave, and as soon as he was inside, the door closed behind him. This did not disturb him, for he had kept in mind the magic words by which it could be opened again. Paying no attention to the rich goods about him, he carried out several bags of coins and loaded them upon his mules. Then, covering his plunder with sticks and fagots, he called out, "Shut, Sesame!" and the door closed.

Ali Baba now hastened home to his wife with all speed. Having made fast the outer door, he poured out the glittering coins and told her of his adventures, at which she was much amazed. Presently she began to count the gold.

"That is a foolish piece of work," said Ali Baba. "Let me dig a hole and hide this treasure before our neighbors discover our secret."

"Well and good," she said, "but first let me measure the money, so that we may know how much we have."

"So long as thou wilt keep this a secret and make haste," Ali Baba replied, "do as it pleases thee." And away she ran to Cassim's house to borrow a measure.

Now Cassim's wife was curious to know what sort of grain her sister-in-law chanced to be buying, and she secretly rubbed some wax and suet on the bottom of the measure. Suspecting nothing, the other went home and began to measure the gold while Ali Baba was digging a hole to bury it in. When all was done and the money had been safely hidden, she ran back to return the measure, not heeding the fact that a small coin was sticking to the bottom of it where the wax and suet had been rubbed.

When Cassim's wife saw the piece of gold she said to herself, "What! do they have so much gold that they must measure it?" And she wondered greatly that a poor man, such as Ali Baba seemed to be, should have gained so much wealth. When her husband returned that evening she said to him: "Cassim, thou mayst think thyself to be a rich man, but Ali Baba is far richer than thou art. He has gold in such quantities that he has borrowed my measure to measure it in." Then she told him all that had happened and showed him the gold coin she had found on the bottom of the measure.

Instead of rejoicing at his brother's good fortune, Cassim was filled with envy. He could not sleep that night, and early the next morning he went to Ali Baba's house, demanding an explanation of the matter. Ali Baba, seeing that it would be impossible to keep the secret, told his brother the whole story and offered him a part of the treasure.

"I will go and fetch it away myself," said Cassim, rudely. "Tell me where the cavern is, and how the door may be opened. If thou art unwilling to do this, I shall keep thy secret no longer, and thou wilt lose all that thou hast."

Ali Baba was less moved by these words than by his own natural kindness of heart. He told his brother of the cave and of the steep rock and of the magic words which would cause the door to open. The next day Cassim, who had given close attention to these directions, set out for the cavern with ten mules which he had hired. When he came to the rock and had made sure that he had found the door, he cried, "Open, Sesame!" and to his joy it opened wide, showing the piles of jewels and treasures within.

He entered eagerly, and as he stood amazed at the sight of such vast riches, the door closed behind him. He walked about in delight, feasting his eyes on the bales of rich silks and the heaps of precious stones. At length he set to work, and filling ten bags with gold, he placed them by the entrance ready to load upon his mules. While busy in this way his mind was so filled with thoughts of his riches that the magic words were wholly forgotten. Instead of "Open, Sesame!" he cried, "Open, Barley!" and was terrified to find that the door remained shut. In his distress he repeated the names of all the grains he could remember, but the word had slipped from his mind as completely as if he had never heard it.

He threw down the bags of gold which he had loaded upon his shoulders, and paced up and down the cave in despair.

About noon the robbers chanced to approach their treasure house and were amazed to see Cassim's mules straying near the entrance. While some of the men searched in the forest for the owner of the beasts, the captain dismounted and pronounced the magic words which opened the door.

Cassim, who had heard the noise of horses' feet, suspected that the robbers were outside, ready to put him to death. Resolved to make his escape, if it were possible, he sprang out as soon as the door opened, knocking down the leader in his flight; but he was soon overpowered by the other robbers, who fell upon him with their swords and killed him.

The bags which Cassim had filled were found inside the door, but as the treasures which Ali Baba had taken were not missed, the robbers did not suspect that another person knew their secret. Lest it might happen, however, that some other traveler should find the place, they agreed to warn him of the fate that was in store for him. Accordingly they cut Cassim's body into quarters and hung it inside the cave. Then they mounted

their horses and went back to lie in wait for an expected caravan.

Now when night fell and Cassim did not return, his wife became very uneasy and ran to Ali Baba, crying: "O my brother, Cassim has not yet come home! I know whither he went and on what errand, and I fear me some ill has befallen him."

Ali Baba himself was disturbed in his mind so that he could not sleep, and early in the morning he set forth with his mules for the forest. As soon as he reached the rock he saw signs of the struggle, and he pushed on to the cavern, greatly alarmed. When the door opened he knew that his worst fears were true, and in alarm for his own safety, he made hasty preparations to return. Wrapping his brother's body in some cloths, he laid the bundles on the back of one of his mules and covered them carefully with branches. Loading the other two beasts with bags of gold, he closed the door with the magic words and set forth homeward. The gold he gave into his wife's care, but with the other load he went to his brother's house and knocked softly at the gate.

Now Cassim's wife had a shrewd slave girl, named Morgiana, who undid the bolt and admitted Ali Baba into the courtyard. Presently her mistress

appeared, crying: "O Ali Baba, grief is written upon thy face. Say quickly what has gone wrong."

Then he told her the story and added, "What was to happen has happened; it is for us to keep the matter secret." And the unhappy lady agreed. Ali Baba then consulted with Morgiana and went away, while the girl visited a druggist's shop to carry out his instructions.

"Who is ill at thy master's house?" the druggist asked her.

"Alas!" she cried, "Caṣsim himself is sick unto death. He can neither eat nor speak. Give me at once, I pray, this powerful drug which the physician has ordered, or I fear I shall lose my kind master."

All that day Ali Baba and his wife were seen to go back and forth between the two houses, and no one was surprised to hear at night that Cassim was dead.

Early the next morning Morgiana sought out a certain old cobbler known as Baba Mustapha and put two gold pieces into his hand.

"These are for thee," she said to him, "if thou wilt take thy sewing tackle and go with me; but when we come to a certain place thou must let me blindfold thee, so that thou shalt not see whither we are going."

"Well," said Baba Mustapha, looking at the money, though it was still so dark that he could scarcely see what it was, "this is good pay. What am I to do to earn it? Wouldst thou have me do anything wrong?"

"Allah forbid!" said Morgiana; "only come with me and fear nothing."

When he had consented, the girl led him to the place she had mentioned and bound his eyes with a handkerchief. Then she led him to her master's house, and taking off the handkerchief in a darkened room, she bade him sew together the quarters of the dead body so that they might have decent burial. After he had finished his task she gave him a third piece of gold and led him back to his shop in the same way as before. This done, and the body properly clothed in its funeral garb, notice was given to Cassim's neighbors and friends, and the last services were performed with all respect.

Everything passed in this manner without arousing the least suspicion. In a few days Ali Baba, as the nearest relative, removed his goods to the house of his brother's widow, taking care to convey the gold thither by night. Not long afterwards his marriage with his sister-in-law was published, at which nobody was surprised.

PART II

When the Forty Thieves came again to visit their treasure house in the forest, they were dismayed to find no trace of Cassim's body.

"We must discover the truth of this matter," said the captain, "or we shall lose all our riches."

Accordingly the band decided that one among them must go forth in disguise to find the man who knew their secret. Without delay one of the robbers agreed to undertake the quest and offered his life as forfeit in case he should fail.

"It is well," said the leader, "for we are in desperate case and must use desperate means if we are to save our lives and our treasure."

The thief therefore disguised himself as a traveler and went into the town just at daybreak. As he walked up and down, he came to Baba Mustapha's stall, which was open before the other shops.

"My good man," said the robber, "thou art beginning work very early; is it possible that thou canst see at this hour? It is scarcely light."

"Thou art a stranger," said Baba Mustapha, "or thou wouldst know that I have very good eyes. Only yesterday I sewed together a dead body in a room much darker than this."

"Aha!" said the bandit to himself, "I certainly am in luck to-day." Then to the old cobbler he said in pretended amazement: "Thou art surely jesting. Couldst thou show me the house where thou didst so strange a job? Here is gold for thee if thou canst."

"I assure thee that it would be impossible," said Baba Mustapha, "for I was blindfolded the greater part of the way."

"Well," said the robber, "thou mayst remember a little of it. Come; perhaps we may hit upon the very house."

The two pieces of gold were a great temptation to Baba Mustapha. After looking at them for a long time he slipped them into his purse and rose to his feet. "I dare not promise to find the way," he said, "but I will do the best I can."

He then led the robber to the place where Morgiana had bandaged his eyes, and allowed them to be bound again in the same fashion. He walked slowly on down the street, counting his steps as he went, until at last he stopped directly opposite Cassim's house, where Ali Baba now lived.

"I think," said Baba Mustapha, "that I went no farther than this."

Accordingly the thief marked the door of the house with a piece of chalk and dismissed his guide. By a few questions in the neighborhood he learned that the late owner had died very suddenly, and that Ali Baba, who a little while before had been so miserably poor, was now a rich man, although he had given to Cassim's son the whole of the estate. From these facts the robber knew that Ali Baba was the person for whom he was searching.

A little later Morgiana, going out of the house upon some errand, wondered greatly at seeing chalk marks showing white upon the door.

"What is the meaning of this?" she said to herself. "Either an enemy plans to do my master harm, or some boy has been playing tricks. At all events it is well to guard against possible evil."

Accordingly she went into the house, and having fetched a piece of chalk, she marked two or three doors on each side in the same way, without saying a word to her master.

In the meantime the robber had returned to his band in the forest and had told his tale. The captain, after praising him for his diligence, said to his men: "Comrades, we have no time to lose. A single day may deprive us of uncounted wealth.

I will go with the man who has brought us this good news, and when I have seen the house we will decide upon what shall be done. Go, then, in separate parties to the great square in the city, where I will shortly join you."

This plan being approved by all, they went off in small groups of two or three, so that they got into town without rousing the least suspicion. The spy led the captain into the street where he had discovered Ali Baba's house, and when they came to a door marked with chalk, he pointed it out. But the captain saw that the next door was chalked in the same fashion and asked his guide if he were sure which house he had marked. The guide was so astonished that he had nothing to say, especially when he found that five or six others were also marked.

The captain, seeing that the plan had failed, returned to the square where his band awaited him.

"My men," he said, "we have had our labor in vain, and we must now go back to the forest. As for our guide, he condemns himself and acknowledges that he ought to have been more careful."

As it was for the safety of the troop that the guide should not go unpunished, he was put to death. Immediately another of the band presented

himself and promised that he would succeed where the first had failed. His offer being accepted, he sought out Baba Mustapha as the other had done, and having been shown the house, he marked it with red chalk in a place remote from sight.

Nothing, however, escaped the watchful eyes of Morgiana, and when she saw the red chalk, she marked every other house in the street in the same manner.

On his return to his company, the robber prided himself on his skill in concealing the mark, but when he and the captain visited the street they were wholly unable to decide which house it was. The troop, once more disappointed, put their second guide to death, according to the agreement.

The captain, grieved by the loss of two of his companions, now declared that he would undertake the affair himself. Having found out, in the same fashion as the others had, which was Ali Baba's house, he made no mark upon it, but examined it so carefully that it was impossible for him to mistake it. He then returned to his troop and laid his plans before them.

"Go now," he said to them, "and bring in nineteen mules, each carrying two large jars. One of the jars must contain oil, but the other thirty-seven

are to be empty. I will put a man in each empty jar, but one of the mules will carry a man in one jar and oil in the other."

Things being thus arranged and the nineteen mules loaded, the captain drove them into the city and went directly to Ali Baba's house. Here he found Ali Baba sitting at his door, enjoying the cool evening air. The robber captain halted his mules and said: "Sir, I have some oil which I am to sell at to-morrow's market. I have had a long journey, and it is now so late that I do not know where I am to find a lodging. If I might pass the night here, I should be greatly obliged to thee."

The request was readily granted. The servants unloaded the mules and took care of them, while Ali Baba bade Morgiana make his guest comfortable. "In the morning," he added, "I shall go to the baths very early. Have some broth ready for me when I come back."

After supper, while pretending to look at his mules, the captain went into the yard, and beginning at the first jar, said softly to each of his men, "At midnight, when I speak, come forth without delay." He then returned to the house, and Morgiana, taking a light, led him to the guest room which had been made ready for him.

Now it happened that while Morgiana was finishing her work in the kitchen her lamp went out. "The broth must be prepared for my master's breakfast," she said to herself, "and our oil is all gone. In yonder shed are many jars filled with oil. Surely the little that I need for my lamp will never be missed."

So she went into the shed and cautiously opened the first jar. As she did so, a voice within whispered, "Is it time?"

"No," she answered instantly, "not yet; be patient."

In this manner she went to all the jars, showing no alarm and giving the same answer, until at last she came to the jar of oil. Then, making what haste she could to fill her oil pot, she went back to the kitchen, lighted the lamp, and built a great fire of wood. Once more she visited the oil jar and filled a large kettle, which she set on the fire to boil. When this was seething hot she baled it out into a smaller vessel and poured enough of the oil into each jar to kill the robber within.

Scarcely an hour had passed before the captain got up softly and satisfied himself that all was dark and still, but when he gave the signal there was no sound or movement in the shed. Alarmed

by the silence he crept down into the courtyard and approached the first jar, which to his amazement felt hot under his hand. Then he smelled the oil, which still sent forth a steam, and perceived that his plot had been discovered. He examined the jars one after another, but found no sign of life in any of them. Fearing for his own safety, he forced the lock of a door that led into the garden and made his escape.

Morgiana waited some time after the captain's departure, to make sure that he would not return. Convinced at length that no more would be seen of him, she went to bed greatly pleased to have succeeded in saving her master and his family.

When Ali Baba returned from the baths in the early morning he was much surprised to see that the mules were still in the shed. He asked Morgiana the reason of it.

"My good master," said she, "if thou wilt follow me, thou canst see for thyself."

She then led him to the jars and told him all that had happened. Ali Baba, grateful for her faithful service, gave her her freedom and a large sum of money, but she was so deeply attached to the family that she continued to live with them and to superintend the slaves of the household.

As for the captain of the Forty Thieves, he returned to the forest in rage and despair, and permitted several weeks to go by before he set about another scheme to destroy his enemy. He passed much of this time in the city, where he learned that Cassim's son, now adopted by Ali Baba, had set up a good-sized shop.

The captain also hired a shop in the bazaar and brought thither from the cavern bales of the finest stuffs. He announced himself as a merchant, and he had so large an assortment of goodly merchandise that he was treated by everybody with great respect. Young Cassim was among those who sought the favor of the new merchant and was most warmly received. The young man was flattered by this preference, and before long had introduced his friend to his adopted father. Ali Baba urged the pretended merchant to have supper with them, but the latter begged to be excused, saying, "My reason for declining the invitation is that my physician has forbidden me to eat salt in my food."

"If that be all the reason," said Ali Baba, "deprive us not of the pleasure of thy company. The food shall be prepared without salt."

But Morgiana was much dissatisfied. "Who is this difficult man," she said, "who eats no salt?"

Ruby Winckler

"What does it matter to thee who he is?" Ali Baba answered. "He is my son's friend, so do as I bid thee."

"It is well," said Morgiana, but she still marveled, and when supper was served she carried in one of the dishes herself, so that she might have a glimpse of the strange visitor. As soon as she entered the room she knew him, notwithstanding his disguise, and looking at him closely, she spied a dagger hidden under his robe.

"Aha!" said she, "that is why our guest will eat no salt. He intends to kill my master, but he has not counted upon me."

As soon as supper was removed, Morgiana appeared at the door, dressed like a dancing girl and wearing a silver girdle from which hung a jeweled dagger. Her face was veiled with a costly kerchief. As she came in she made a low curtsy by way of asking leave to show her skill.

"Enter, by all means," said Ali Baba, "and let our guest see what thou canst do."

The robber captain was not greatly pleased with this diversion, but he pretended to be delighted, and Morgiana began to dance. After she had gone through several dances with much grace and spirit, she took her dagger in her hand and began a series

of figures and difficult steps in which she showed the perfection of her art. Sometimes she pointed her dagger at Ali Baba, sometimes at his guest, and sometimes at young Cassim. At length, as if she were tired and out of breath, she snatched up her tabor in her left hand and presented it in turn to each one, after the manner of a public dancer.

Ali Baba dropped a piece of gold into the tabor, as did his adopted son, but as the robber captain was drawing forth his purse from the folds of his robe, Morgiana suddenly plunged her dagger into his heart.

Ali Baba was dismayed. "Wretched girl!" he cried, "what hast thou done? Thou hast ruined my good name."

"Nay, master, I have saved thy life," answered Morgiana, as she flung back the guest's robe and disclosed the hidden dagger. "Look well at this man and see what thou hast escaped."

When Ali Baba understood how much he owed the brave girl, he gave her his warmest thanks. "Since thou art already free," he said to her, "there is only one other reward that I can bestow upon thee. I have seen that young Cassim has long been thy faithful lover. Thou shalt become his wife and forever share the fortunes of my house."

In due season the young man was married to Morgiana, and a great wedding feast was held. After some time Ali Baba ventured, with much care and caution, to visit the cavern, and was overjoyed to find that the treasure remained untouched. Feeling now confident that no one else knew the secret of the place, he bound upon his saddle as much gold as his horse could carry and returned to his home, where he related the whole story to his family. With the wealth of the cave thus within reach, Ali Baba continued to prosper; and using his great fortune with wisdom and generosity, he passed the rest of his days in comfort and honor.

NOTES

INTRODUCTION

PAGE 1. *Samarkand:* a city of Central Asia, once famous for its trade and learning.

vizier (vĭ zēr′): the chief officer under the king; a prime minister.

PAGE 2. *tuck up his skirts:* When an Oriental wishes to make haste he draws the skirt of his robe through his girdle, so that it shall not hang below the knee and hinder his progress.

I hear and I obey: the form of speech expected from an inferior in rank, as sailors say "Aye, aye, sir!" to a commanding officer.

PAGE 3. *lifted the veil:* It is not customary in good society in the East for a woman to meet any man outside her own family, and a man does not see his bride's face until the marriage ceremony is over.

THE MERCHANT AND THE GENIE

PAGE 5. *date stone:* Travelers speak of a peculiar knack of throwing a date stone which makes it strike with great force.

genie (jē′nĭ): The genii, according to Mohammedan tradition, were supernatural beings who frequently took bodily shape, either as beasts or as gigantic men and women. Some of them were held to be evil and malicious; others were of kindly disposition.

PAGE 6. *sheik* (shēk): an Arab chief, the head of a clan. Literally, an old man. Compare our word "elder."

PAGE 8. *saluted the merchant:* The Mohammedan salutation is "Peace be upon thee!"

jinn: the plural of "genie," used in speaking of the whole race, or of a group of genii.

THE STORY OF THE FISHERMAN

PAGE 13. *Solomon:* The son of David was as famous in Mohammedan tradition as in Jewish. Many of the legends originate from his knowledge of natural science. (See 1 Kings iv, 33.) Solomon's signet ring, composed partly of brass and partly of iron, was said to have come to him from heaven and to be engraved with magic names and charms. With this ring he stamped his commands to the genii of the earth and the air. Some of the genii rebelled against his authority and were punished in various ways. See page 16, and the story of Camaralzaman, page 113.

PAGE 17. *Allah:* the Mohammedan name for God.

PAGE 20. *as a present:* The servants of the East were slaves.

PAGE 21. *Indian cane:* bamboo.

PAGE 27. *rubbish heaps:* Oriental cities often have huge piles of rubbish outside their gates.

PAGE 30. *Moslems:* Mohammedans.

Magians: the followers of an old Persian religion.

white, red, blue, and yellow: It was customary, and at one time obligatory, for Christians to wear blue turbans and Jews yellow, white being reserved for the Moslems. Possibly the Magians wore red, but it is more likely that this is pure fiction.

PAGE 34. *mamelukes:* slaves trained for military service. They were usually white, and enjoyed certain privileges not given to the black slaves of a household.

came out to meet him: The story fails to tell how the vizier and the sultan's escort had found their way home.

PRINCE AGIB

PAGE 35. *calender:* a begging friar who traveled from place to place, living upon the bounty of those who dwelt along the way. Lane speaks of the calenders as "royal mendicants."

PAGE 36. *mountain of loadstone:* The legend of a magnetic mountain in the sea was common in ancient literature. Some of the Eastern tribes made ships without nails; this may account for one part of the story.

a horseman of brass: The Arabs had journeyed as far west as the Canary Islands, and the story of a similar statue was told by some of their travelers.

talismans: magic charms contained in certain written words or signs.

PAGE 38. *called upon Allah:* probably by saying "Bismillah!" (in the name of Allah). This was constantly upon the lips of pious Moslems, who were supposed to say it before every important act. The educated Moslem of to-day calls upon the name of Allah less frequently.

whose name be exalted: This is the usual translation of a phrase which is more properly rendered, "whose name is exalted." The Moslem would think it blasphemous to intimate that the name of God could, by any human words of prayer, be made more exalted than it already is.

PAGE 39. *There is no god but Allah:* This is from the Moslem profession of faith.

PAGE 42. *astrologers:* men who profess to tell coming events by the stars.

PAGE 43. *checkerboard:* This was really a checked cloth and not a board, but the game was similar to ours.

hastened to fulfill: Note the belief in fate.

PAGE 44. *in which even a camel would sink:* The camel's foot is peculiarly adapted to walking in soft sand, as it is large and wide and the sole is covered with a pad or cushion.

PAGE 45. *blue stuff:* The old Persian mourning was of a dark blue.

PAGE 46. *roc:* more properly written "rukh," but Galland has made "roc" familiar. It was a fabulous bird of enormous size, which was supposed to carry away elephants to feed its young. The legend was widespread throughout the East. It was especially associated with the ocean south of Arabia, where there is in fact the largest bird that flies — the wandering albatross.

PAGE 48. Compare the story of the forbidden door with a similar incident in "Bluebeard."

PAGE 49. *sesame* (sĕs'a͡ mē): a kind of grain. See the story of Ali Baba.

THE HUNCHBACK

PAGE 51. *Balsora:* often written "Bassorah" and, in modern times, "Basra." "Balsora," though familiar in literature, is a corruption. Large vessels could come up the river as far as Balsora. Bagdad was nearly three hundred miles farther on.

PAGE 52. *quarter-dinar:* A gold dinar was worth about three dollars.

PAGE 54. *Esdras and Moses*, etc.: famous characters in Jewish history. Esdras is familiar to us as Ezra.

PAGE 55. *air shaft:* a ventilator, common in the houses of the East.

too much wine: By this it is supposed to be shown that the man was not a Mohammedan, to whom the use of wine would have been forbidden by his religion.

PAGE 56. *turban:* a long roll of cloth wound round and round the head. The thickness of the roll makes it a useful defense against sunstroke and sword thrusts.

Mussulman: a Mohammedan. The plural is "Mussulmans."

PAGE 60. *jester:* an important person at an Eastern court. It was his business to entertain the king. At first the jesters were merely professional story-tellers. In Europe they were known in every court, and their uniform became a fantastic motley (a garment of violently contrasting colors) with the fool's cap and bells. Frequently, but by no means invariably, the jesters were a little crack-brained. Sometimes they were unusually shrewd.

PAGE 61. *Why art thou in such haste?* The Arabs have many proverbs concerning the disadvantages of haste, and Eastern people, as a rule, do few things in a hurry.

PAGE 62. *Alnaschar:* one of the first stories from the "Arabian Nights" to become known in England. Addison used a translation of it in the *Spectator*, in 1712. Compare the main incident with the familiar one of the milkmaid who counted her chickens before they were hatched.

Commander of the Faithful: the form of address used in speaking to the caliph.

PAGE 65. *displaying her:* The custom of displaying a bride in her various costumes to her husband is one of long standing in the

East. It is a woman's chief opportunity to show her wedding finery, and sometimes she appears in a succession of eight or nine different dresses.

cloth of gold: a very rich, heavy cloth woven wholly, or in part, of threads of gold.

PAGE 66. *Barmecide:* The Barmecides were a wealthy Persian family who were honored by the caliph with many distinguished appointments. Becoming jealous, at last, of the power and influence of his favorites, Haroun al-Raschid caused several of them to be executed or imprisoned. Among them was his famous vizier, Jaafar. Leigh Hunt's poem, "Jaffàr," is of interest in this connection.

PAGE 69. *It is forbidden:* See note on page 55.

PAGE 70. *clapped his hands:* As bells are not used in Mohammedan countries, servants are summoned by clapping the hands.

PAGE 71. *silent man:* This is sarcasm. The tailor has been complaining of the barber's endless chatter.

fell backward: This phrase, which is very common, is not so extravagant as our "dying with laughter." As the Arabs sit upon rugs and not on chairs, it is often literally true.

PAGE 72. *destroyer of delights:* This formula ends many of the tales, just as "Once upon a time" is the conventional beginning of English fairy stories.

THE THREE APPLES

PAGE 81. *No pitcher comes forth from the well forever unbroken:* We have a similar proverb.

PAGE 84. *mule:* In the East mules and asses are used by the gentry for riding on peaceful business. Horses are reserved for warriors.

PAGE 97. *cream tart:* The cream tart was an invention of the translator, Galland. In the Arabic original the confection is a "mess of pomegranate seeds." Nevertheless Bedreddin's cream tart is now so famous that it would seem as pedantic to correct the phrase as to change Joseph's coat of many colors, in the Bible story, to accord with modern criticism.

PAGE 99. *sahib* (säʼib): equivalent to *sir*.

PRINCE CAMARALZAMAN

PAGE 110. *the posture of submission:* with hands clasped behind the back.

PAGE 112. *covered his face with the bedclothes:* Burton says that the practice of sleeping with the face covered is common in the East, although Europeans find it difficult to imitate.

PAGE 113. *rebellious genii:* See note on page 13.

Cathay: Northern China. A name given to this region when Northern China and Southern China were separate countries.

PAGE 119. *Koran:* the Moslem Bible.

PAGE 120. The ability to make impromptu verses, as shown here by Camaralzaman, is highly rated among the Arabians.

PAGE 124. *necromancy:* that branch of magic which purports to consult the spirits of the dead.

dressed him in woman's clothing: otherwise he could not have been admitted to the women's apartments. See note on page 3. Oriental women are still kept in great seclusion.

PAGE 127. *Khalidan Islands:* Burton identifies these with the Canary Islands.

PAGE 128. *Praises be to Allah:* Such exclamations at the sight of beautiful persons are common in the Arabic text of the "Arabian Nights." Sometimes instead of "two beautiful girls" it will say "two girls to whose Creator be praises!"

PAGE 133. *dromedaries:* swift riding-camels. The camels mentioned below were the ordinary ones used to carry baggage.

purses of gold: A purse of gold was a sum of money equal to about one hundred dollars.

PAGE 135. *Magians:* These adherents to an ancient faith of Persia persecuted the Mohammedans whenever they had sufficient power.

Islam: the name given to the faith of the Mohammedans and sometimes to the whole body of believers.

PAGE 138. *muezzin* (mû ĕz'ĭn): the crier in Moslem cities who several times a day gives the call to prayer.

NOTES

PAGE 139. *pressed it to his eyes:* In this way he was supposed to extract its full benefit.

carob (kăr′o̯b) *tree:* an evergreen tree, bearing pods.

PAGE 140. *olives:* These were ripe olives, and not the hard green fruit seen on American and European tables.

PAGE 143. *dirham* (dĭr′hăm): a coin worth about nine cents.

PAGE 146. *take Hayat al-Nufus also for thy wife:* This was quite in accordance with Mohammedan custom, and to the story-teller's mind, Badoura shows her good breeding by making no objection to the arrangement.

GULNARE OF THE SEA

PAGE 172. *names engraved upon the seal of Solomon:* See note on page 13.

more brilliant than the sun: an example of the usual oriental exaggeration of speech.

PRINCE AHMED AND THE FAIRY PERIBANOU

PAGE 175. *Bisnagar:* once a famous city of India, the capital of a kingdom.

PAGE 178. *ashrafi* (ȧsh′rȧ fē): a gold coin, the value of which varied at different periods. Its present value is about $1.70.

PAGE 183. *dervish:* a Mohammedan friar, or a member of a religious order pledged to poverty and sacrifice.

salutation: See note on page 8.

ALI COGIA

PAGE 201. *make pilgrimage to Mecca:* a religious duty enjoined upon all Mohammedans. They are not always able to fulfill it. During this annual pilgrimage, a custom which dates back to idolatrous times, the holy city is sometimes visited by 200,000 strangers.

PAGE 205. *cadi* (kä′dĭ): a local judge.

SINDBAD THE SAILOR

PAGE 217. *King Mihraj:* This is probably a corruption of *maharajah*, the Indian word for "prince."

PAGE 224. *Sindbad's Third Voyage:* Compare this with the Greek tale of Ulysses and the Cyclops. In some versions of the Arabian story, the giant has but one eye, which is "like a burning coal in the middle of his forehead."

PAGE 231. *gathering pepper:* Table pepper is ground from the dried fruit of an Indian plant.

PAGE 243. *ambergris:* a very valuable substance, used in making perfumes. It is found floating in the ocean along the east coast of Africa. Occasionally small masses of it are found on this side of the sea.

PAGE 244. *Serendib:* the island of Ceylon.

PAGE 245. *Sindbad's Seventh Voyage:* This story varies in the different editions.

PRINCE ZEYN AND THE KING OF THE JINN

Burton says that the hero should always be called Zeyn al-Asnam, as even that is a probable shortening of the full name, which means "ornament of the faith, and owner of the images." He is commonly spoken of, however, as Prince Zeyn.

PAGE 254. *jade:* a stone, usually green in color, which takes a high polish and is greatly valued.

THE TALKING BIRD

PAGE 264. *shah:* the sultan or king.

PAGE 266. *intendant:* a superintendent or chief officer.

PAGE 271. *Hind:* India.

PAGE 279. *stop my ears with cotton:* Compare this with the story of Ulysses and the Sirens.

PAGE 284. *The shah sees you are fond of hunting:* The Persian ruler's dignity did not permit him to say "I."

PAGE 285. *May I be thy sacrifice:* a common form of speech in addressing royalty. It was intended to express courtesy and the utmost loyalty to the person of the king.

They forgot to tell Perizade: Burton calls this a very improbable feature of the story.

PAGE 286. *Refuge of the World:* a title of respect and courtesy.

ALADDIN AND THE WONDERFUL LAMP

PAGE 297. *craft:* trade.

PAGE 306. *Aladdin gave up his idle ways:* This was part of the miracle of the ring, according to Burton.

PAGE 307. *jewelers' market:* In Eastern market places it is customary for all the shops of a kind to be located together. Sometimes whole streets are given up to the sale of one sort of goods.

PAGE 309. *divan* (dĭ văn′): the Eastern royal court; often a court of justice as well.

PAGE 319. *the queenly appearance of Aladdin's mother:* This was also due to the magic powers of the lamp.

PAGE 322. *Shut thine eye and open thine eye:* a picturesque phrase equivalent to "in the twinkling of an eye."

PAGE 328. *the beast was saddled:* The sultan's dignity would not allow him to walk even so short a distance as this. When Haroun al-Raschid made his famous pilgrimage afoot from Bagdad to Mecca, as demanded by his religion, the whole way was spread with strips of carpet.

ALI BABA AND THE FORTY THIEVES

PAGE 331. *Sesame:* See note on page 49.

PAGE 338. *cobbler:* This is "tailor" in some versions. In India it is improper in general conversation to speak of a worker in leather, because he belongs to low caste in Hindu society, and so the Hindustani version gives "tailor" in preference.

PAGE 339. *marriage with his sister-in-law:* A common arrangement when a man died was for his brother to marry the widow and take over the property.

PAGE 345. *The request was readily granted:* It would have been contrary to Arabian ideas of hospitality to have refused.

Morgiana led him to the guest room: Slaves, of course, were not included in the rule which forbade the appearance of the women of the household.

PAGE 350. *Our guest will eat no salt:* According to Eastern laws of entertainment, a man's loyalty to his host was sealed when he had eaten salt at the other's table. The refusal to taste salt was therefore suspicious. We have a more general rule of social courtesy which forbids unfriendly comment upon one whose hospitality we have accepted.

The following story is interesting in this connection. The founder of a certain dynasty of Persia was in his youth a robber. On one occasion he broke into the palace of a neighboring prince and collected a large quantity of treasure. As he was carrying this away, his foot struck something which, upon tasting, he found to be a lump of salt. Horrified at the notion of robbing a man whose salt he had eaten, he departed without taking anything with him. When the heap of treasure was found, suspicion rested upon him and he confessed his original intention. Moved by the man's fidelity to the "pledge of salt," the prince took him into his service, and in time he succeeded to the throne. See Ezra iv, 14, for a phrase having a similar bearing.

PRONOUNCING LIST OF NAMES[1]

Agib (ä′jĭb ; in Arabic, ȧ jĕb′)
Ahmed (ä′mĕd)
Aladdin (ȧ lăd′ĭn ; in Arabic, ȧ lä′ ĕd dēn′)
Ali (ä′ lē)
Allah (ăl′ȧ ; in Arabic, ȧl läh′)
Alnaschar (ăl năsh′ȧr)
Armanus (är mạ̣ nōōs′)
Baba (bä bä)
Badoura (bȧ dōō′rạ̣)
Badroulbadour (bȧd′rōōl bạ̣ dōōr′)
Bagdad (bȧg dȧd′)
Bahman (bä′mȧn)
Balsora (bȧl sō′rạ̣)
Barmecide (bär′mĕ sīd)
Beder (bĕd′ēr)
Bedreddin Hassan (bĕd rĕd dēn′ hȧ′sȧn)
Bisnagar (bĭs nȧ′gạ̣r)
Cairo (kĭ′rō)
Camaralzaman (kăm ạ̣ răl′zạ̣ măn ; in Arabic, kȧ′mȧ rȧz zȧ mȧn′)
Caschcasch (kăsh′kăsh)
Cassim (kä′sĭm)
Cathay (kăth ā′)
Cogia (kō′jĭ ạ̣)
Dahnash (dä′nȧsh)
Dinarzade (dĕ när zä′dẹ̣)
Esdras (ĕz′drạ̣s)
Gulnare (gōōl när′ ; in Arabic, jōōl lȧ när′)
Haroun al-Raschid (hȧ rōōn′ȧr rȧ shēd′)
Hayat al-Nufus (hȧ yät′ ȧl nōō fōōs′)
Hind (hĭnd)
Hindbad (hĭnd′băd)
Houssain (hōō sĭn′)
Islam (ĭs′lạ̣m ; in Arabic, ĭs läm′)
Jaafar (jȧ′fȧr)
Khalidan (kȧ lĭ dȧn′)
Khasib (kȧ sēb′)
Koran (kō̆ rän′)
Kosrouschah (kŏs′rōō shä′)
Magian (mā′jĭ ạ̣n)
Maimoune (mĭ mōō′nẹ̣)
Marzavan (mȧr zạ̣ vȧn′)
Mesrour (mĕs rōōr′)
Mihraj (mĕ räj′)
Mirza (mĕr′zạ̣)
Morgiana (mōr jĭ ä′nạ̣)
Moslem (mŏz′lĕm)
Mubarek (mōō bä′rĕk)
Mussulman (mŭs′ụ̣l mạ̣n)

[1] Vowels when obscured and turned toward the neutral sound are marked thus, ạ̣, ẹ̣, etc.

Mustapha (mŏŏs tä′fą)
Noureddin Ali (nŏŏr′ĕd dēn′ä′lē)
Nouronnihar (nŏŏr′ŏŏn nĭ här′)
Parvez (pär′vĕz)
Peribanou (pĕr ĭ bȧ nōō′)
Perizade (pĕr ĭ zä′dę)
Rahan (rȧ hän′)
Saleh (sä′lę)
Samarkand (sȧm ȧr kȧnt′)
Schaibar (shĭ bär′)
Scheherazade (shĕ hā rą zä′dę)
Serendib (sĕr ĕn dēb′)
Shacabac (shäc ą bäc)
Shahriman (shä rĭ män′)
Shahriyar (shä rĭ yär′)
Shahzeman (shä zę män′)
Shemseddin (shĕm sĕd dēn′)
Sindbad (sĭnd′băd)[1]
Tartary (tär′tą r ў)
Zeyn al-Asnam (zān ȧl ȧs näm′)

NOTE. A study of these names is interesting. Thus, Agib means "strange" or "wonderful"; Ali, "lofty"; Baba, "papa"; Camar-alzaman, "moon of the age"; Hassan, "beautiful"; Maimoune, "luck-bringer"; Mesrour, "happy"; Allah, "*the* god" (that is, the only one); Shemseddin, "sun of the faith"; Aladdin, "glory of the faith"; Bedreddin, "full moon of the faith"; Noureddin, "light of the faith"; Badroulbadour (also written Badroulboudour, Bedr-ulbudour, and Badr al-Budur), "full moon of full moons"; and Hayat al-Nufus, "life of souls."

[1] In the Arabic, Hindbad and Sindbad are Hindibad (hĭn dĭ băd′) and Sindibad (sĭn dĭ băd′).

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